PER. RM

AP2
.N7

No.

V.5

1817

THE TRVSTEES OF THE PVBLIC LIBRARY OMNIVM LVX CIVIVM OF THE CITY OF BOSTON 1852 1878

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Per. Rm.
*S113.5
Rebnd 2/8/57
73
.N87

VOLUME FIFTH.

BOSTON,

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS AND HILLIARD, NO. 1, CORNHILL.

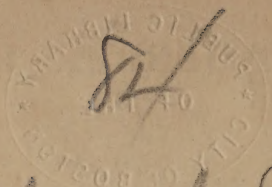
University Press....Hilliard & Metcalf.

1817.

7128
.82

NOV 10 1964

Per Dept
*AP2
.N7
vol. 5



84

Hon. Edward Everett

Aug. 7, 1850

*3113.2
v.5
Per. Room

CONTENTS OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

MISCELLANY.

	Pag.		Pag.
Africa, Interiour of	11	Mahometan Law, singular article of	29
America, books relating to	1,175	Old Times	4
Dey of Algeirs, preamble to a letter from the	187	Postures, Essay on	164
Elizabeth Islands, visit to the	313	Royal Society	31
Havre de Grace, conflagration of	157	Sane, Retreat for the	324
Italian Drama	182	Spanish character, trait of	39
Jesuits	26,309	Spenser, Faery Queen of	360

POETRY.

Boileau, 4th Satire Translation of	188	Jairus' Daughter, on the raising of	201
——— 6th Satire ———	34	Latin Ode	202
——— 9th Satire ———	139	Moore, Sir John, burial of	342
Cyprian Queen	46	Pliny, a remark of, versified	337
Elm and the Vine	47	Raphael, on seeing a head of, elegantly copied by a young lady	200
Fragment	340	Thanatopsis	338
Horace, Ode 2, B. 1. Translation of	334	Time and Pleasure	341
——— Ode 9, B. 1. Imitation of	336	Trumbull, on a painting of	42
Hope and Memory	43		

REVIEWS.

Adams, Robert, Narrative of	204	Delano's Voyages and Travels	244
Aikin's Manual of Mineralogy	74	Justiniani's account of an ancient Cemetery in Naples	119
Byron's Poems	98	Machiavelli, oppere di Niccolò	364
Cleaveland's Mineralogy	409	Murray's Life of himself	55
Cowper's Memoir of his early life	48		

Revolution in Pernambuco 226
Riley's Narrative 389
Sancho, the Proverbialist 289
Sylphs of the Seasons 365
Tales of my Landlord 257
Village, a Poem 224
Webster's Letter 82
Wheaton's Reports 110
Willard's, Professor, Hebrew Grammar 63

INTELLIGENCE AND REMARKS.

African Expeditions 142
Ali Bey 287
American Academy 296
Arabick Manuscripts 288
Bowdoin Prize Dissertations 433
Bower of Spring 437
Chalmers on the Christian Revelation 293
Curious Manuscripts 144
Deaf and Dumb 435
Dexter Lectures 140
Edinburgh Monthly Magazine 278
Flora Novanglica 434
Foschi Abbé's Letter, translation of 133
Harvard University, Library of 149
——— ——— Reading room of 432
Klaproth, the German Chemist 239
Law School in Harvard University ib.
Letter from the Mediterranean 128
Libraries 430
Lunaticks 437
Magellanick Premium 432
Medical Botany 434
Melincourt 437
Patents granted by Congress 295
Philosophical Societies, Foreign, proceedings of 297
Reports 436
Signals at sea 297
Storr's Essays 296
Tooke's Pantheon 436
University of Naples 131
——— of Poland, New 143
Wanostrocht's Grammar 292
Worcester's Gazetteer 436

METEOROLOGY.

At Cambridge, by Professor Farrar 149, 299, 439
At Brunswick, by Professor Cleaveland, 150, 299, 440
At Williamstown, by Professor Dewey 152
To Correspondents 136, 300

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. XIII.

MAY, 1817.

The Administration of the Colonies; (the fourth edition) wherein their rights and constitutions are discussed and stated. By Thomas Pownall, late Governour and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Provinces, Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant Governour of New Jersey. Pulchrum est benefacere Reipublicæ, etiam benedicere haud absurdum est. London, J. Walter, 1768. 8vo, *pp.* 420.

This work of Governour Pownall was one of the most able that appeared on the subject of the disputes, which terminated in the Independence of the United States. His views were capacious and honest. He considered the inhabitants of the Colonies entitled to all the rights of the inhabitants of England. His object was to procure the acknowledgment of these, and a fair parliamentary representation of them. He considered the situation of the Colonies to be like that of the Counties Palatine in England in regard to the right of representation in Parliament. His arguments in favour of the policy of thus admitting the Colonies to send members to Parliament, are founded not only on the justice and equity of the measure, and the satisfaction it would give in the Colonies, but on the calculation of the prospective importance of commerce, in the balance of national power, and the vast accession of wealth, that would

be derived from developing and securing to Great Britain the trade of these extensive and growing colonies. His plan was too liberal and noble for the statesmen of that day, who intended to obtain the same results, through oppression and arbitrary power. The consequences of their folly and arrogance were soon made manifest; they, however, only precipitated an event, which the force of circumstances rendered inevitable. The wiser policy of Governour Pownall might have delayed it, and perhaps produced some modification whenever it should have been brought about; but on looking round us now, it is easy to see that the burthen of English monopoly would have daily become more onerous, and have caused an early separation.

The style of this work is harsh and inelegant; the following extract however is an exception; we select it from near the commencement of his work, to give some idea of his manner of thinking.

"In the first uncultured ages of Europe, when men sought nothing but to possess, and to secure possession, the power of the *sword* was the predominant spirit of the world; it was that which formed the Roman empire; and it was the same, which in the declension of that empire, divided again the nations into the several governments, formed upon the ruins of it."

"When men afterward, from leisure, began to exercise the powers of their minds in (what is called) learning; religion, the only learning of that time, led them to a concern for their spiritual interests, and consequently led them under their spiritual guides. The power of *religion* would hence as naturally predominate and rule, and did actually become the ruling spirit of the policy of Europe. It was this spirit, which for many ages formed, and gave away kingdoms; this, which created the anointed lords over them, or again excommunicated and execrated these sovereigns; this that united and allied the various nations, or plunged them into war and bloodshed; this that formed the balance of the power of the whole, and actuated the second grand scene of Europe's history."

"But since the people of Europe have formed their communication with the commerce of Asia; have been for some ages past, settling on all sides of the Atlantic Ocean, and in America, have been possessing every seat and channel of commerce, and have planted and raised that to an interest which has taken root;—since they now feel the powers which derive from this, and are extending it to, and combining it with others; the spirit of *commerce* will become that predominant power, which will form the

general policy, and rule the powers of Europe: and hence a grand commercial interest, the basis of a great commercial dominion, under the present scite and circumstances of the world, will be formed and arise. The rise and forming of this commercial interest is what precisely constitutes the present crisis."

Governour Pownall was the author of some other works;— a memorial to the sovereigns of Europe, another to his own sovereign, and a third to the sovereigns of the United States of America, and a small tract concerning the Gulf Stream. He had a taste for science, and was a member of the Royal Society. In politicks he was a whig, flourished with Pitt, and sunk under Bute and toryism. He was the most constitutional and national governour, that ever presided over Massachusetts in its colonial state; he never practised any intrigue against the liberties of the people under his charge, whom he considered entitled to all the rights of the people of the mother country. One of the immediate causes of the fall of his administration was a magnanimous vote of the legislature of Massachusetts, to erect a statue to Lord Howe. This was to cost five hundred pounds! Hutchinson, who was endeavouring to prostrate the liberties of his country, to serve his own ambition, made use of this vote, and some of the ablest and most honest men in the legislature, and the administration of Pownall, were the victims of it. There is one feature at least, which seems immutable in our country. A hard earned reward to patriotick merit, or a liberal allowance to talent in official stations, will place it in the power of the dullest demagogues to turn the wisest and most virtuous men, who may have voted them, out of their places; but the same sagacious citizens, who thus exercise their discretion, will quietly be cheated out of millions, by paper money, banks, or pretended economy. Governour Pownall, though a disappointed, was not a soured man; after the death of his wife, he resigned his seat in Parliament, and died, we believe, about the year 1790.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Old Times.

"The world is empty, the heart is dead surely!
In this world, plainly, all seemeth amiss."

It went to my heart, when they cleared the old parlour of the venerable family furniture, and stripped the oak pannels of the prints of the months; July with her large fan and full ruffles at the elbows, and January in her muff and tippet. They would have pulled down the pannels, too, to make the room as smart and bright as paper could make it; but placing my back against them, I swore by the spirit of my grandfather, that not a joint in the old work should be started, while I could stand to defend it. And I have my revenge, when I see how pert, insignificant, and raw every thing looks, surrounded by the high and dark walls of the apartment. But the old furniture was all huddled together topsyturvy in the garret. The round oak table, which had many a time smoked with the substantial dinners of former days, lost one of its leaves by too rough handling; but an old oak desk, at which my grandfather in his days of courtship was wont to pen epistles and sonnets to my grandmother, escaped the violence of the revolution with only a few scratches. I have had the dust wiped off its black polish, brought it down by my study fire, and placed before it the old gentleman's armchair, which I found standing calm and stately upon its four legs, amidst the disordered rubbish of the garret. The mice have made a hole in the smooth leather bottom; which, however, I have never mended, as I keep it to remind me of the neglect and ingratitude of the world. It does not make you hate the world. No man could sit in my grandfather's chair and hate his fellow beings. I am seated in it this moment; and with my pen fresh dipped in his leaden inkstand, shall scribble on, till my mind and heart are eased.

To this corner I retire, at the shutting in of day, for self-examination and amendment. It is here that I sit, in the shadow of a melancholy mind, and see pass before me, in solemn order, my follies and my crimes, and follow them with trembling into the portentous uncertainty of the future. It is here that I learn, that we must not lean on the world for comfort. It is here that I give myself up to the visions of

the mind, and fill the space about me with millions of beings from distant regions and of other times. Here, too, have I looked, with a dream-like contemplation, upon the shadows sliding over the wall, silent as sun-light, till they seemed to me as monitors from the land of the dead, who had come in kindness to tell me of the vanity of present things, and of the hastening on of another and an enduring world.

It is natural in these lonely musings, to brood over the heartlessness and noisy joys of the world. There is at bottom a feeling of self-complacency in it. Our calmed reason sets us above the beings about us, while we forget how many, at that very moment, are as sober and rational as ourselves; and how few there are, amidst the multitude that cover the earth, that have not their hours of solitary contemplation too.

It was in this cast of thought, in which the heart is made sad for want of communion with some living thing; when the tasteless character of all which surrounds us, hurries the mind forward to the excitement of hope, or carries it back to dwell for a time amidst the softened, but deep feelings of the past; that the fresh and thoughtless joys, and the pure and warm affections of my boyhood came over me like a dream; and the cares of years, and the solemn and darkening scene about me, gave way, and I stood in the midst of the green and sunshine of a child. I felt again the wrinkled cheek, over which my baby hand had a thousand times past in fondness, entered into all the plays of children, and then remembered the quaint customs, the individualities of the age of strong character and warm feeling, which marked the times of our fathers; when the old sometimes mingled with the young, and the young bowed in reverence to the old. That was the age of feeling. Would that this over wise age had something of its childlike simplicity; something of its rough and honest manliness, which dared at times to be a boy. But the age has changed; and those amusements in which we were all children together, and which made the heart better without weakening the understanding, are at an end.

There are no April fool's day tricks in this period of decorum; no "merry Christmas;" no "happy New Year." I feel the blood move quick again, at the recollection of the glad faces I once used to see, when every body was running to wish you "happy New Year." I can remember when hurrying from my chamber, with my fingers too stiff and cold

to button my little jacket, I burst open the parlour door, that I might be the first to "wish." Though, on this morning, I was sure to be up an hour earlier than usual, yet I always found the family standing round the new-made, crackling fire, ready to break out upon me in full voices with the old greeting. There was something restoring in it, which made me feel as if we had all awoke in a new world, and to another existence; and a vague, but grateful sensation, that new and peculiar joys were in store for us, went warm and vivifying to the heart. I was filled with kindness; and eager as I had been but a moment before, to surprise every one in the house, the laugh of good natured triumph at my defeat, made it dearer to me than a victory.

But old things are passed away; all things are become new. Not only those customs, which now and then met us in our dull travel over the road of life, are gone; even the seasons seem changing. We no longer gather flowers in May; and our very last new year's morning, instead of rising upon the crusted snow, and fields glittering with ice, spread itself with a sleepy dankness over the naked earth. I awoke with an ill foreboding languor upon me, and with a weighed down heart, sauntered into the silent parlour. The brands had fallen over the hearth, and by their half extinguished heat, seemed to doubt their welcome. I knew not where to sit or stand; the fireside looked cheerless, and there was an uncomfortable, ill-natured chill at the window. The vapour was passing off from the withered grass; the freshness of every thing about me appeared deadened, and the beauty of nature faded. In the midst of this dull decay and solitude, a sense of desertion overshadowed me. The world's inhabitants were as strangers, and even the objects of nature, with which I was wont to hold discourse, seemed to shut me out from communion with them. The family at last came in one after another. I was about wishing them the new year's blessing; but the memory of the heartfelt sprightliness of old times came across my mind, and brought along with it those that were at rest in the grave. I gave a loud "hem!" (for my throat was full) and bade a cold "good morning." I would not have uttered the old wish, if I could have done it. There was a feeling of proud resentment at the neglect of ancient customs, which forbade it. I did not care to wipe off the dust, which is fast and silently gathering over the sacred customs of past times, to bring

them forward to the ridicule of the affected refinement, and cold rationality of this enlightened age. They would as ill sort with our modern laboured polish of manners, as our grandmother's comfortable arm-chair and worked cushion, in a fashionable drawingroom, with distressingly slender fancy chairs, and settees, on which ladies are now seated together, to crowd and elbow one another. No; these good-natured, and homely observances, are past away, and I have a sacred attachment for their memory, which, like that for a departed friend, forbids mention of them to strangers.

Amidst this neglect and decay of old customs and characters, when every thing is brought to a wearisome level, when all is varnish and polish, so that even the roughness upon the plum, (to use the modern cant,) is vulgar and disgusting, when the utterance of strong feeling is ill breeding, and dissimulation, wisdom; it is well for the world that there are beings not mindless of the past; who live with ages long gone by, and look upon the characters of the present time as trifling and artificial; who bring back, and keep alive amongst us, something of the wild and unpruned beauties of the earth, the ardent and spontaneous movements of man; so that the forest and rock, the grass-plot, and field-flower, are yet about us; and some few walking in the midst, who are mighty and awing, kind and like a child.

In that period of the world, when the ignorance, which had settled down upon the mind of man, was passing off, and his understanding and heart were turned up and laid open to the day, there was a morning, earthy freshness in all he saw and felt. The dust and hot air of noon had not dimmed the colours, or killed the wholesomeness of all about him. The relentless curiosity of modern times, had not broken in pieces the precious stone, or soiled and torn asunder the flower. Man was the worshipper of the works of God in their simple beauty and grandeur; not the vain inquisitor, eager to learn their structure, that he might prate of what he knew. All was rustick and unforced; "a generous nature was suffered to take her own way to perfection." The cottage seemed a shelter for earth's children, from which they might look out upon, and learn, and love her beauties. They dwelt in the religious twilight of her woods, and mused by her water falls, on the passage of years. The universal puttings forth of spring quickened the pure spirits of the young; and the yellow leaf was the moral compan-

ion of the old. All, indeed, was nature without doors and within. Man walked abroad upon the green sod, and sat him down upon rushes by his fireside. The mind was as full of motion, various and creative, as the earth about it; and like hers, its productions were the mere relievings of its fulness, effortless, but plentiful. Its images were not formed in an exactly finished mould, or laboriously chiselled out; but like fairy frostwork, or the wavy sweep of a snow-drift, though ever beautiful, yet always seeming accidental. It was, indeed, the poetick age. Growing up in the absence of a false elegance, and not educated to the cautious politeness which crowded society has forced upon us, men were left to an independent individuality of character and conduct. Without the excitements of the pleasures and distinctions of the city, the mind spread itself out over the beauties about it; felt and nursed their truth; perceived a fitness and kindly relation in all things; not only gazed upon the lofty works of God, and walked by his still waters in the valley; but looked untired upon the flat sand waste, or the long stretch of a rough heath. The taste was not pampered and vitiated by ill assorted prettinesses, turning the unnumbered beauties, the simplicity, and outspread grandeur of this gigantick earth, into the huddled and offensively contrasted crowd of a garden; but the rock, fringed and scattered over with its green and silvery moss, was looked upon, though not seated in a bed of roses, violets and pinks; the wholesome perfume of the pine was grateful, and the crisp tread over its fallen and matted leaves, pleasant to the foot.

In this age of improvements, when multiplied inventions have rendered useless many acts to which individuals were once called in the common concerns of life; when one traverses a kingdom, without the touch of its breezes upon his cheek; and now and then takes a hasty peep through his carriage window, at the scenery about him, as if he were a stranger to it, and would not be unmannerly; we may boast of the facilities and harmless luxuries of the world we live in. But though it gives us facilities, it works into the character a sameness, and an indifference to particulars. The object we sought, is turned out finished to our hands, without our labour or observation; it is attained without effort, and possessed without delight.

This mechanical moving on of things may aid the politician, but will not benefit the man. To the mathematician,

who holds the daily cares, and heart-helping relations of life as so many interruptions to the solution of his problem, it may be pleasant visioning, to suppose himself moved about, without the aid of his troublesome, but faithful beast; and his within-door concerns carried on by well ordered machinery, and not self-willed servants; to think that his only perplexities in his domestick establishment, would be the grating of a wheel or breaking of a cord. Not rusty, like "my father's hinge," but well oiled, how smoothly all would go on! But to the man of heart and poetry, this would be like the house of the dead, where the cold and stiffened bodies of the departed were raised up and charmed into careful and silent motion, acting unknowing, and obeying without sense.

In old times it was not so. Artificial aids were few and uncouth. Worked out in the rough and cumbrous, and requiring strength in the handling, they drew the attention; and lasting long, they became a part of the family, and held their place in the still and kindly-working associations of our homes. The old arm-chair, in the very character of the age, looking so companionable and easy, yet with its comfortable arms protecting its good natured occupier from the too near and familiar approach of his neighbour, stood in the snug corner of the ample fire-place, as by prescriptive right. It was no new-fangled thing, bought yesterday because in fashion, and set up for the gibes of the smart auctioneer to day, because out. It had been adorned by the patient industry and quaint fancy of our mothers, and had the honour of having sustained the weight of our ancestors for a century and more. Putting it away would have been neglecting our fathers, and the unkindly cutting off of remembrances, that had taken root and grown up in the heart. Every piece of furniture had its story to tell, and every room in the antique mansion made the mind serious and busy with the past, and threw a sentiment and feeling, softening but cheerful, over present times. This converse with the inanimate kept the heart warm, and the imagination quick; their inly-workings, various and constant, found much to study every where, and something to love in all things.

The better feelings were kept in motion by the old relations of master and servant; the servant watchful of the master's wishes, humble in demeanour, yet proud in his fidelity; the master trustful in the other's faith, and careful

of his comforts in the reposing time of age. This long tried service brought about a mixt but delightful sensation, when he who had tended us in our playing days, had gone down into the still vale of years, while we stood on the open hill-top, in our vigour and prime. It was a kind of filial reverence, touched by the sense of the humble and dependent state of him, whom we protected, and upon whom we looked down.

> "—But we have bid farewell
> To all the virtues of those better days,
> And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
> Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
> Who had survived the father, served the son."

Along with such softening influences, there was much of the wild and adventurous starting up in the midst of the common objects of life; at one time throwing over them mysterious shadows, and casting them into strange and awful forms; at another, pouring upon them a dazzling light, in which they flitted gay and fantastick. Surrounded by ideal shapes and untamed nature, the imagination was constantly widening and ever creative. Men could not leave their homes, the proper dwellings of the heart, without travelling into the region of the fancy. Moving on alone through silent and unpeopled paths, winding round dusky rocks, and through tangling brush-wood, and overhung by gloomy woods, the traveller held converse with some spirit of the air, or in the superstitious workings of his mind, saw some being of evil, darker than the night that had gathered round him.

Journeying far on foot, the custom of the times, fording rapid streams, toiling over rugged mountains and through wet low-lands, begat perseverance, healthful spirits, ready, cheerful and self-trusting minds, acquainted with difficulties and used to subduing them. Their diversions, too, partook of the violent and daring; so that with all, there was a combination of the natural and tender, the imaginative and the manly, in the characters of former days, which calls up within us an intense and restless desire to know them entirely, to live back amongst them, to warm us in their cheerful sunshine, to sit by their fire-side, listen to their stories, mingle in their domestick games and learn of their stern sense.

This is an exhaustless theme; but I have talked long enough, perhaps too long; for to many it may all seem

childish conceit, or the strange imaginings of a tired spirit, impatient of reality. But he, of wide and deep thought, will not so look upon it, nor hold this view of things false because it is sad. Now that every thing rude and irregular is cut down, and all that remains is trimmed up and made to look set and orderly, he will not forget how much there was of exquisite beauty, of loftiness and strength in the one; how tame and unsatisfying is the other. Though there was a deep and subduing tenderness, an ardour and sway of passion in the men of former days, sometimes uncontrolled and not always aimed aright; yet he will see, that with little of softness, man is still weak, and without the extravagance of feeling, still erring. The absence of passion is not always reason, nor coldness, judgment.

Interiour of Africa.

[Much interest has been lately excited in England by the narrative of an American sailor, who goes by the name of Robert Adams. He was accidentally found strolling in the streets of London in a state of wretchedness and want, a little more than a year and a half ago; and the singularity of his appearance, together with the account he gave of his travels and sufferings, excited the curiosity of several gentlemen of eminence. As he could neither read nor write, he was examined by a gentleman belonging to the African Trading Company, and his narrative was written according to his relation. It was read before Lord Bathurst, Sir Joseph Banks, and several other gentlemen, approved by them, and printed in a splendid quarto form. Our readers will doubtless recollect the notice taken of it in a late number of the Edinburgh, and of the Quarterly Review, and also in several other English publications.

The following narrative is the substance of what was collected from Adams on the subject, while he was in Cadiz, more than a year before he went to London, by a gentleman of Boston, and has never before been published. It was withheld from the publick, because the writer upon further inquiry, found reasons for suspecting the veracity of Adams, particularly in regard to what he says of Tombuctoo, and of his travels among the negroes. The subject is important in itself, and has become more especially so from the general excitement it has produced, on the other side of the Atlantick. We propose hereafter to inquire what degree of credit is to be attached to Adams' story, particularly to that part

relating to the city of Tombuctoo, about which so much has been said and conjectured, and so little is known. We are glad to learn, that the London narrative will soon be republished in this country.]

On the seventh day of May, in the year 1810, I sailed from New York for Gibraltar as a common sailor, on board the ship Charles, John Norton, master. Our complement of men, including the captain, mate, and supercargo, was eleven. We arrived at Gibraltar on the twelfth day of June, and remained there till the middle of September, when we sailed for the Cape de Verd islands, with the same men on board, except the supercargo. Our voyage was sufficiently favourable till the eleventh of October, when, being on the coast of Africa, as I think, near Cape Noon, in latitude about twenty eight, the vessel stranded on a reef of rocks, projecting out from the continent. This disaster happened at about six o'clock in the morning, but the darkness of the previous night, and the haziness of the weather at that time, prevented us from knowing our nearness to the shore. The boats were immediately hoisted out, but were dashed in pieces by the violence of the waves. Being apprehensive that the ship herself might share the same fate, we threw ourselves into the water in order to swim to the land.

We had no sooner reached the shore, than we were seized and made prisoners by a party of wandering Arabs, who had discovered us at a distance, and waited our approach. They rushed upon us, while we were yet in the water, and each one claimed as his own property the person, whom he had taken. We made some struggle, but without avail.

On the succeeding day, the wind and sea abated, so that the vessel was left dry on the rocks. The Arabs went on board, plundered her of every thing worth taking away, and afterwards set her on fire. Having done this, they made a distribution of us by lots. Dalby, the mate, and myself, fell to the share of the same person. They had previously stripped us of our clothes, and we were compelled to follow them, wandering from place to place, entirely naked. They belonged to a wandering tribe in the interiour, and had now come to the seacoast in number thirty or forty for the purpose of procuring fish. They seemed to be miserably wretched, and to have no other object than that of mere existence. We continued this kind of life for the term of a month, suf-

fering excessively from hunger and exhaustion, from the heat of the day and dews of the night. The captain, unable to endure these sufferings, soon died. This event took place while we were in our accustomed motion, and gave the Arabs not the least trouble or uneasiness. They threw the body aside, and there would have left it, had we not begged permission to bury it in the sand.

After a month had elapsed, the party separated in order to return to their several places of rendezvous in the interiour, taking with them their slaves. Dalby and myself followed our master to a place in the district of Woled Doleim, where was the encampment of the rest of the tribe. After travelling about eighty miles over a sandy country in a southeast, easterly direction, we arrived at our place of destination. It consisted of a small cluster of tents, and was inhabited by about two hundred people, and was chosen as a place of encampment by reason of its affording a little shrubbery and one or two wells of brackish water. Every thing wore the aspect of poverty, filth, and wretchedness. They had a few camels and asses, which it was my duty to attend. Our food consisted of a scanty allowance of barley flour and water; theirs was the same, with the occasional addition of camels' milk.

We remained in this place about two months, when a party was formed to go to a place called Soudeny, for the purpose of stealing negroes. This party consisted of about thirty, myself included. We were mounted on camels, armed with short daggers, and supplied with barley flour and water, as our only food. From Woled Doleim we proceeded in a southeast, southerly direction over a barren sandy country, which afforded water but in a single instance, where there was a cluster of rocks; and this water was bitter and slimy. After having travelled eighteen days at an average rate of about fifteen miles a day, we arrived at the mountains in the vicinity of Soudeny. These mountains are of rock and sand, and among them we hid ourselves until an opportunity should offer of seizing such negroes as might pass that way.

We remained in this concealment thirteen days; but, on the fourteenth, the people in the neighbourhood, having discovered our hiding places, came out in a body, attacked us, and made prisoners of the whole party. The natives beat and abused the Arabs, whom they had taken, but they treat-

ed me with less rudeness. During the first night we were all put into the same prison; but in the morning I alone was released, and the rest remained in strict confinement during our short continuance in the place.

The soil of the country around Soudeny was very much better than of that we had passed over in our journey from Woled Doleim. The town itself appeared to consist of thirty or forty mud houses, or rather huts, containing perhaps, four or five hundred inhabitants, who hold themselves subject to the king or Wooloo of Tombuctoo. They had several springs of good water; their land was a little cultivated and produced some vegetation. I observed date trees, and a tree bearing a large fruit, the name of which I did not learn; likewise Guinea corn, beans, barley, a species of artichoke and a small, black grain, called in their language *moutre*. The place and its inhabitants were dirty and miserable, but not so much so as the Arabs. The children were commonly naked. People of full age had a sort of clothing in the form of a shirt, made of wool and goats' hair, dyed blue. Their weapons of warfare were bows and arrows. I observed that every person was marked with three scores on each cheek. They had horses, cows, goats, sheep, dogs, dromedaries, and camels, all of which, excepting the two last, were weak and miserable.

We remained here but a single day, at the end of which our whole party was ordered to Tombuctoo, under a guard of forty negroes, armed with bows and arrows. We pursued a southeast direction, which we continued for ten days at the rate of about twenty miles a day. We rested only a short time during the day, and at night for sleep. Our food consisted of moutre, formed into a kind of pudding, and occasionally a few ostrich's eggs. We sometimes saw this bird during our march. We passed over an uneven country, varying in the quality of its soil; sometimes affording shrubbery, and sometimes nothing but sand. We saw no water, or marks of cultivation, or even of human existence. During the whole of this journey, my former masters were pinioned and closely guarded. I was left at liberty and walked with the negroes, or occasionally rested myself by riding on the camels.

At the end of the tenth day, we arrived at a miserable village of about fifteen mud huts, as many tents, and perhaps two or three hundred inhabitants, who were the first human be-

ings we had seen since leaving Soudeny. They were naked, and of a much more wretched appearance than the people of Soudeny. They were distinguished by the loss of the cartilage of the nose. They were not, as the Arabs told me, subject to the Wooloo of Tombuctoo.

We tarried in this place but one day, after which we continued our march in the same direction as before, and in two days came into a much better country than any we had yet passed. We began to see villages and evidences of cultivation, and found frequent springs of good water. After the fourth day, the change became still more perceptible. We passed several villages, the inhabitants of which seemed to enjoy many of the comforts of life, and appeared in every respect in a much better condition than any I had before seen in Africa. At the end of the sixth day, we arrived at our point of destination, the city of Tombuctoo. My companions and myself were immediately thrown into prison. I was released, however, after one night, although the others were confined till they left the city.

Tombuctoo is built at the distance of about two hundred yards from a river, which the natives call *La Parsire*, and consists probably of not less than twelve thousand inhabitants. The houses are scattered irregularly over a large space of ground, and not badly built. They are from thirty to seventy feet square, single storied, and flat roofed. The sides are composed of mud and straw cemented together, and raised and supported without wood. The partitions within are of the same materials. The rafters supporting the roof, which is of the same composition as the walls, are made of the date tree. In the whole fabrick no use is made of iron. Each house has its apertures, serving for windows, without shutters. There is nothing in the external appearance of these houses, which would indicate a difference of rank in their inhabitants, except that of the Wooloo, which is distinguished from the others by its size only.

The inhabitants in shape and general appearance are very much like the Africans commonly seen in Europe and America. The peculiar features of the face, and shape of the legs, are the same. They are generally inclined to corpulency, especially the females. Their dress is the same among all ranks, with this slight difference, that the shirt, the only garment worn, is among the poorer class blue; among the higher, white. This article is sometimes manufactured among

themselves of wool and goats' hair, and sometimes bought of traders visiting the city from distant parts. A few of the inhabitants wear a sort of slipper made of goats' skin, and the skins of other animals. The dress of the women consists of a garment called a hayk, being a long piece of cloth, not attached to the body, but worn loosely about it like a cloak. In addition to this a small turban, or bandage, bound round the head, forms the whole of their dress. They never labour in the fields, but are employed in cooking, attending their children, weaving the cloth above mentioned, or other domestick concerns.

The women appear to be under no undue restriction from the men, nor are two or more of them ever obliged to bind themselves in marriage to the same person. They are considered marriageable at the age of twelve or thirteen. When a marriage is to take place, an agreement is previously made between the parents of the parties, who give their mutual consent. After this, the bridegroom leads the bride before the Wooloo, and there publickly promises fidelity and protection; they then proceed to the house of the bridegroom, and celebrate the marriage by three days of dancing and festivity. The women are generally prolifick and frequently bear twins, in which case, for some motives of superstition, one of them is suffered to die. The men are addicted to jealousy, and in the indulgence of this passion, they are often led to extreme cruelty in beating and maltreating their wives. Instances have occurred in which the husband in a fit of jealousy has poisoned his wife, and the whole of her offspring, and escaped to avoid punishment. Divorces may be obtained by the consent of the Wooloo, and in the following manner. The husband, if he be the complainant, appears at the door of the Wooloo, with a present, such as a goat, calf, or sheep, which, after he has killed it, is received by a servant of the Wooloo, who makes known his wish to gain admittance. When this is done, he states his accusation, and the wife is called, and witnesses are produced on both sides. The Wooloo decides as he thinks proper, and should the wife be adjudged criminal, she returns to her father's house with her children, the burthen of whose support is afterwards to rest on her. Should she be pronounced innocent, her husband is obliged to receive her again, and protect her according to the original contract.

Indolence prevails to an excess. A large portion of their

time is taken up in sleep and drowsiness. They eat three times a day, but sparingly. Their food consists of fish and flesh boiled, roasted or baked; corn and moutre boiled; and bread made of pounded Indian corn, and baked in the ashes. They use salt and red pepper to season their food. This is prepared in a large, rough shapen, wooden dish, around which the master of a family and his children sit, serving themselves with their fingers. The women generally eat by themselves afterwards.

The wants of these people are very limited, and their employments are light, though various. Some are engaged in their rude manufactures, some in fishing, others in cultivating the fields and gardens; but in no case does any one appear to devote himself exclusively to any particular object, or to follow any pursuit as a trade; and, in fact, were they ever so enterprizing, they could do little under their present form of government. They are in the most abject slavery to the Wooloo, and the greater portion of those, who fish, do so by his order; and for a certain compensation they deliver the proceeds of their labour to him. The fields adjacent to the town are entirely under the direction of the Wooloo, who divides them into parcels, and allots certain portions to individuals. The whole amount of the produce goes into his store houses, and all, which the labourers receive, is barely sufficient for a temporary subsistence. The mode of living, and every external appearance of wealth, are the same in all classes, yet there is an evident distinction of rank, of respectability of standing, and exemption from labour.

The absolute authority of the Wooloo extends to the trade, as well as to every other concern of the people, whom he governs. In him is vested the sole privilege of selling, purchasing or holding any commodity whatever. His whole trade is with the Caravans, which arrive from Woled Abusbak, and various other Moorish settlements. They bring with them the articles of their own growth and manufacture, as well as of the manufacture of Europe, and receive in return the raw materials of the country, and slaves. On entering Tombuctoo these itinerant merchants are received by the Wooloo, and lodged by him at their own expense in a kind of caravansary. All negotiations pass between him and them, and as he has no such thing as money or any thing like coin in his dominions, articles of one commodity are exchanged for those of another. The articles brought

to Tombuctoo are cotton cloth, fire arms, gun powder, leaden balls, weapons of every sort, tobacco and dates; for which are given in return ivory, gums, gold dust, ostrich feathers and slaves. A pound of gold dust has often been given for a quantity of gun powder of equal weight. The commodities thus received are deposited in the store houses of the Wooloo, and such as he does not otherwise dispose of are distributed, as his own pleasure or policy may dictate, among his subjects. Although they have no coin, yet they use small shells as a circulating medium, to which they have attached a certain value; and this is the only currency with which they are acquainted. They seem ignorant of the true value of gold, and use it only in manufacturing a few rude ornaments. I have been often asked why Christians sought gold so eagerly, and to what use they applied it.

The Wooloo is absolute. All law and government centre in him. He is the sole dispenser of justice. He alone frames and executes the laws. I could never ascertain whether this rank and its privileges were elective or hereditary, though I was led to believe the former. He has power over the liberties and lives of his subjects, and directs their occupations as he pleases. The people seem formed, in fact, but for his purposes; to amuse, benefit, and aggrandize him. The greater part of his subjects are in his immediate service; some as soldiers of his army, some are engaged in fishing, some in agriculture, some in tending his herds. some in procuring gold dust. They are sometimes rewarded according to a previous stipulation, but more commonly according to his own pleasure and caprice. Being sole merchant, as well as sole governour, he receives all the commodities which are in any way procured by his vessels, and deposits them in his store houses. These he considers his own, and uses them as he thinks proper, either for his own purposes, or as articles of exchange with foreign merchants. The person, also, of every individual in his dominions is at his disposal, whenever he chooses to deprive any one of liberty.

In return for this surrender of every privilege, the people look to him for relief, support, and protection. As he possesses all the conveniences and most of the necessaries of life, they look to him for relief from their wants. As he is the supreme judge, they apply to him to settle their differences and redress their wrongs; and as he has the whole con-

trol of their occupation, they expect solace and support from him when they are no longer able to labour. In discharge of these several duties he dispenses employment, adjusts disputes, and supports the aged and decrepid. This last office is supposed to devolve on children, when they have ability to bear the burthen; and when they have not, the Wooloo takes the charge on himself. A large house is set apart for this purpose, which I observed was always full.

The revenue of the Wooloo arises not merely from the exclusive privilege of trade, but from an excessive tribute exacted from his subjects, over and above the labour just mentioned. With funds thus acquired, he supports an army of five or six hundred men under continual exercise, armed with muskets and swords, and not entirely without skill in the use of them. These troops occasionally attend him in his walks, at which time the people bow to him, and kiss his hands. Beyond this little show of exteriour distinction, his life, manners, and habits are the same with those of his people. There appear to be a few in the community, to whom the Wooloo delegates more power than to others, and who, as a kind of inferiour officers, take cognizance of certain petty transactions. These officers, however, appear to be wholly employed in relieving the chief of a portion of his burden, by attending to some minor concerns, and not in giving him their advice and counsel.

The Wooloo's punishments rarely go beyond the chastisement of those, who have failed in their duty and personal respect to him. Theft is common, and if the thief be taken in the act, the punishment is in the hands of the party aggrieved. Lying is incessant, and passes unnoticed and apparently without disgrace. Murders occur occasionally, and are always punished by the Wooloo, who inflicts death in return, generally by decapitation. Imprisonment, privation, and hard labour are used as punishments for minor offences.

I never discovered any thing among these people, that indicated the least notion of any kind of religion, or of a divine agency. No houses, no particular rank of people, no allotment of time, nor any particular portion of ground, were set apart for any devotional exercises or superstitious rites. They seem to have no idea of any existing relation between man and his Creator. They perform some ceremonies, which seem originally to have had some reference to a sort of religious belief; but no ideas of this kind are

now attached to them. Circumcision is universal, and performed between the age of one and two years. The ceremony is attended with considerable pomp, and as the operator is one, who in other cases acts as a surgeon, the notion seems to prevail, that it is rather a surgical operation, than a religious rite. Just before death, and afterwards, I have seen some unintelligible gesticulations and actions of those standing round the body of the sick or deceased person. I had no particular evidence, that they were the result of any religious impressions. I had no reason for supposing, that they regulated their conduct by any moral or religious precepts.

The soil around Tombuctoo, though sandy, is generally good. A sufficient proof of this is, its producing any thing with the very little labour, which the natives bestow upon it. They cultivate Guinea corn, moutre, barley, a kind of black grain, the name of which I have forgotten, turnips, carrots, watermelons, and some other vegetable productions known in Europe and America. The climate is unvarying, and the heat uniformly extreme. It is rarely cloudy, and never rains, except during the rainy season, which continues for a single month only of the winter. Nor is the ground at all refreshed by the nightly dews; so that during a large portion of the year, the suffering from drought is excessive. The proximity to the river alone affords the inhabitants and their cattle the means of continuing life. The winds are light and scarcely apparent, but variable. The most troublesome wind, which I experienced, and that fortunately but seldom, was from the south. It was so hot and oppressive, that my life seemed almost to sink under it. The brute creation were much more sensibly affected by it, than the human, and during its continuance, although it was generally short, they would be seen panting and languishing, apparently in great agony, and to seek a temporary relief, would often plunge into the river.

Among the animals, which I saw, were dogs, cats, horses, asses, cows, goats, sheep, dromedaries, camels; the most of them, except the two last, of an inferiour race and character. The cats and dogs were exceedingly miserable; the horses poor, small, and weak. They were accoutred for riding, with a rude sort of pack saddle, and a bridle made of grass rope. The cows were large and tolerably good. The goats and sheep were small and lean. The sheep are

hairy, and are sheared once a year, or rather shaved, as the operation is done with a knife. The grazing animals are driven to the fields adjacent to the city, where they remain during the day, attended by herdsmen to protect them from wild beasts. At night they are driven again into the city. On my way to Tombuctoo, and in its vicinity, I saw wolves, foxes, rabbits, antelopes, wild hogs, porcupines and elephants. In the river are muskrats, and in the vicinity are many serpents, some of which are venomous. Lizards are found, and likewise smaller vermin of various kinds. Among the birds are the cuckoo, crow, sparrow hawk, kingfisher, a species of black robin, many river birds, peacocks, and Guinea hens. The two last are domesticated.

The river, which runs in front of the town, is called by the natives *La Parsire*, and its direction is from east to west. Before the town it is about three quarters of a mile wide. But here the water is shallow, and the channel is narrower both above and below. At a short distance below, it is very much compressed, by passing between two mountains. At a day's journey above the town, to the eastward, it is diminished to a furlong in width, not by reason of passing through any defile, as below, but from the diminution of water. Its appearance before the town is rather that of a lake than a river, and has very little current; below, it flows more rapidly, and at a day's journey toward the east it moves at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. This river affords clear water of a good taste, and furnishes the natives with a large portion of their food in such kinds of fish as are generally found in fresh water streams. Perch, mullet, suckers, and several other kinds are found in great abundance. They are caught in a small net of grass cords, made and used in the manner of a seine. The natives use, for the navigation of this river, a small canoe of a rude shape and inept construction. It is made of two pieces of the date tree, each hollowed and joined together with pegs. The seams are partially filled with grass and mud, but so imperfectly, that it is always necessary for those who manage them, to be constantly bailing. These canoes are used merely for crossing the river, or occasionally for fishing. During my residence at Tombuctoo, and subsequent march to the eastward, I never saw any of them ascending or descending the river, or used in any way for the conveyance of baggage or merchandize. The quantity of water in this stream appear-

ed always the same. I was in the city nine months, and neither during the rainy season nor the excessive drought was the river sensibly increased or diminished. The natives seemed to have no knowledge of this river, except that it passed the city in a direction from east to west. I could learn nothing from them respecting its source or termination, or any tribes of inhabitants living on its banks.

After I had acquired some knowledge of their language, I made them acquainted with my misfortunes, my shipwreck, and the manner in which I had been made a slave. They expressed some degree of commiseration, but manifested no desire of knowing any thing further of me or my country, than what I voluntarily told them; yet I could not understand that there was any tradition or remembrance that a white man had ever been seen among them before. During my residence among them I was lodged in the house of a person connected with the Wooloo, and at his expense. They told me that they knew there was a difference between me and the Moors, and that the abhorrence in which they held them afforded no reason why they should treat me with severity.

At the end of nine months, a party of Moorish traders purchased of the Wooloo the whole party, which had been taken prisoners at Soudeny. They paid sixteen pounds of tobacco for each man. The Moors, their countrymen, were bought to be restored to liberty, and I to my former condition as a slave.

In the early part of the month of December, 1811, our caravan left Tombuctoo, consisting in all of about fifteen camels and fifty persons, including the merchants, those who had been purchased, myself, and a few negro slaves. Our destination was Taudeny. For the first eight days we followed the course of the river, which was due east, leading us over a country partially cultivated and interspersed with occasional settlements. We had travelled at the rate of about sixteen miles a day, and had ascended the river to the extent of one hundred and thirty miles. The width and depth of the river was such as to induce a belief, that we had not advanced more than one fourth part of the way to its source. We halted at a small village of huts about two miles distant from the river, where we remained four days to refresh our camels by grazing and to prepare for crossing the great desert.

Our next direction was north, northwest, leaving the river directly behind us. We had no sooner quitted the borders of the river, than every trace of vegetable life disappeared. We immediately entered on an immense waste of sand. We met with a little burnt shrubbery, on which the camels sometimes browsed, but saw no water from the river to Taudeny. I subsisted entirely on a scanty portion of barley and water taken once a day, and the rest of the party fared little better. The excessive heat of the sun and sand, and exhaustion for want of food, soon rendered me unable to walk; and occasionally, when I became absolutely unable to move, I was suffered to relieve myself for a short time by riding on one of the camels.

At the end of the fourth day a negro child died of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and the body was thrown carelessly upon the sand. Two days afterwards the mother of the child died, being overcome with fatigue and grief for the loss of her child. Her body was left in the same manner as that of the child, exposed on the sand. In the course of the journey one of the camels died, and his flesh served us for food. We arrived at Taudeny in ten days, having travelled about fourteen miles a day.

Taudeny has a miserable appearance, contains fifty or sixty huts, and apparently about six hundred inhabitants, including strangers, of whom many resort thither in caravans for purposes of trade. It is governed, as I understood, by a Shiek, who is appointed by the Wooloo of Tombuctoo, to whom the place is tributary. It contains one or two springs of good water, and likewise salt mines. In every respect, except the difference of size, Taudeny is like Tombuctoo. The Moors remained here four days, engaged in traffick, during which time I was employed in tending the camels. At the beginning of the fifth day we resumed our march with a destination for Heligobla. Our direction was northwest, and we soon entered a plain of burning sand, still more horrible than that we had passed. The allotted time for our journey was twelve days, and we had supplied ourselves with twelve goat skins of water, one for each day. On the second day two of them burst and left us an allowance scarcely sufficient for subsistence. Our sufferings were indescribable, from heat, thirst, hunger, and exhaustion. We daily began our march at the dawn, after the Moors had finished their morning devotions, and continued

till sunset, when we received our scanty allowance of food. We stretched ourselves on the sand to sleep in the night, after having removed the upper surface, the heat of which was so great, that we could not endure it. In this dreary waste the Moors directed their course by the sun. During this journey two negro boys died of fatigue, and also a camel, whose flesh served us for food. On the tenth day we came to a small elevation of soil, where was a good spring of water and a little verdure; and on the twelfth we had the joyful sight of Heligobla.

We were now in the country of the wandering and savage Moors. We had left the territory of the negroes on quitting Taudeny. Heligobla is not a place of fixed residence; but merely a well of water surrounded by a little herbage, where tents are pitched during a certain season of the year. When the herbage is exhausted by the grazing animals, the tribe migrates to another place. The tribe consisted of about two hundred persons, men, women, and children, inhabiting thirty or forty tents. They are Mahometans, and as strict in their religious duties as at Tangier and elsewhere. Their faces are nearly black, their hair long and of the same colour, their persons squalid and dirty, and in their manners and customs they are brutal and cruel. They do not cultivate the ground, but live entirely on dates and the milk, and occasionally the flesh of camels and goats. They have many of the latter animals, and sometimes sell them to the passing caravans. They speak the Arabick language, and are governed by a Shiek from their own numbers. They are much more wretched and uncivilized than the negroes.

After we had been fourteen days in this dismal place, I found that my master had sold me to the Shiek for two camels and two bags of dates. The caravan left me, and I immediately commenced my labours under my new master, which consisted in attending the camels and goats. I continued in this employment six months, during which time my only food was goats' milk and water, given me twice a day in a scanty allowance. My labours were unremitted, and I was treated with great severity and often cruelty. To slaves of every description they are morose and severe, but Christians in particular are objects of inveterate hatred.

After having remained in this wretched condition for six months, I was at length sold by the Shiek to a Woled Abus-

bak trader passing in a caravan through Heligobla, to Lagassa, or Heligassa. After leaving Heligobla we pursued a northwest, westerly, direction, which we continued for fifteen days at the rate of about ten miles a day, passing over a country much better than the sandy desert between Taudeny and Heligobla. The ground was uneven, affording a little shrubbery, and water in one or two places. We met with two or three Moorish encampments, and arrived at Lagassa at the end of the fifteenth day. This place in every respect resembles Heligobla. The inhabitants are a few shades lighter in their complexion, and they differ from those of Heligobla by being an abandoned set of thieves and robbers. Their whole employment consists in plundering travellers and strangers of the adjacent tribes. This was the first place in which I found gold and silver known as a circulating medium.

We remained here two days, after which I was sold to a Shiek of Wadnoon for sixty dollars, and he returned with me soon to the district to which he belonged. Our course was northeast, northerly, which we continued fifteen days, stopping occasionally for the purposes of trade. The whole distance from Lagassa to Wadnoon is not more than eight full days' march. The country, which we passed over, was better than that between Heligobla and Lagassa. It was sometimes mountainous, of a good soil, was not badly watered, and in some places it was covered with shrubbery. We passed many encampments, and met many travellers. I likewise observed several herds of deer and antelopes. On the fifteenth day we arrived at Wadnoon. Nothing could exceed my surprise, when, on entering this place, I found four of the crew of the Charles prisoners like myself. The reason of our all having been brought to this place, was the importance and wealth of the city of Wadnoon, which made it a great market for slaves.

Wadnoon is the name of an extensive district; the capital of which bears the same name, and consists of forty or fifty houses and gardens, built and arranged in the Moorish style, and differing in no respect, excepting size, from Tangier and similar cities. It is independent of the emperour of Morocco, and governed by a Shiek from among themselves. The people are not so savage as those of Heligobla and Lagassa, but more so than those nearer the seacost. I continued in this place with my fellow slaves for twelve months,

subject throughout to the same master. My employment was to labour in the fields and gardens, and my food was barley, water, and dates, once, and sometimes twice a day; but these were given me so sparingly, that to support life I was obliged to steal every thing like food, which I could find.

Four months after my arrival, Dalby, the former mate of the Charles, finding himself exhausted by labour and privation, declared himself unable to perform some duty which was assigned him, at which his master was so enraged that he stabbed him with a dagger, and killed him on the spot. To protect his remains from the dogs, I and my fellow slaves obtained permission to bury him. A few months after my three surviving fellow prisoners, suffering incessantly from beating, privation, and insults, declared their intention of escaping these calamities by turning Mahometans. This determination they put into effect, and were consequently circumcised and allowed all the privileges of the people of the country. After this my life became doubly wretched. My master wished me to follow the example of the others and change my religion, and endeavoured to prevail on me to do so, by alternate persuasion and the most abusive treatment. But I was soon relieved from my sufferings and from slavery, for within a month or two afterwards a person came to Wadnoon, empowered by the consuls of the United States and of Great Britain at Mogadore, to purchase such Christian slaves as might be found in this district. To my unspeakable joy I found myself ransomed for one hundred and five dollars, with liberty to go with my purchaser to Mogadore. The sad resolution of my fellow prisoners prevented them from sharing with me this happiness. In five days after leaving Wadnoon, having travelled in a west, northwest direction, about one hundred and fifty miles, we reached Santa Cruz. From thence I walked on the seashore three days, at the end of which, in the latter part of August 1812, I arrived at Mogadore.

The Jesuits.

Ignatius of Loyola, Patriarch and Founder of the society of the Jesuits, was born in Spain. He followed at first the

profession of arms, and mixing with the world, he gave a loose to his passions, and according to the Jesuits themselves who have written his life, vanity and ambition were predominant in him.

At the age of thirty years, in 1521, at Pampeluna, when the French besieged that fortress, he had his right leg broken. Having been ill dressed, he broke it again, but after this second operation, there remained a bone which projected too far and prevented him from wearing a handsome stocking. His desire to appear with a graceful figure prompted him to have this bone cut off, and he suffered the torment of having this limb violently drawn out by a machine of iron for several days, that he might not appear to be lame.

In this situation, having asked for romances to amuse him, and not finding any, he accidentally fell upon a life of Saints, written in a romantick style. He read it and felt himself touched. He threw himself into contemplation.

Although the earliest times of his conversion were times of trial the most terrible; of desires to devote himself to God, and of passions which agitated him; of interiour combats in his soul between consolations the most sweet, and humiliations that sunk to despair; yet, if we may believe the Jesuits, within the first year of his conversion, he received from heaven abundant favours in visions, ravishments, extacies, in which he received new lights.

He had moreover another vision much more interesting to the Jesuits. During a species of extatick ravishment or trance, which lasted eight days, God revealed to him the plan, and the astonishing progress of the society, which he was one day to establish. It is not a single individual Jesuit only, who advances this fact; but the directory, which is the work of the whole society, asserts, that "God communicated to Ignatius, as to the Head and Founder, the entire idea of the society, both of the exteriour government of it, and the interiour form of their virtues." That I may not be suspected to have made an unfair, or an incorrect translation, I take the original words of the "*Directorium in exercitia Spiritualia, Sancti Patris Nostri Ignatii Proœm.* 3. Quemadmodum igitur Dominus Deus Ideam totam societatis nostræ, tum exteriorem tum etiam quæ ad interiorem virtutum formam pertineret, et tanquam capiti et fundatori communicavit."

If it could be credited that Ignatius, in the first year, formed the plan of his society, it must be acknowledged that Pas-

quier, who saw the birth of the Jesuits, was not mistaken when he said, "that Ignatius was one of the most acute and sagacious worldlings of his age;" and this will not be doubted when we shall have given an analysis of the government, the statutes and the privileges of the society.

However this may be, it was in his first solitude, and during his extacies, that he composed his book of *Spiritual Exercises*, which brought out afterwards against him many contradictions. As his imagination was still full of military exercises, he constructed that work upon a plan of his warlike ideas. He there represents Jesus Christ in the figure of a warlike monarch, who invites his subjects to follow him, in an expedition which he is about to undertake against the devil, his enemy. He paints these two enemies as two great monarchs, who declare war against each other, recruiting troops, displaying their standards, taking the field and exhorting their people to follow them, and to fight valiantly in hope of the rewards which each of them promises to his disciples.

His soul was so warlike, that after his conversion, having in his travels a dispute with a Moor, who asserted that Mary had ceased to be a virgin when she became a mother; he regretted that he had suffered the blasphemer to escape alive, and he hastened after him to kill him. But fortunately the mule on which he was mounted took a different rout from the Moor, and hindered him from executing the pious assassination, that his blind, fanatick zeal had dictated to him.

The first years of his conversion were passed in frequent pilgrimages to Jerusalem and other places, in affected mortifications, which often exposed him to ridicule, and proved him to be a man of little information.

How indeed could he have information? The ambition he felt for making disciples stimulated him to commence the study of Latin, at the age of thirty three years, but even then he made little proficiency, having no taste for it, and delighting more in leading a wandering life. Nevertheless he went in 1526 to Alcala to study philosophy. Although he submitted to the torture to advance in this science, his mind found itself in confusion, and all his labour ended in knowing nothing.

He had however made some disciples; and he undertook to teach, to give instructions, and to direct consciences. This enterprise excited complaints from many persons who mur-

mured that Ignatius, being without science and without character, presumed to direct consciences. He was committed to prison, but afterwards enlarged; but by a publick sentence rendered the 1st of June 1527, he was forbidden, because he was not a theologian, to explain to the people the mysteries of religion, until he had studied four years in theology.

Dissatisfied with this judgment rendered by the Grand Vicar of Alcala, he retired with his disciples to Salamanca. They there conducted in such a manner that they were sent to prison, because laymen without studies, and without degrees, ought not to undertake to preach.

Fatigued with all these contradictions, Ignatius took the resolution to go to Paris and recommence his studies. This great city was, properly speaking, the cradle of the society. After having there experienced many oppositions, which would have discouraged any other man, he applied himself to engage and form new disciples, those whom he had in Spain having abandoned him. INQUISITOR.

Singular article of the Mahometan Law.

"A REMARKABLE cause," says Dr. Clarke, "was tried while we were in Cos; and a statement of the circumstances, on which it is founded, will serve to exhibit a very singular part of the Mahometan law; namely, that which relates to '*Homicide by implication.*' An instance of a similar nature was before noticed, when it was related that the Capudan Pasha reasoned with the people of Samos upon the propriety of their paying for a Turkish frigate, which was wrecked upon their territory; 'because the accident would not have happened if their island had not been in the way.' This was mentioned as a characteristick feature of Turkish justice, and so it really was: that is to say, it was a sophistical application of a principle rigidly founded upon the *fifth species of homicide*, according to the Mahometan law; or '*homicide by an intermediate cause*,' which is strictly the name it bears. The case which occurred at Cos fell more immediately under the cognizance of this law. It was as follows. A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her; but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment, he bought some poi-

son and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, *by implication*, of the man's death; under the *fifth species of homicide*, he became therefore amenable for this act of suicide. When the cause came before the magistrate, it was urged literally by the accusers, that '*If he, the accused, had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed; consequently he would not have swallowed poison; consequently he would not have died: but he, the accused, had a daughter; and the deceased had fallen in love; and had been disappointed; and had swallowed poison, and had died.*' Upon all these counts, he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this, being fixed at the sum of eighty *piastres*, was accordingly exacted."

Trait of Spanish character.

In no civilized country of equal advantages and equal antiquity, have the interests of learning been so feebly supported as in Spain. The Moors of this country in the tenth century were learned for that period, but, as a nation, the Spaniards are at present a full century behind every other nation of Europe in the arts of life, the refinements of society, and enlightened views of civil polity; and almost a millennium, in the modes of education, and intellectual culture. It may be questioned whether they have taken a step in the right road of learning since the days of the Cid. Two or three meteors have gleamed in their literary hemisphere, but these have only served to give a more dismal aspect to the surrounding gloom. Yet they do not pass themselves by in silence. They speak pompously of their dramatists, who have produced their thousand plays; of their romance writers, who immortalized the age of chivalry with a volume for each renowned knight; and of their legend makers, who suffered no good saint to leave the world, without commemorating the prodigies he performed, in tomes of sacred story. Mena, they say, combined the excellencies of Dante and Petrarch; and Raymond Lully, they tell us, wrote three hundred and nineteen books on metaphysicks.

In the sciences, if we except Alphonso the wise, they have done absolutely nothing; they have not even profited by the

discoveries and improvements of others. Yet so lofty are the notions, which they entertain of their own superiority in this respect, that it was long a prevalent opinion among the Spaniards, that God conversed with Moses on Mount Sinai in the Spanish language, and revealed to them long ago all the many secrets and hidden mysteries of nature, which are yet the objects of the diligent researches and inquiries of the most learned philosophers of the world.

Torrubia published his Natural History of Spain in 1754. This was accompanied with an introduction, composed of a great number of encomiums on the mighty powers of the author, and the happy lot of Spain. These were written by some of the most learned men of the country, and are highly characteristick of the national character of the Spaniards. The following is an extract from the encomium of father Hieronimus of Salamanca, and may serve as an example of the whole. "Even if I had an hundred tongues, and if each of them, nay, if every individual part of my body, every joint, every vein, was endowed with the faculty of the most eloquent language, yet how very unfit, how totally unable should I be, to express the delight, which the perusal of this natural history afforded me." In confidence that all Europe pays the most profound attention to him, the reverend father goes on; "Behold Torrubia, the crowned lion of Spain, the modern Geryon, a philosopher who has surprised nature in the fact, a wonder of literature, to whom nothing rises superiour, save his own immortal natural history. He is the favoured child of Providence, who bestowed every advantage on him, adding as an enchantment to them all, the inestimable blessing of being born in Spain. Happy favoured Spain! Thou faithful genius of our nation, thou art ever constant, ever enlightened, ever invincible, ever triumphant over ignorance and errour!"

The Royal Society.

When we look over some of the earlier transactions of the Royal Society, we are equally astonished at the wretched state of science, and the extreme ignorance and credulity of some of the greatest men of that period. It is no longer a mystery, that those sage and laborious advocates for philo-

sophical improvement should bring down upon themselves the ridicule and raillery of the wits of the age, as well as the direful hatred of that sturdy race of philosophers, who believed that the ten categories carried the human mind to the utmost stretch of its powers. The wits could not remain grave, when they saw men with long beards and profound looks sporting with the baubles and indulging in the fantasies of infancy; and no good Aristotelian could possibly sit with composure and see innovation stare him in the face, and sacrilegious attempts boldly making to undermine the mighty fabrick, which he regarded with awful reverence, and which had stood unmoved from the days of its architect, the Stagyrite. He clothed himself in his panoply of syllogisms, thrust out the horns of his dilemmas, and took his stand under the banner of his master, but in vain. The experimentalist persevered, in defiance of the wits and the schoolmen, and although he was often ridiculous, and sometimes absurd, yet the mists of errour and ignorance moved slowly away, brighter prospects opened gradually before him, and enabled him to pursue his course with more certainty and success.

We can hardly realize at this time, that no more than one hundred and fifty years ago men of learning and eminence seriously anticipated the time, when journeys would be made to the moon with as much ease as a voyage across the Atlantick; when it would be as common a thing to buy a pair of wings to fly into a remote country, as to buy a pair of boots to go a long journey; when sympathetick conveyances would be carried on at the distance of the Indies with as much certainty, as by a literary correspondence; and when the grey hairs and exhausted strength of age would be restored to the beauty and vigour of youth by a simple medical process. Yet these speculations were actually advanced, with a great deal of gravity and confidence, by Glanville, one of the staunchest advocates for the society, and its ablest defender against the wit and virulence of Stubbe, and the angry stormings of the irritable peripatetick of Chew.

The following are some of the curious queries, which the society sent to Sir Philliberts Vernatti, who resided in Batavia, requesting him to answer them according to the best information he could obtain.

" Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again, after three or four years, in the same place where they have been digged out?

" Whether there be a hill in Sumatra, which burneth continually, and a fountain which runneth pure balsam?

" Whether in the island of Sambrero there be found a vegetable, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down, when one offers to pluck it up, into the ground, and would quite shrink, unless held very hard? And whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more, according as the tree groweth in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree, rooting in the ground, and so growing great? And whether the same plucked up young, turns, by that time it is dry, into a hard stone, much like to coral?

" What ground there is for that relation, concerning horns taking root and growing about Goa?

" Whether the Indians can so prepare that stupifying herb, Datura, that they make it lie several days, months, years, according as they will have it, in a man's body, without doing him any hurt, and at the end kill him, without missing half an hour's time?

" Whether those that be stupified by the herb, Datura, are recovered by moistening the soles of their feet in fair water?

" Whether the Arbor Triste sheds its flowers at the rising of the sun, and shoots them again at the setting of the sun; and whether at the rising of the sun the leaves drop off as well as the flowers?

" Whether the animal, called Abados, hath teeth, claws, flesh, blood, and skin, as well as his horns, antidotal; and whether the horns of those beasts are better or worse, according to the food they live upon?

" Whether the falsifying of China musk is not rather done by mixing oxen and cows' livers, dried and pulverized, with some of the concrete flesh and blood of the China muskcat, than by beating together the bare flesh and blood of this animal?

" Whether it be winter on the east side of the mountain Gates, which cometh from the north to Cape Comorin, whilst it is summer on the west side?

" Whether there be a tree in Mexico, that yields water, wine, vinegar, oil, milk, honey, wax, thread, and needles?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translation of the fourth Satire of Boileau.

Addressed to the Abbé Le Vayer.

THE idea of this Satire was conceived in a conversation, which the author had held with the Abbé Le Vayer and Moliere, in which it was proved, by different examples, *that all men are fools, and that every one, nevertheless, thinks himself the only wise man in the world.* This proposition is the subject of the following Satire.

How comes it, dear Vayer,* that the dolt the least knowing
Assumes to himself all the wisdom that's going?
How is it, that search the whole universe round,
Not a milkwater, simpering fool can be found,
Who for very good reasons that *he* can let fall,
Will not lodge all his neighbours at Lunatick Hall?

The pedant, with knowledge encumber'd and weak,
All bursting with pride, and all bristled with Greek,
Whose brains with a thousand old authours are stor'd,
Which his tongue can exactly retail word for word,
For whom the term dunce is the best appellation,
Believes that a *book* is the end of creation;
And without the great Stag'rite for guide and for rule,
That reason is blind, and good sense is a fool.

The reverse of this picture. Behold the gallant,
Whose trade all the day is to prance and to pant
From parlour to parlour with infinite pains,
While his flaxen wig shelters what *he* has of brains.
Our fancy he chills, and our patience he wears,
And cloys the whole world with his sweet pretty airs;
To science denies every species of merit,
And his ignorance deems both the test of true spirit
And dearest prerogative cherished at court,
While at books and at authours he coolly makes sport,
Consigning close students and lovers of knowledge
To pine out their days in the damps of a college.

* We have generally *Anglicised* the pronunciation of proper names.

The bigot, o'erflowing with pride and with grace,
Thinks to dupe e'en his Maker with zeal and grimace,
Cloaks his sins with a countenance saintly and sour,
And damns all mankind to the best of his power.

Next, faithless, and heartless, and selfish, the rake,
Delights every law, but his pleasure, to break;
Conceives the dread truth of a judgment to come,
And such worn out notions a bugbear and hum,
Invented by priests, and expos'd to the light,
Old women and children to gull and affright;
Resolves to dismiss these *superfluous* cares,
And looks on the pious as weak silly hares.

But why do I press in this endless pursuit?
Or why do I try to describe every brute,
Who drivels, and struts, and in folly persists?
I'd as soon undertake to recount the sick lists
That Genaud and his merc'ry each summer undo,
Or tell how many times the licentious Neveu,*
Before she assum'd the demure marriage-gown,
Reluctantly yielded herself to the town.

But not in partic'lars to lavish more time,
I will give you my notions in one single rhyme,
Begging pardon, however, at first, of those fools
Call'd the sages of Greece, and the boast of the schools,
I will venture to say, that in all this wide earth,
Not a spark of pure, genuine wisdom has birth;
Yes *all men are fools*, and the truth to confess,
They differ in nothing but *bigger or less*.
As travellers, lost in a thick tangled brake,
Perplex'd and at fault, their directions mistake,
Some trying the right, and some choosing the left,
But still at each step, of assurance bereft,
And yet, hurry on, and yet bustle and stir,
And err from one cause, yet all diversely err,
Just so in the world too, we wander about,
And every one chooses his separate rout,
Now prompted by whim, and now guided by chance,
By our errours seduc'd and led on through the dance.
Now and then we see one, who by gravity's rules,
Can manage to treat all the others as fools;

* A woman of notorious profligacy.

Him we reverently smirk to—him *wisest* we call,
While in truth he's the foolishest fool of us all.
But in spite of keen satire, each eagerly tries
To build on his folly the title of wise;
And while suffering his fancy to lead him a waltz,
Would transform into virtues the worst of his faults.
Hence, (hear it, ye few, who yourselves wish to know,)
The wisest is he, who least thinks himself so;
Who always for others to mercy inclin'd,
Is still to himself most severely unkind,
Who, from paltry conceit and self flattery far,
Unrelentingly brings his own faults to the bar.

And would that each sinner thus treated himself,
Far from it, I warrant you—many an elf!

That miser, the dupe of his idoliz'd gold,
In the lap of abundance can nothing behold
But the phantom of want, yet the fool will e'en swear
That he's prompted by prudence, of currency rare.
His glory, his heaven, his sovereign good,
Is to heap up a treasure, and o'er it to brood,
A treasure at best which can ne'er be employ'd,
And the larger it grows, can the less be enjoy'd.

"Yes, yes, very true, I protest and maintain
That avarice surely *is* crack'd in the brain,"
Says another poor fool, of like mental ill health,
Who flings to all comers his overgrown wealth,
Whose dissatisfied soul, with itself ne'er at rest,
In the midst of good fortune is rashly unblest.
Now which of these two as the blindest would strike?
"By my soul, they are both fit for Bedlam alike!"
Exclaims yonder Marquis so prudent and sage,
Just ready in dice at Fredoc's* to engage;
Who eternally moves in a whirlpool of play,
His bus'ness all night, and his study all day;
Whose doom underneath a quatorze† is still kept,
And whose happiness waits on the turn of a sept!†
Who sees, while in agony holding his breath,
In the shake of a dice box his life or his death.
Him, should fate on a sudden in malice turn foe,
Disturbing his shuffle, or foiling his throw,

* A gambling house. † Terms in the game of faro.

You might see, to a spasm of blasphemy driv'n,
With his hair bristling up, and eyes darting to heav'n,
And looking like one with a demon possest,
Which an exorcist priest can alone lay to rest;
For some novel profaneness essaying to search,
He invokes in his oaths all the saints of the church.
Pray chain him, he storms in such terrible wise,
I fear this new Titan will soon scale the skies.

Rather leave him alone to his folly a prey,
Due penalties then he will speedily pay.
And now let us make a right timely transition,
To some other quarter of lunatic vision,
To errours, whose poison delights as it harms,
And fuddles the soul with more maddening charms.
Where the mind, as the vessel of nectar it plies,
Sips on, and in sweet self forgetfulness lies.

What is Chapelaine's* disorder? to dabble in *verse!*
And though nothing for roughness could ever be worse,
Though with epithets crowded as thick as a mist,
And by school boys in petticoats hooted and hiss'd,
Though e'en worthy the sneers of those shallow brain'd sages,
Who meet every week to debate at Menage's,†
Yet to *him* it is charming—and spite of all laws,
It comes up to *his* taste, and extorts *his* applause!
See, see, with what calm and self satisfied grace,
Above Virgil, he takes on Parnassus his place.
Gracious heaven, oh what would the driveller do,
Should some cruel good Christian illumine his view,
And show him his pitiful verses at length
In their true naked plight, without beauty or strength,
His couplets surmounted on two wretched rhymes,
Upon which, as on stilts, he most clumsily climbs;
His words, which he strangely delights to transpose,
And his stiff, frigid ornaments planted in rows?
Yes, how sadly and sorely would *he* rue the day,
When Delusion should fly from his vision away!

A fanatick I knew, who in other respects,
Was sensible, sober, and free from defects;

* This author, before his *Pucelle* was printed, passed for the first poet of his age. The publication spoiled every thing. See Southey's admirable analysis of this poem, in the preface to the second edition of his Joan of Arc. It has beauties, which however are overwhelmed with absurdities.

† In this couplet is given the substance of a note, appended to the original.

But attacked by a malady wondrously strange
His brain was a little accustom'd to range,
Though the manner was pleasant enough.—It was this;
He imagin'd he heard from the regions of bliss,
Such a concert all day, as an adder might love,
Which was sung by beatified spirits above.
Well, what must be done, but a noted physician
Arrives and examines his puzzling condition,
And brings him to reason by dint of his skill,
Or chance, you may call it, or just what you will.
The next movement of course was to come for his fee—
"What, me?" cried the patient, "you ask that of me?
And pray, tell me, Sir, if it isn't enough,
That by means of your practice, your physick and stuff,
You have all the dull pains of reality giv'n,
And deafen'd my ears to the musick of heaven?"

I approve of his anger—for now, to be serious,
Our reason's the worst of all evils that weary us.
'Tis she that intrudes in the midst of our joys,
And Remorse, that importunate bridle employs;
And while sternly at ev'ry resort she appears,
Like a pedant, unceasingly drums on our ears,
With her constant reproofs to our hearts she ne'er reaches,
But like Joly,* she loses her time as she preaches.
In vain would some dreamers attempt to array her
As the sovereign of sense, and as such to display her,
In vain would they make her a Goddess on earth,
And pretend that all happiness thence has its birth;
"'Tis *she* only," they cry, "that can teach us to live!"

To such pretty abstractions my *praise* I must give,
I will grant that those flourishing sentiments look
If you please—very well—very fine in a book!
Equal nature, however, gives often, I find,
The most desperate fool, the most satisfied mind.

* A preacher of much celebrity. The sarcasm here is levelled at the times. The indirect comparison of Mons. Joly with Reason, is a compliment as powerful as it is delicate.

Satire Sixth.

This satire contains a description of the "Miseries" of a Paris life, and is imitated from the third of Juvenal.

What noises—What noises! for blessedness' sake,
Does *lodging*, at Paris, mean *keeping awake?*
What mischievous demon that prowls the night long,
Has unkennell'd the cats from the drains in a throng?
Scarce (illfated wight!) have I sunk into bed,
With hypo, and trouble, and terrour half dead,
When it seems that the very Tartarean shades
Had come to salute me with shrill serenades.
Some are growling and snarling like tigers—and worse;
Some are whining and mewing, like infants at nurse.
And to trouble my rest, e'en the mice and the rats
Have a good understanding, I know, with the cats.
A far greater *bore* in the dark to endure
Than was ever by daylight—the Abbé de Pure.*

The whole world has conspir'd to disturb my repose,
And the horrours just drawn are the least of my woes.
For scarce have the cocks, with their agoniz'd screams,
Dispers'd into air the whole neighbourhood's dreams,
When a merciless fellow, of Vulcan's grim train,
Awak'd before dawn by the curst love of gain,
Torments with his hammer the loud ringing steel,
And invades my poor head with a din that I *feel.*
Already the trucks o'er the pavements are bounding,
The shops are all op'ning, the masons are pounding,
While from ev'ry far quarter the clocks and the bells
Assailing the clouds with funereal knells,
With the winds and the hail a full concert are giving,
And to honour the dead, mean to martyr the living.

Nor yet would I censure the fates as unkind,
If my whole tribulation to *this* were confin'd.
But alone in my bed if I've reason to curse,
When I venture abroad, it is twenty times worse;
Wheresoever I go, I must worry along,
And elbow an endless and troublesome throng.

* This poor Abbé, it seems, besides the disparaging character given of him in the fourth Satire (see last No. North American Review) was moreover the most tedious of wits.

With a board which he carries, one hits me a blow,
Another (the wretch) turns aside my chapeau.
In a moment a fun'ral procession I meet,
With slow, solemn paces usurping the street;
There, some quarrelsome lacquies, in rage pulling hair,
Make the very dogs bark, and the passengers swear.
Here, a cluster of paviers my wanderings close,
There, a cross* is hung out, horrid presage of woes,
While the workmen rain down on unfortunate pates
From the housetop whole showers of tiles and of slates.
Here, slipping and tugging along the pav'd road,
Six horses drag slowly their cumbersome load,
While pois'd upon trucks a huge beam nods and shakes,
And threatens with ruin the crowd that it makes.
A corner this measureless team soon approach,
And turning, encounter the wheels of a coach,
Which o'erthrown by the shock on a large heap of clay,
Is both helpless itself, and encumbers the way.
That instant, another essaying to pass,
Confounding confusion, enlarges the mass.
Ere long twenty coaches a rear guard shall bring,
And more than a thousand soon add to the string;
And to crown the disaster, some mischievous lot
Brings a great drove of oxen direct to the spot.
All endeavour to pass; some groan and some swear,
While the bray of the mules rends asunder the air.
Soon the horse guards are call'd, and a hundred rush in,
Doing nothing at all but increasing the din;
Or remaining fast fixt by the crowds that increase,
Just think—barricades in the middle of peace!
Now nothing is heard but a hubbub of cries,
Which might drown e'en the thunder that bursts from the skies.
Whilst I, with a dozen appointments to meet,
As the day fast declines, am detain'd in the street,
And exhausted, scarce know to which saint to appeal.
At the hazard of breaking myself on a wheel,
I leap twenty gutters—I dodge—and I scud—
Genaud,† riding by, soils me over with mud;
And unfit in this plight to be look'd at by man,
At random directions, I 'scape as I can.

* It was the custom at that time for the masons to hang out a cross of laths from the roofs of the houses, which they were covering, to warn passengers to keep at a distance. At present they display a single lath.

† This was the most celebrated physician in Paris. He always rode on horseback.

In some corner at length as I wipe off the stains,
In the midst of my grumbling, it suddenly rains.
You would say that the heavens, dissolving in waters,
Had sent a new flood to inundate these quarters.
A sorry contrivance just gives you the power
To cross o'er the street in the midst of the shower.
A board is laid resting, or tottering on stones,
Where the hardiest lacquey might fear for his bones.
While the numerous torrents, that burst from the spouts,
Swell up into rivers, pursuing their routes.
Yet in spite of much stumbling, I hurry my flight,
Well knowing the horrours of Paris at night.

For no sooner has day in the calm shade repos'd,
When by firm double padlocks the shops are all clos'd,
When the peaceable merchant retires from his store,
His chages and profits at home to look o'er,
When all at New Market is tranquil and calm,
That instant the thieves set the town in alarm.
Then the murkiest woods, and the haunts most obscure,
Compar'd with this city, are blest and secure.
Woe then to the man whom some sudden affair
Compels to a bye path or lane to repair;
Four bandits will rush and surround him ... "your purse!"
He must fain give it up, or endure something worse,
And expect that his death will adorn the grim leaves
Of that tragick production, *The Hist'ry of Thieves.*
As for me, with lock'd door, and with efforts to sleep,
The same hours with the sun I most carefully keep.
But scarce in my room have I put out the light,
When rest is forbidden my organs of sight.
Some impudent robbers, who prowl round the spot,
Let drive through my shutters a huge pistol shot.
Or the loud cry of Murder! they every where raise,
Or some neighbouring mansion is wrapt in a blaze.
Here I rise in good earnest, half dead with affright,
And without any doublet, rush outward in flight.
For the flames, with a fury no art can destroy,
Rage around the whole place, as they once did at Troy,
Where many an Argive, and half famish'd Greek,
Trode on through the burning, his plunder to seek.
At length by the firehooks the ruin is broke,
And the house tumbling down emits volumes of smoke.

Now home I return, but with tremour and gloom,
And the day has appear'd when I enter my room.

In vain for repose do I sadly lie down,
Wealth only can sleep in this horrible town,
And *that* in some fence-guarded, elegant seat,
In a quiet apartment, remote from the street.

The rich man at Paris in freedom can live,
Since wealth all the joys of the country can give.
'Tis his, in the depth of midwinter to bring
To his garden the green trees and fresh plants of spring.
And while treading about on his beds of sweet flowers,
Their perfumes to breathe in his soft leisure hours.

But the poet—heigh ho—without fireside or room,
Must lodge where he can, and as fortune shall doom.

On a painting of Col. John Trumbull, representing a scene from Scott's Lady of the Lake.

Amid the brilliant group, which lib'ral taste
Selects to gild its mansion, and to charm
The virtuoso's eye, the landscape fair,
The form pourtray'd that from the canvass starts,
With breathing lip and feature, one there is
That mingles all this magick. On its front
The bold descendant of that ancient line,
Which Scotland in her better days rever'd,
Stands first. His lofty form, though mark'd by time,
Seems like the forest king, that holds in age
Preeminence, and bows, but not decays.
Born for authority, upon his brow
He bears its semblance; silently we gaze
And breathe the name of Douglass; while the glance
Piercing, yet pensive of that noble eye,
Still speaks of wrongs endur'd, yet unreveng'd,
And wakes that sympathy which generous souls
Will feel for suff'ring virtue. By his side
Is seen a youth of native majesty,
The fearless Malcolm, "beautiful and brave."
He, having nothing basely to conceal,
Dreads nothing, and his cloudless eye looks up
In the pure dignity of innocence,
Ev'n as the guardian eye of angels might
Look down on him. And next, a fairer form,

Half bending, half concealed in youthful charm,
Whose list'ning eye with conscious glance reveals
That not the favour'd Lufra, or the hounds,
Whose eager haste solicits her caress,
Nor yet the falcon, perching on her hand,
Could win her soul's attention from the voice,
That speaks of Ellen with a father's love,
Or lure it from the form of him who hears
With undefin'd sensation. Allan, too!
Thou poor old Harper, sorrow worn and sad,
Lost in the scenes of other days, whose shades
Are mournful to thee, has that cherish'd harp,
On which thy arm reclines, no lingering tone
To cheer thy wither'd heart, and sooth thy Lord
In his lone exile? Hark! with shouting sounds
Of revelry and pride, the stately barge
Of Roderick cuts the wave. The rapid strokes
From Highland oars come measur'd to the song
"Row, Vassals, Row!" while the inspiring praise
Of the grim warriour echoes from each glen
Of the wild trosach, and in softer tones
Swells o'er Loch Katrine's mirror, cold and pure.
On the smooth verdure, the diminish'd groups
Await th' arrival; mists in volumes roll'd
Spread o'er the mountains, while th' aspiring trees
Blend with the clouds. Oh, thou, whose art can blend
A charm to nature, and a robe to thought,
Who thus couldst pour the soul of Scottish song
O'er the dead canvass, lightly may the hand
Of time rest on thee, while thy art shall lure
Him of his wand to give a longer date
To the bright scenes thy country's annals yield,
And twine a wreath unfading for her brow.

H.

Hope and Memory.

Occasioned by the sentiment, that Hope perishes with the present brief existence, but that Memory is immortal.

1

Sweet friend of Man! whose airy form
With eye of azure ray,
Is seen through every gathering storm,
Companion of his way.

2

Thou on his childish lip dost press
Thy signet with a smile,
And on through Nature's weariness
His pilgrimage beguile.

3

When disappointments wake regret,
Or dangers threaten loud,
He scarce can shrink ere thou dost set
Thy rainbow on the cloud.

4

He scarce can weep, ere thou art nigh
To gild the falling tear,
To snatch the half unutter'd sigh,
And paint thy visions clear.

5

But chiefly, when the dying saint
On his last couch reclines,
When lights of earth are dim and faint,
Thy brightest lustre shines.

6

Thy smile is glorious to his eye,
Thy brow like seraph fair;
Thou point'st his journey to the sky,
But may'st not follow there.

7

Thy friendship soften'd mortal ill,
Thy worth was drawn from woe;
And thou wert nourish'd by a rill,
Which there can never flow.

8

Well pleas'd wert thou to cheer the gloom,
Beguile the short pursuit,
And paint the future rich with bloom,
Till man might reap the fruit.

9

But when his beating pulse declines
Thy own is chill and dead,
And when the real morning shines
Thy taper's ray has fled.

10

Yet one there is, who braves the blast,
When hope oblivious sleeps;

Her glance averted, seeks the past,
Her page its record keeps.

11

She gilds no fairy scenes for youth,
No flight with fancy takes ;
But in the holy cell of truth
Her silent temple makes.

12

She guards the key, with wary eye,
Where knowledge hides her store ;
To conscience gives th' unfading die,
That glows when time is o'er.

13

The wise, the virtuous love to wait
Within her sacred bow'r ;
The thoughtless shun, the fickle hate,
The guilty dread her pow'r.

14

When death's dark curtain veils the eyes,
Resplendent glows her ray ;
And when the unrob'd spirit flies
She shares its unknown way.

15

Through the drear valley, hung with gloom,
She bears her finish'd scroll ;
And spreads it at the bar of doom,
Where justice weighs the soul.

16

She dauntless treads the troubled sphere
Of darkness and despair,
And those who stain'd her record here
Must feel her vengeance there.

17

If Mercy to a glorious land
The accepted soul invite,
She hovers round the perfect band,
Who dwell in cloudless light.

18

And oft her tablet's varied trace
Of mortal care and pain,
From raptur'd angel harps shall raise
The loudest, sweetest strain.

II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Sir,

If the following trifles should be thought tolerable enough to appear in your Journal, their insertion would gratify the author.

When once the Rhodian artist strove
To paint the smiling Queen of Love,
From every diff'rent clime he drew
Its fairest form, its brightest hue;
And rifled all the charms of earth,
To deck his fair of heavenly birth.
He found the form majestick, grand,
That awe inspir'd and spoke command,
Where Rome's proud tow'rs their shadows throw
On Tiber's dusky wave below.
And next from Persia's highbred dame,
That figure's airy lightness came,
Which seemed above the earth to sweep,
As swallows skim along the deep.
From Europe came that dazzling skin,
So spotless white, so pure, so thin,
That every vein was seen to flow,
Like streams of blue, through fields of snow.
Her features bloom Circassia lent,
So soft a tint, so nicely blent,
It almost seemed the tender die
Across her cheek would come and fly,
As in the hour of placid rest
The breezes play on ocean's breast.
Her lips of rosy hue were drawn
From India's daughters of the dawn.
Love, Love o'er all her features stole,
And Athens gave her eye a soul;
But never yet from earthly fair
Th' expression came that hover'd there.
The signs of feeling round were thrown,
That never mortal breast could own.
It seemed the light of heavenly flame,
Divine it was, from heaven it came;
The task complete, the picture done,
The admirer saw combin'd in one,
And shown in brighter colours there,
The beauties of a thousand fair.

So perfect then the work appears,
To ask a life of labour'd years;
But had he sought in days of ours
To gather beauty's fairest flowers,
Not now he had been forc'd to stray,
Through distant climes a devious way,
In thee ******** might he find
Each charm of form and soul combin'd,
In union soft by nature's band
Which he had sought in every land.
And perfect had before him seen
The image of the Cyprian queen.

C. G. M.

The Elm and the Vine.

As the elm and the grapevine together are bound,
And in union their branches entwine;
The vine in the elm a supporter has found
And the elm is adorn'd by the vine.

So should Pleasure and Virtue together unite,
Through the scenes of this wild world to roam;
Each finds in the other a source of delight,
And together how blessed a home.

If the vine unprotected be suffered to spread,
And at random its branches to shape;
Its blossoms are nipp'd by the shade of its bed,
And worthless and sour is the grape.

And pleasure, if sent out to wander alone,
Wherever wild fancy may suit;
Its loveliness all in a moment is gone,
And bitter, oh bitter the fruit.

The elm how ungracious and rough does it seem,
When single it stands on the plain;
And virtue but little inviting we deem,
If pleasure be not in her train.

But when pleasure and virtue together combine,
In union unbroken to meet;
Like the rich luscious grape of the elm and the vine,
The fruit is deliciously sweet.

C. G. M.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ART. I. *Memoir of the early life of William Cowper, Esq. written by himself, and never before published. With an appendix, containing some of Cowper's religious letters, &c.* 12mo. pp. 173. Philadelphia, 1816.

THE English must have novelties; and religious novelties, or news from the grave will serve, when nothing else is to be found. You may see them in the churchyard now, at the tomb of a Christian bard, writing under the epitaph, which a friend had given him, the sins of his youth and the agonies of his delirium. They tell us, it is for the honour of Christianity that they publish the secrets of his calamity; and we heard, a little while ago, that they bought his poetry, for the theology it contained. We know that religion has sometimes been made a broad cover, for the singularities and even the corruptions of men—but we never looked to see the day, when it should blind men to exalted poetry, or tempt them to deal lightly with the memory of the just. It may be a spirit of zeal, that brought this memoir before the publick; but it is zeal, we fear, that lacks tenderness for the dead, and prudence towards the living. And we trust, that we shall not be alone, in justifying and honouring the Christian delicacy and forbearance of Haley and Johnson, who had done all that friends could do, for the name and usefulness of Cowper, and concealed only what, if published, might possibly lessen his influence, or afflict those who loved him.

The reader must not look into this narrative for the friend, whom he has hitherto known only in retirement; nor for the walks, that gladdened him all the year, and opened to his tender heart and contriving fancy the society of solitude. You must not expect the quiet grief, which invited affection, and turned silently to heaven; nor the dejected sufferer, whose spirit was soothed by the sound of the breakers; who dreaded the loneliness of the Sabbath, and listened at evening to the village dogs, that announced the return of his friend.—Cowper is now in London, amongst the profligate;

'a good sort of man' in the eyes of the world; in his own, a child of hell; and in ours, very little short of a maniac for most of the time, and altogether one for the rest. It was very natural, that in his later years, he should turn to the city, as to the sink of abomination and woe. It had been the prison house of his mind, and the secrets are here unfolded.

The memoir (which was plainly intended for his friends only) is 'a history of his heart, so far as religion had been its object.' He begins with the mournful depravity of his childhood; his neglect of secret prayer, his habit of lying, his assurance that he should never die. His case might seem very bad, if we did not remember that he was but a child, at a publick school, in high health, and 'as ignorant in all points of religion, as the satchel at his back.' More than this, he has thrown into the sketch, two or three incidents, and simple notices of his heart, that remind us of the lovelier description of his childhood, in his Monody. We can see even here, the beginnings of thoughtfulness, purity, tenderness and religious feeling. It was his misfortune, and he felt it to his last hour, to lose almost in infancy a kind mother; and his soft, subdued spirit found no one like her, to guide, uphold and cherish him, when he needed such a friend the most.

We admit every man's right to question Cowper's judgment, especially in his bitter self-condemnation, and in his minute explanations of the purposes and operations of God. But we must take his narrative without reserve, when he tells us merely what he felt and endured. It may indeed seem strange, that a man should look so narrowly and clearly at what passed within himself, during the turmoil and darkness of delirium. Yet Cowper was equal to it, and his description makes the most powerful part of the narrative. The story is told with a force and directness, which none but the sufferer himself could be master of. He does not touch tenderly upon his malady, but goes at once into its depths, and tells us every thing—its approach, its shocks and pressure, its flames and 'horrible darkness,' and all that he purposed and did. He seems to have thrown himself amidst his sufferings, with the courage of a man, who has passed through the worst of life, and is not to be appalled by merely retracing it. A man, who could bring himself to such a narrative as this, could not play with language. The plain

reality is enough for him and the reader. He is raised too high to be politick. He is telling fearful truths, which the world would not know but for him; and when he has once given himself to the work, he will have no time to think of style, or to cast about for the effect he is to produce.

We must all remember very well the important period of Cowper's life, when he was appointed to the clerkship of the journals of the House of Lords, and the derangement produced by his dread of an examination before the House, touching his sufficiency for the place. A great part of the narrative is given to this period. We cannot insert the whole story, and should be ashamed to break or abridge it. During the twelve years he spent in the temple, he appears to have lived upon the world and literature. He was in the society of wits and infidels, and sought in sinful indulgence, security from a relapse into the heavy dejection, (it was little less than insanity,) which visited him even in childhood. His estate was sinking very fast; and not only were his hopes of settling in married life cut off, but he was even in danger of personal want. It was now that he looked about for an office, and with horrible covetings. He obtained at last, from his kinsman, an appointment to which he thought himself equal; but the circumstances of the gift were such as to expose his patron to suspicion; besides this, his right of nomination was strongly resisted in the House of Lords; the place could only be secured by a struggle, and, what was 'mortal poison' to the shy and trembling spirit of Cowper, he was required to submit to an examination at the bar of the House, as to his qualifications for the office. And now came the tempest. Honour, duty and interest pressed him to persevere; but his peace was gone, and along with it his frail strength; 'a finger raised against him was more than he could stand against.' Nothing was left for him, but torturing perplexity, severe self judgment, desperation, and reproach against God. He looked to madness for shelter, and it did not fail him.

We can imagine the fearful eagerness, with which the reader will hurry through the simple sketch of his sufferings and attempts at suicide. Self murders are old and common. Some are too vulgar to be remembered, whilst others are relieved by heroism and grandeur, and kept by us to prove the greatness of human nature. But we believe, that this wretched sufferer, in his lonely, dim-lighted chamber, desperate in

his anguish and in its relief, too weak to endure life or destroy it, at length succeeding so far as to pass the bitterness of death, and then awaking as if in hell, has given the reader a story of unmixed horrour, that will stay longer with him than all the self murders on record. Cowper is not content with telling his attempts and their failure in general description—he lets us into every thing. Incidents and objects the most familiar, are raised, and become even poetical, from their connexion with his purposes and efforts. When he had once admitted the thought of self destruction, he could not go into the streets, without meeting with something to tempt or drive him to the last act. It seemed to him, as if all the world had conspired to make death by his own hand inevitable. When he ventured into the streets, after the failure of all his efforts, a ghastly shame and alarmed suspicion were his torments, and perhaps nothing in the book goes deeper into the heart than this.

"I never went into the street, but I thought the people stood and laughed at me, and held me in contempt; and could hardly persuade myself, but that the voice of my conscience was loud enough for every one to hear it. They who knew me, seemed to avoid me; and if they spoke to me, seemed to do it in scorn. I bought a ballad of one who was singing it in the street, because I thought it was written on me. I dined alone, either at the tavern, where I went in the dark, or at the chop house, where I always took care to hide myself in the darkest corner of the room. I slept generally an hour in the evening; but it was only to be terrified in dreams; and when I awoke, it was some time before I could walk steadily through the passage into the dining room. I reeled and staggered like a drunken man. The eyes of man I could not bear; but when I thought that the eyes of God were upon me, (which I felt assured of,) it gave me the most intolerable anguish. If, for a moment, a look, or a companion stole away my attention from myself, a flash from hell seemed to be thrown into my mind immediately; and I said within myself, 'what are these things to me, who am damned?'" p. 77.

A long delirium settled upon him soon after. 'A strange but horrible darkness fell upon him,' in which every thing was lost, but 'a sense of sin and expectation of punishment.' The rest of the memoir is taken up with his residence at St. Alban's, his religious experiences, and his settlement at Huntingdon. And it was refreshing to come again into the clear sky and pure air. The book gives us one joy at least,

for we feel at the close, that his wild despair and raptures have alike settled down into Christian hope and serenity. We feel ourselves once more, by the side of that pure being, whom we had known only in his letters and poetry.

The facts, that are now brought to light, will go more roughly over the heart, than the saddest details we have yet read in his biography. Why then were they published? We should not inquire, if we could imagine that a single heart would be made better by the narrative. Our belief is, that it will only serve to divert and harden the profligate, to wound the affectionate, give subjects of philosophical scrutiny to the curious and unfeeling, throw still heavier clouds upon the dejected, and encourage, in the weak, a belief that the purposes and operations of God are submitted to the minute interpretation of man.

We are told, (though the matter seemed at rest,) that our religion is charged with having made Cowper a maniac, and that the memoir is published to refute the calumny. The reproach always appeared to us very dull and unphilosophical, coming probably from men as ignorant of Cowper and of the New Testament, as that it is the way with melancholy to make its food of every thing, and that men may suffer more from mistaking the uses of good, than from the hardest conflicts with known evil. We apprehend, moreover, that, if an infidel had before learned to shun and abhor religion, from its supposed influence on Cowper's sensibility, he will be drawn no nearer the faith by the disclosures in this narrative, nor feel that a single weapon against Christianity has fallen from his hands. If we are told, that the memoir was published to warn men against suicide, we have our fears, that if any man, in an hour of desperation, were to take up the book for healing influences, he would only feel the knife going deeper and deeper to his heart. Did the publisher wish to show the power of religion in changing the heart, and was the age so barren of repentance, and living piety, that he must needs go to the dead for testimony? No doubt, he intended the honour of religion; but is there any honourable view of religion, of our nature or our hopes given here, which had not been already more worthily given, in the other works of Cowper? In *them*, we believe that all Christians may find nourishment for piety. There may be mistaken views of God and his government; false notions of the world and of human nature. Put these all aside—and there

is enough left to console and elevate; enough to satisfy us, that Cowper knew the purest influences of the gospel, and enjoyed the happiest communion with heaven.

We cannot admit the justice of his self condemnation, or persuade ourselves, that the excesses he laments are rather proofs of depravity, than of his unhealthy sensibility and proneness to dejection, unchecked as they were by a religious education, and severely acted upon by his uncongenial pursuits and situation. However this may be, and taking his word for it, that he was once a profligate wretch—we are still met with the difficulty of laying down any rule, by which to judge of the propriety of publishing after his death, the early sins and errours of a good man, even if the record were his own. If Cowper had been an old inquiring sinner, coldly shutting out the light of revelation through pride of philosophy, but at last obliged to yield to its power, his confessions would be amongst the triumphs of Christianity, and might well be placed in every one's hands. If his biographers, instead of keeping back some painful incidents of his life, had given us a false or imperfect view of his character, it would be no more than honest to disclose the truth, at any hazard. If Cowper had been a successful advocate of false principles, and his works had owed their influence, in any degree, to his undeserved reputation for purity of life, a disclosure of the truth would be due to society, and the sooner it were made, the better. We believe that none of these things can be reasonably urged, in favour of publishing the narrative.

If the value of what he had left behind, had been wholly unconnected with his character and peculiar feelings, it would be nothing worse than cruelty to his memory, or his friends, (and this certainly is bad enough,) to set his errours in order before the publick, after his departure. But, in this respect, perhaps there never was a case, where a man deserved better, to enjoy forever his singular fortune, of having his infirmities buried with him, while his virtues were left alive. We believe, that the wide moral influence of his poetry is nearly connected with the delightful and almost living intimacy, which grows up between him and his reader. You may find him every where doing good; gaining the earliest place in the affections, and never losing it; bringing the humblest reader to visit nature with his heart, as well as industry, and the man of taste to mingle holy feeling with po-

etical delight. He forms us to pure and simple enjoyment. Whether his theme be exalted or lowly, there is throughout the same manly relish of truth, and disdain of helping nature by unreal glitter, or vague and general description. He is always telling us something, which every man may prove, by opening his eyes, or questioning his heart. Sometimes austere and overcast, as he looks out upon the remote world, but oftener delighting us with moral tenderness, healing raillery, and companionable sympathy. He is ever present in his works, lending them the attraction of his character, pursuits and pleasures; relieving and animating the graver parts, by throwing into them something social or personal; and securing our confidence, by the easy unfolding of as fair a heart, as we should look for on earth. So that he always has something for the good of every man; and has made himself the most popular of poets, without sparing a single fault, or humouring any one in the least departure from a pure native taste.

We would not have our remembrance of such a man disturbed. The world, too, has an interest in his influence and good name, and publick feeling must be somewhat depraved, before it can be entertained at the risk of his reputation. Feeling none of the curiosity, which rejoices in looking up the old cast-off sins of a repentant and departed soul, we are unwilling to hear, even from himself, that he was once a profligate, and all but a self murderer. Unable to separate his supposed guilt from mere derangement, and persuaded that, even when he wrote the memoir, he was utterly incompetent to a fair judgment of his early life, we regret the appearance of a book, which may unjustly weaken his influence, or cloud the remembrance of him, by inducing or strengthening the suspicion, that his mind and sensibility were *always* diseased. Nor can we agree with the publisher, that the lapse of years may give a better right to disturb the grave; for it seems to us, that time only makes it more sacred, as well as the thought of those who sleep there.

It is for publick opinion, to discountenance the bad example that has now been set. For there are such things as curiosity and malevolence in the heart; and these are especially regaled with the darker side of our nature, and with clearing away the dust from sins or infirmities, that have long been buried and forgotten. Just in proportion to a man's after greatness or worth, will be the longing to find out and

enlarge his early weakness or errours. With the growth of such a taste, we shall see the decline of self respect, rudeness towards the dead, contempt of truth, and insensibility to the value of character. We may prepare ourselves then, for deplorable legends of all the good men that ever died.

ART. II. *Records of the life of the Rev. John Murray, late minister of the Reconciliation, and Seniour Pastor of the Universalists congregated in Boston, written by himself.* Boston, Munroe & Francis.

THIS book was noticed in the last Number, and we propose to make our readers better acquainted with it in the present, because it contains many entertaining anecdotes and introduces the reader into scenes, which are accessible only by means of memoirs of this description. Our purpose is to give a brief sketch of the story, without many reflections or much disquisition.

The subject of these memoirs was a descendant of the Scotch Murrays, though he was born in England, A. D. 1741, in Hampshire at Alton, which is situated on the Wey, and boasts of "a church, a Presbyterian and a Quaker meetinghouse, and is environed by a plantation of hops." His parents were both religious, and though members of different sects, the father being of the established church, and the mother a Presbyterian, "yet religion never disturbed the harmony of the family."

His paternal grandmother was a French woman, of the name of Barroux, one of the *noblesse*, who, having lost her mother early, came over to England to be educated. She became a Protestant, at which her father was so much enraged, that he discarded her, and to punish her the more severely, he swore he would marry, for a second wife, the first woman he should meet, "provided he could obtain her consent, and she were not absolutely disgusting." This woman happened to be his chambermaid, whom, not finding her "absolutely disgusting," and being able to "obtain her consent," he forthwith married. After his death, which soon followed, his estate, of about five hundred pounds a year, would have descended to his Protestant daughter, provided she had qualified herself to be his heir, by renouncing her

heresy; but she declared that she would not do this for the whole kingdom of France.

During Mr. Murray's youth, the "hoary sage called Discipline," still reigned with undiminished prerogatives, and Murray's father was one of his most loyal subjects.

"My father," says he, "rarely passed by an offence, without marking it by such punishment as his sense of duty awarded; and when my tearful mother interceded for me, he would respond to her entreaties in the language of Solomon, *if thou beat him with a rod, he shall not die.* Pious supplications were the accompaniments of the chastisements which were inflicted, so that I often passed from the terrour of the rod, to the terrifying apprehensions of a future and never ending misery. Upon these terrifick occasions, the most solemn resolutions were formed, and my vows were marked by floods of tears."

He relates one instance in which his father remitted something of his conscientious severity. When he was eleven years old, the family removed to Ireland, and when they were at Bristol on the way, he says;

"I stepped into a boat on the *slip*, and letting it loose, the force of the current almost instantly carried it off into the channel, and had it been *ebb* instead of *flood* tide, I must inevitably have been carried out to sea, and most probably should never have been heard of more; but the flood tide carried me rapidly up the river. In the midst of the river I found a large flat bottomed boat at anchor, to which I made fast the boat I was in. At midnight, I heard voices on the side of the river, when, earnestly imploring their aid, and offering a liberal reward, they came in their boat, and conveying me on shore, conducted me to my lodgings. But no language can describe my dismay, when I drew near my father, who was immediately preparing to administer the deserved chastisement, when the benevolent hostess interposed, and in pitying accents exclaimed, *for God's sake let the poor Blood alone; I warrant he has suffered enough already.* My father was softened."

They settled in the neighbourhood of Cork, and the whole family became followers of Wesley. Young Murray was made leader of a class, and distinguished himself by singing hymns and by other devotional exercises.

Youth always has its friendships and its loves, and its disappointments in both. An intimate friendship took place

between Murray and a young man by the name of Little, who belonged to a respectable family of Methodists. While this intimacy existed, and Murray was admitted into this family, much on the footing of a child, the following incident occurred.

"A young lady, a distant relation of Mrs. Little, was introduced as a visitor. My friend and myself were in the parlour when she was introduced, and we both agreed she was the most ordinary young woman we had ever beheld. She was, I presume, more than twenty five years of age, under the common stature, of a very sallow complexion, large features, and a very disagreeable cast in her eye. Yet this same young lady had not been more than three weeks under the same roof with us, before we both became violently in love with her."

They accordingly became silent and reserved; an explanation followed; each insisted on renouncing his pretensions in favour of the other; till finally they agreed to submit to the decision of Miss Dupee, (this was the young lady's name,) never doubting that one or the other must be "the favoured mortal." "She possessed a most enchanting voice, a most fascinating manner, admirably calculated to gain hearts, especially young hearts, simple and softened by religion." Murray lost his sleep, and his appetite, began to "tag rhymes," and would sit for hours together on an eminence, which commanded a view of her habitation, uttering poetry and sighs. After a long struggle between his hopes and fears, he resolved to come to an explanation, and having written a letter, in which he conjured her at least, to "grant him leave to hope," he put it into her hand, one night, as they were returning from meeting. She pressed his hand as she received it; he was almost suffocated with transport. Instead of "granting him leave to hope," however, she gave the letter to his father. The next morning the family was assembled, and the boy was summoned to appear.

"'Come hither, sir,' said my father. I approached. He began very deliberately to search his pockets, and after a pause, which seemed almost interminable, out came a letter. I trembled and became so faint, that I was obliged to catch at a chair for support. My father continued slowly opening the killing letter, and looking alternately at it and its author, 'and so, you poor, foolish child, you write love-letters, do you? You want a wife, do you?'

I burst into tears, but I confess they were tears of indignation; at that moment I detested the lady, my father, and myself."

His young friend Little was soon after carried off by a fever. He was himself attacked by the same disease, and became delirious. He states that he can recollect what passed in his mind during the delirium, as well as any events of his life.

Murray's father being dead, and the Littles having lost their two sons, they offered to adopt him into their family. This proposal was accepted, and now he has an opportunity to cultivate his mind, the prospect of an ample inheritance, is an object of slander to all his new aunts and cousins, and of envy to the whole neighbourhood. But this does not satisfy him, he feels a strong impulse to do something out of the ordinary way; he must go to London.

His pockets are filled with gold, and he leaves his natural and adoptive friends in tears, and sets out upon his adventure at the age of nineteen. On the road from Bristol to Bath, he meets with two haymakers returning from their work. "I fancy," said one of them, "you are a methodist." He replied that he was. "Then my Bess will be glad to see thee, I'll warrant me; wool thee come along with me? Thee may go farther and fare worse, I can tell thee that." "Ay, ay," said the other, "thee had best go with my neighbour; I'll warrant thee good cheer." He accordingly accepted the invitation, and found Bess, his hostess, to be an intelligent woman, with a well cultivated mind. They fell into conversation, and were so much entertained with each other, that Bess would have forgotten supper, had she not been reminded of it by her good man.

Murray had preached in Ireland; he preached again in Bath, and was greatly admired.

On arriving in London, he took the first lodgings that came in his way, and having no plan of conduct, and no friends, he was ready to follow as fortune might lead. The Methodists of London were afraid of him, having heard that he was a Calvinist, and he who had before been a leader of a class, and a preacher, now becomes a gay fellow. He is delighted with musick and dancing, frequents the theatres and publick gardens, and convivial clubs. He was present when John Wilkes was initiated into some one of these last. About a year is spent in thoughtless gaiety, till his

money is exhausted, and his tailor's bill, &c. bring him to reflection. Then come remorse, repentance, and reformation. He goes to work to gain subsistence, frequents the tabernacle day and night, and soon distinguishes himself by his piety and his powers of conversation.

He resided and was happy for a time in the house of a thrifty trader, who thought more of the world than of religion. His host once took occasion to say to him, "You, my friend, are accustomed to perform the honours of my table. If you prolong your grace at breakfast, it will answer for morning prayer." He was greatly shocked and disgusted at this, and soon after left the house.

He found a friend in a young man of the name of Neale. This friend had a sister to whom he had spoken concerning Murray, in such terms as to excite in her a desire to be acquainted with him. An arrangement was accordingly made for that purpose, and they appointed to meet, with a number of their friends, on Sunday evening.

"Sunday night came. I was expected, and the great room was filled, previous to my arrival. I entered, every one rose at my entrance, and I felt dignifiedly pious, seriously happy. My young friend approached, and told me in a whisper, his sister would have been greatly disappointed, had any thing detained me that evening. On my entrance I had glanced at a young lady, extremely beautiful, who appeared to be attired by the hand of elegance. It was with difficulty I could take my eyes from her. I was confounded, I changed my seat that I might not behold her, and when addressed by Mr. Neale, I replied by asking where his sister was seated, when he pointed to the fascinating figure, that had attracted my attention. 'That young lady, Sir, is Miss Neale, my sister; she has long wished for an opportunity of seeing you; I am happy that she is now gratified.' An introduction was in course; I had much to say through the evening, and my friend declared I had never spoken better. I addressed the throne of grace; my own heart was softened, and the hearts of my audience were softened also. I returned home, but the image of the beautiful sister of my friend accompanied me."

In short he became desperately in love, and thought his "happiness was fled forever." He soon "ventured to propose himself as a candidate for her favour." "Alas, sir," she replied, "you have formed too high an opinion of my character; I trust you will find a person much more deserving of you than I can pretend to be." This was not repul-

sive, he accordingly urged his suit, solicited, became impassioned and importunate. "You and I, Sir," she replied, "profess to believe in an over-ruling Providence; we have both access to the throne of our Heavenly Father. Let us, Sir, unbosom ourselves to our God; I shall, I assure you; so, I am persuaded, will you; and if after we have thus done, we obtain the sanction of the Most High, I trust I shall be resigned." But, alas, never did the course of true love smoothly run. The grandfather of Eliza, with whom she lived, and on whom she depended, held Methodists in great abhorrence. This gave her an opportunity to make sacrifices for her lover. She left her grandfather's house, and he made a new will. In due time she and her lover were united, and the period of their union constitutes quite an interesting part of the book. The interest of this period will be a little diminished to some readers and increased to others, by the circumstance of their common conversion to Universalism by the preaching of Relly, and their consequent excommunication from the tabernacle.

They had passed about two years together in all the extacies of religious enthusiasm and the endearments of affection, when this amiable woman became sick, and was gradually wasted away to dissolution.

He gives the following account of her last moments.

"My suffering friend, taking my hand, and drawing me near to her, whispered a wish that we might be alone. The women in attendance withdrew. I kneeled by her bed-side; she drew me closer to her, and throwing her feeble, emaciated arms about my neck, she gave me an ardent embrace. I was unutterably affected. 'Be composed, my dear,' said she, 'and let these precious moments be as calm as possible; we may not be allowed another opportunity. Dear faithful friend in life, in death dearer than my own soul. God reward you for all the kind care you have taken of me. O! may my heavenly Father provide some one to supply my place, who may reciprocate the kindness you have shewn me. Pray be composed; remember we are not at home; that we shall shortly meet in our Father's house'—here she paused and again resuming—'Our parting, when compared with eternity, will be but for a moment. What though we have not continued together as long as we expected, yet, my love, we have had an age of happiness. God, all gracious, console and support you. Be of good cheer, my love, we shall meet in the kingdom of the Redeemer.'—Again she threw her dying arms around me; her soul seemed to be struggling with the magnitude of her emotions. Again she seem-

ed to revive. Again, with uncommon energy, she pronounced upon her almost phrenzied husband, the most solemn benediction. This brought on a cough. She pointed to a phial on her dressing table. I gave her a few drops. She was relieved for a moment, but soon her cough came on with additional violence. The phial was offered her, she motioned it away. 'It is too late;' she would have added, but utterance failed her, and without a struggle she breathed her last, still holding my hand fast in hers. I saw she was breathless, but she still held my hand. Ten thousand worlds would I have given, to have accompanied her beatified spirit."

She left her husband to grief and misfortunes. Sickness had brought on expenses. He was hunted down by bailiffs and lodged in the sponging house. The intenseness of his sufferings had rendered him insensible and reckless. But his wife's brother payed off his debts and put him again into employment. After two attempts and failures in business, he undertook something, he will not say what, by means of which he retrieved his circumstances, discharged his pecuniary obligations, and found himself quite well in the world, living with his mother and his brothers and sisters, in a pleasant situation near London. But he was wretched; grief hung upon his spirits; the human countenance gave him no pleasure, and he wished to leave the solitude of men for that of the wilderness. He takes passage for America, and by a succession of very remarkable incidents, becomes a preacher of what he calls "the glad tidings" and "the truth as it is in Jesus," meaning the opinions of the Universalists.

A very interesting account is given of his labours in the principal cities of the United States, the oppositions and enmities, friendships and successes, that befel him. He continued to be a publick preacher from 1771, when he arrived in this country, till 1809, when he was entirely deprived of the use of his limbs by paralysis; he however lived six years after this event, though totally helpless.

The extracts we have made afford a sufficient specimen of the style in which this book is written, and we leave our readers to make their own remarks upon it, if they deem it sufficiently important. There is probably a little colouring of the facts, some things are no doubt omitted, some palliated and others exaggerated. It is common and perhaps excusable, that the fancy of the writer accompanies his memory, scattering a few flowers, and directing the attention to agreeable objects, and diverting it from what is painful. Were it

otherwise, biography would be a branch of reading much less entertaining than it now is. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the reader is not to be imposed upon by all this; for though the imagination may be busy in setting off the truth, still the truth is not to be so painted and decked, as not to be recognised, though the artificial figure might be the more pleasing of the two. We have, however, no doubt that the facts stated in Mr. Murray's book are substantially true, since a greater part of them took place in the presence of witnesses, who could easily correct any misrepresentation.

The most remarkable thing in this book is the writer's enthusiasm and consciousness of divine direction and support. He brought much of this character with him from England, but it was greatly confirmed on his arrival in this country. Perhaps it will not be tedious to observe the operation of this principle, and to revert to the occasion of its complete establishment in his mind.

On a passage from Philadelphia to New York, their vessel was driven out of its course, into Cranberry Inlet, where they went on shore in quest of provisions. Murray, having parted from his companions, after proceeding some distance, came to a house where he found a large quantity of fish. "Pray, Sir, will you sell me some of your fish," says he to the proprietor. "No, Sir." "That is strange when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish." "I did not refuse you a fish, Sir; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell them, Sir, I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them in the same way." Potter (this is the name of our new acquaintance) invited Murray to go in, which he did, and found himself in a comfortable room by a cheerful fire. "Come, my friend," said Potter, "I am glad you have returned; I have been expecting you a long time." Murray expressed his astonishment, and began to question his host.

"I must go on in my own way, was his reply. I was born in these woods, and my father did not think proper to teach me my letters. I worked on these grounds until I became a man, when I went coasting voyages from hence to New York. I was desirous of becoming a husband, but in going to New York I was pressed on board a man of war, and I was taken in admiral Warren's ship to Cape Breton. I never drank any rum, so they saved my allowance; but I would not bear an affront, so if any one of the officers struck me, I struck him again, but the admiral took my part and called me his new-light man. When we reached Louis-

burg, I ran away, and travelled barefoot and almost naked, through the country to New York, where I was known and supplied with clothes and money, and soon returned to this place, when I found my girl married. This rendered me very unhappy, but I recovered my tranquillity, and married her sister. I sat down to work, got forward very fast; constructed a sawmill, possessed myself of this farm and five hundred acres of adjoining land. I entered into navigation, became the owner of a ship, and have got together a large estate."

He then relates that he built a meetinghouse and had been waiting for, and expecting, a preacher to his mind. And when Murray came up and asked him for fish, a voice whispered him, "Potter, this is the man, this is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house." Murray could not, however, be persuaded to preach. But after being detained some time by unfavourable winds, he resolved that if the wind did not change before the next Sunday, he would consider it a sign that he should comply with Potter's request. The wind continued to blow in the same direction, and he accordingly appeared in the pulpit on Sunday, and acquitted himself to the great admiration of his auditors. From this time he considered himself to be divinely commissioned to publish his doctrines, and proceeded with confidence and enthusiam to "bear testimony" in various parts of the United States, from Baltimore to Portsmouth, never taking any thought for the morrow, but trusting wholly to heaven and the generosity of his friends for support. Whatever one may think of his opinions or the signs upon which he placed so much reliance, there was something singularly romantick and adventurous in this enterprise.

ART. III. *A Hebrew Grammar, compiled from some of the best authorities, by Sidney Willard, A. M. Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in Harvard College.* Cambridge, printed at the University Press, by Hilliard and Metcalf. pp. 104.

THIS, we believe, is the second grammar of Hebrew with the points, ever printed in this country. The first was almost a literal transcript from those of Lyons and Grey. The edition was superintended by Judah Monis, Hebrew

teacher in the university, and published under its patronage in 1763. Since that time biblical students have not generally given so much of their attention as formerly to the original language of the Old Testament; and the few who have made it a serious study, have for the most part adopted the opinion, in which they have been countenanced by some European criticks of note, that it may be acquired with equal facility and thoroughness without the apparatus of the Masorites. The truth of this opinion we shall presently have occasion to consider.

The authenticity of the vowel points, as forming originally part of the Hebrew alphabet, was for a long time unsuspected; and the only question was, whether they had always been annexed to the sacred text, or were affixed to it by Ezra, and the men of the great synagogue. It came first to be disputed in the fifteenth century, when many of the errours of higher pretension, which generation after generation had been studiously rearing, were brought at last to their trial. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the charge was originally brought forward by a Jew, and repelled by a Protestant. Elias Levita, a German Rabbi, was their first assailant. His ground was, that, though constituting, as truly as the consonants, part of the spoken language, they were not written by the Jewish authors; and that the sounds expressed by them were preserved by tradition only, until after the completion of the Talmud, (about the five hundredth year of our æra,) and then for the first time committed to writing. His system therefore did not affect their authority as interpreters, though it derived it through the medium of oral tradition. He was answered with great acuteness and erudition by Louis Cappel of the Protestant college at Saumur. All the proofs of the greatest authority which have since been urged by the antipunctuists were collected by this indefatigable philologist; the modern origin of the Masoretick instrument appeared to be incontrovertibly established; and the learned world generally inclined to his side. But Buxtorf was too good a Rabbin to be silenced because he was confuted. With infinite research he marshalled another body of arguments, and the grounds of the skeptical theory again seemed doubtful. Capellus rejoined, Buxtorf the younger sprung like one of Homer's heroes into the field, clad in paternal armour,

"* * * * * * * * ὁ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχε' ἔδυνε
* * * * * * * ἃ οἱ θεοὶ ἡνίωνες
Πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπορον· ὁ δ' ἄρα ᾧ παιδὶ ὄπασσε
Γηράς * * * * * * *"

and controversy poured in reams from the literary mints of Basil and Saumur. Victory once more seemed to hover in suspense, between the rival hosts, but at length and after a stoutly contested struggle appeared to declare herself on the side of truth. A few sturdy champions (as usual) held out manfully in the strong hold of authority against the forces of evidence during that age, and the succeeding; from which time till Schultens proposed his hypothesis (to be noticed by and by,) the unanimous voice of the learned has pronounced the system of punctuation a modern invention.

It may perhaps not be wholly unpardonable to give a brief sketch of the most prominent arguments on the opposite sides of this question, which, barren as we are afraid it will appear, was once able to array all the learning of Europe. It is urged against the antiquity of the vowel marks, that they are never found in the Samaritan Pentateuch, nor in the manuscripts used by the Jews in their synagogues; that it appears from the versions of the seventy, of Aquila, Symmachus, Theodotion, and Jerome, that they could not have used a pointed text; that the Cabbalists, industrious searchers for mystery as they were, never drew it except from the letters; that various readings concerned only the consonants, though the vowels, had they been in use, would have furnished a far more copious source of them; and finally that no writer, Jewish or Christian, till some hundred years after Christ, has any allusion to them. On the other side, it is argued, that after the Hebrew ceased to be the vernacular language of the Jews at the return from the captivity, it is scarcely possible that it should have been taught without some aid, such as that of the vowel punctuation; that it is expressly and frequently commented upon in the Cabbalistical books Bahir and Zohar, written both about the time of our Saviour; and that by a rejection of it, the meaning of the sacred writings is made doubtful, and the foundation of faith torn away.

The spot fixed on as the scene of the invention, by those who believe it to be modern, is Tiberias on the sea of Gal-

lilee, where a school of celebrity certainly flourished in the time of St. Jerome. From the high probability that they had not come into use, when the Talmud was compiled, and the frequent appeals to them in a dispute between two Jewish doctors, Ben Asher, and Ben Naphtali, about A. D. 1000, it is inferred that the period of the invention is to be fixed some time between the fifth and tenth centuries. It is replied by their partizans, that we have no historical evidence to be relied on, that there existed in Judea at that time, a set of men capable of so ingenious a contrivance; that an invention so important, whenever it was published, would have been matter of universal notoriety; and that to the Masorites, properly so called, it can scarcely be ascribed, as this would be to suppose them commenting on their own work, when they tell us in their glosses how such and such a sentence was interpreted. The construction of so complicated a machine, it is answered, was probably the work of time. As its publicity was therefore progressive, it excited less general interest, and the Masoretick strictures alluded to, are to be considered as the observations of the later criticks, on the remarks of their predecessors.

It will be seen, from our very imperfect sketch, that but for the ancient books appealed to by the Buxtorfs, their antagonists had an evident advantage in the contest, but that their authority, if established, would turn the scale. To them, therefore, the combatants turned; their antiquity was questioned; internal marks were sought out sufficient to prove them the forgeries of a late age; they were shown never to have been quoted by the Rabbins within a thousand years after the assumed date of their composition, and the theory of the antipunctuists, seemed so far triumphantly established.

Having thus proved, as it appeared, that the Hebrew vowels were not originally expressed by the Masoretick signs, the advocates of the new system went farther, and attempted to find them among the letters of the alphabet. The quiescent letters, so called, were first pressed into the service, and afterwards others, which have evidently every quality of consonants. Capellus, Houbigant, Masclef, and a host of adherents have wasted incredible labour in this attempt; for we must be permitted to think they have completely failed. Their arguments rest on the assumed necessity of vowels to a written alphabet, a fact we shall have occasion to contro-

vert; on the misconstruction of an equivocal passage in Jerome, which different authors have rendered as suited their different views; and on an inadmissible application of some fragments of Origen.

So thorny a subject is this "hedge of the law," (as the Rabbins term it,) that we may be allowed to dissent from the system adopted by Mr. Willard. He declares himself in his preface, (p. 7.) to incline to the theory which supposes the points, as they now stand, to be of modern origin, but to have taken, when adopted, the place of others, (probably only three in number,) which had been known to the Jews from the earliest times, and occasionally affixed to their writings for the explanation of doubtful words. This hypothesis was started originally by Schultens, and subsequently advocated by Michaelis and Eichhorn. These to be sure are high authorities. We always see infinite reason in researches of this kind, to be grateful to the German scholars for the facts which their indefatigable inquiries have brought to light. But wherever their results contradict those commonly received, we shall be on the safe side, if for a while we suffer ourselves to suspect that they have been adopted because they would give their ingenuity a hard task, and of consequence a wide reputation. The tract of Eichhorn on this subject, which may be supposed to contain the substance of all that can be said on it, we have examined with very commendable patience, and are strongly of opinion not only that it does not make out what it professes to, but furnishes itself the materials by which it may be refuted.* If as notwithstanding his arguments to the contrary is all but demonstrable, the Samaritan or original Hebrew, was the most ancient alphabet, nothing can be concluded concerning it from the analogy of other languages of less antiquity. In deciding on its peculiarities the structure of the Arabick, the Syriack, or even the Egypto-Phenician is quite irrelevant. We are moreover unable to perceive that the arguments of this great orientalist against the probability of a complete punctuation, do not operate with equal force against a par-

* The disputes between the Talmudists, for example, and the remarks of Jerome as to the pronunciation of particular words, which he considers evidence that there was some umpire in the dispute besides tradition, appear to us decisive of the contrary. If any points had been known, or of acknowledged authority, we think they could not have failed to be appealed to.

tial one. We venture even to say with greater; since those very passages which, because they are equivocal, we might fairly expect to see furnished (if any were) with an explanatory punctuation, are the passages which because in the disputes formerly agitated about them no allusion was made to such an instrument, we are now enabled to bring forward as testimonies against it.

Upon the whole it seems to us reasonable to look for the date of this invention to the time when it first became necessary; and this we do not think it was, as long as the Hebrew was a vernacular tongue. Not that we suppose its alphabet contained any vowels, or *matres lectionis*, as they have been styled for the sake of a convenient ambiguity. Scholars who have tasked themselves to find them have differed as to their number, and still more in their selection. Some which have been pitched upon have evidently every qualification to take the rank of consonants; others have no farther the power of vocal letters than as they may assist like our *w* and *y* in the formation of diphthongs; and what remain are truly quiescent characters, whose humble office is to fill the place where a vowel sound is to be inserted; otherwise it could not be that they should admit (as they do) of a punctuation denoting each of the five principal varieties of sound. Let it be remembered that the Hebrew language is simplicity itself. It is not to be supposed that at the period of its first writers any very exact analysis had been made of the powers of speech. It was amply sufficient that enough should be committed to writing to direct the reader in the principal sounds; his knowledge of the structure, and familiarity with the use of his native dialect would supply the rest. We should not at this day, far more irregular as is the occurrence of the different sorts of letters in our language, find any insurmountable difficulty in arriving at the sense of a book in which the vowels were omitted. This Eichhorn acknowledges; and adds, that "the modern Persians read with ease their books without vowel points," and that "the Arabians, till some centuries after their prophet, wrote their Koran without vowels, but read it equally well."

After the return from the seventy years' captivity, the Hebrew was no longer a living language, and it is to a period not long subsequent to this event that we would assign the origin of the Masoretick invention. The learned of the nation must doubtless have thought it an important object to

fix as might be the true explanation and pronunciation of the venerable tongue which survived no longer except in their sacred records. The danger of entrusting them to their pupils in what must have seemed a state liable to designed and unintentional perversion could not have escaped them. It seems scarcely possible that a language should be thoroughly taught, part of the sounds of which were not designated in the writing; and, if possible, the extreme difficulty of furnishing the memory with so heavy and unarranged a load must have suggested the high expediency of accommodating it with some artificial aid. A contrivance fitted to facilitate their labour became therefore highly desirable for the earliest teachers of their national idiom after the reestablishment of the Jewish sovereignty; and it is then that we suppose it began to be elaborated. The labours of succeeding criticks it is probable gradually improved upon it, and it may have been some centuries before it reached its present perfect state. But used as it habitually was in the schools of the teachers of the language, it may yet have gained no authority with the Jewish doctors. Each of these orders, we know, was limited distinctly to its province. The former taught merely the grammatical construction of the language; the latter explained the remains of their prophets, and unraveled with curious research the mysteries of their law. Their offices being thus completely independent, the vowel points were kept in some degree out of sight, and their authority never came to be explicitly confirmed or disavowed by the Rabbins. For it was not for the self involute gravity of a Jewish doctor, when a novice professing to have been initiated in the vocabulary of his fathers, proposed himself to be farther instructed in their faith, to question him as to the orthodox angle of a *kibbutz*, or dilate on the architectural regularity of a *segol*. At last, however, as the remnant of the chosen race were dispersed wider and wider from the scene of their withered glory, it became an object of yet deeper anxiety to rivet to the closest the only bond which now remained to the scattered family of Israel. The traditions of the elders were gathered into the inclosure of the Talmud, and probably not long after the apparatus of the Masorites worked its way into more general notice. In the eleventh century Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali, the last of this celebrated succession of criticks, gave it its final examination, and published about the same time their separate recensions of the Hebrew scriptures.

This is the theory of Dean Prideaux. It strikes us, we confess, as less liable to objection than any other, and more consistent with facts. In a subject where space less ample was left for conjecture, we should feel yet greater reluctance in dissenting from the high authority of Mr. Willard.

We have taxed our readers' indulgence so long in persuading them of the qualified authenticity of the vowel marks, that we shall have to limit our observations on their usefulness. This is a question of more importance and of easier solution. It is not necessarily involved in what we may determine respecting their origin. If indeed we should see cause to conclude that from the earliest period they formed an essential part of the written language, no pretence would be left for neglecting them. But if on the other hand it appears to us that they were an instrument contrived for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of their national tongue, when no longer spoken, by men who may be supposed to have been thoroughly skilled in it, we may still be allowed to question, if we please, whether it was executed with ability and honesty.

The test of the merit of an invention is the good purposes it may appear to answer. We believe that the use of the Masoretick punctuation facilitates very considerably the acquisition of any degree of intimacy with the language of the Old Testament; and we doubt if without it, it is possible to acquire a critical acquaintance with that language.

The difficulty of mastering a dead or foreign speech, consists in the ambiguity of words and of methods of construction. In the simplicity of the Hebrew, one does not find much place, but the other is plentifully increased, and both, especially the former, are removed for the most part by the addition of the vowels. It is true, such ambiguities occur in all languages, and they form no difficulty to an adept. He is able to collect the doubtful sense from some peculiarity in the idiom, the scope of the proposition, the limitations furnished by neighbouring words, and many other sources to to which a novice has no access. The one in short may interpret the word by the sentence, the other must reach the sentence through the word. This embarrassment, great in all languages, is peculiarly so in that of which we speak. Formed in the veriest infancy of society, it was limited at first to a few simple terms; and when the partial progress of arts, science, letters, and social improvements called for a more

comprehensive vocabulary, it was made copious only by being made equivocal. As we have said, this circumstance gives no embarrassment to a proficient, but multiplies appallingly the labours of a learner. The Masoretick apparatus is ingeniously fitted to remove it. How for example, without such an aid, can the recent explorer of a lexicon be assisted by it to select among the eighteen several significations of the single combination of consonants דבר. Worse than all; in the conjugations of his verb, the very key to the door of knowledge of a foreign language, he will find besides a similarity in various other parts, that in one whole tense, in the most perfect form of them, there is nothing, by which he may distinguish between three out of the seven conjugations. All this considered, we hesitate not to say, that had no version of the scriptures ever been made we do not believe, with the assistance only of an unpointed text, grammars and lexicons, how correct and full soever, it could at this day be effected. This, if true, will show of what consequence the punctuation is to a learner.

We hasten from this subject, on which we would willingly say more, to touch for a moment on that of the pronunciation. Others may consider this a thing of trifling consequence. We do not so regard it. There is great satisfaction, if nothing more, in being able to give to a foreign language sounds nearly approaching to those given it where it is vernacular. That such is the case with those which we assign to the Hebrew points is not, from the nature of the case, capable of proof. But the pronunciation we have is that which has been transmitted, with scrupulous care, by the most superstitiously careful people on record.* And a high probability that it is authentick arises from the fact, that widely dispersed as the Jews have been for ages, the chief variety in their manner of speaking consists in giving a greater or less degree of breadth to the sound of one of their vowels. The common method of reading by the insertion of ɛ between the consonants is insufferably monotonous and tame. The plan proposed by Masclef of enunciating each by the vowel which succeeds it in the alphabet, has something of variety, but is altogether arbitrary and fanciful. And one who should not choose to give any more attention to the system

* Even Geddes acknowledges, "they show us how the Hebrew was pronounced at the time of their invention." Prospectus, p. 64.

of punctuation than what would teach him the powers of the vowels, we do not think would have lost his labour.

The value of the Masoretick interpretation forms still another question. This will be decided by the opinion that may be formed of their learning, and their honesty. We see no reason to doubt either, and much to admit both. It deserves besides to be considered that with the worst intentions it must have been a very hopeless task to attempt to make writings speak a different language* by a substitution of vowels if the literal text was untouched. Yet in a matter of such high concern as the interpretation of the records of our faith we shall be safe, if we allow no needless advantage to our adversaries. The authority of this commentary (as it may be considered) is admitted to rest only on the reputation and supposed resources of its authors, and may be outweighed by particular evidence in any given case. But it does not appear that it should be slighted because it is fallible. When other sources of criticism leave a passage doubtful, it may often suggest a happy sense, which further inquiry may confirm. It is to be resorted to with caution, yet a cautious inquirer will not feel justified in rejecting it altogether. But this use of it is not what we principally insist on. Let the language first be thoroughly learned, which we think can not be done without it, and then if thought dangerous, let the punctuation be utterly discarded. Without a very intimate acquaintance with the Hebrew, it may be read with the proper enunciation of the vowels from an unpointed text; and whenever a doubt occurs, let evidence decide it. So a scholar in most cases can read without difficulty a Latin inscription, where only a few of the initial letters are expressed; but Hercules would never have acquitted himself with so much credit, if one of his tasks had been to teach a tyro Latin from inscriptions.

Much has been written against the pretended antiquity of the points, but we have seen very little against their utility.†

* So Walton; "aliud enim non fecerunt Masorethæ quam vocales punctis exprimere secundùm veram lectionem, quam à majoribus per traditionem acceperunt." Introd. Præfat. p. 14.

† It would be amusing, if it were not grievous to see with what characteristick summariness Wakefield has disposed of this question. "Falling," says he, "upon Lyons' Hebrew Grammar, I set myself with diligence to the acquisition of the Hebrew language. For four or five days did I puzzle myself with that intolerable book, not aware of the abominable stu-

Bishop Lowth has sometimes spoken of them with disrespect, but only in their capacity of infallible interpreters, and it does not appear that he thought them unimportant to a learner. Dr. Geddes, in the overflowing of his zeal for the Septuagint version, thought it became him to break a lance with the champions of the Masoretick hierarchy. But if he were a critick of less celebrity, we should say he has mistaken his ground. He assumes, that with the introduction of the vowels, the quiescent letters were discarded from the text; an assumption not merely gratuitous, but opposed to evidence. The Samaritan Pentateuch, written while the Hebrew was a living language, and all the laborious collations of Kennicott and De Rossi have recovered but an inconsiderable number.

Some gainsayers have contented themselves with pointing out, and that with encouraging success, the uncouthness of the names which the Masorites had given to their army of puppets, and enticed over into their ranks the whole mob of pauses and accents, *kings*, *ministers*, and *servants*. The king's name was reputed of old a tower of strength. In this war however he sides with the enemy; and when other resources are gone, a foiled disputant may work a very salutary change in the opinions of most to whom he will address himself, by pronouncing the portentous names of Sillook, Shalsheleth, Yereh ben Yomo, and others of their kin, whose titles were selected doubtless with less regard to euphony than meaning.

Holding the opinion, which we do, on the subject of the Hebrew points, we congratulate all who are desirous of becoming proficients in this most venerable language on the accession made to their means by the work of Mr. Willard. Such a work was much wanted, and we are happy that it has fallen into such able hands. It has evidently been compiled and edited with great care. It is more comprehensive than that of Yates, and is not swelled with the Rabbinical parade of Frey. It has hit, we think, the happy medium which makes it useful for a proficient, and not too cumbrous for a learner. The leading principles of the language are

pidity—a stupidity which no words can sufficiently stigmatize! of learning that language with *the points*. Most fortunately for me," &c. Memoirs, Chap. v. Our readers will perhaps think with us, that he could not at least charge his Hebrew studies with defrauding him of an undue portion of his time.

stated simply, distinctly, and in proper succession; and a considerable mass of useful information, not however of such immediate necessity, is thrown into a copious appendix. We are particularly pleased with the key of vowel sounds, (p .3.) and think it decidedly the best we have seen for plainness and accuracy; though we feel some disposition to dispute the sound given in it to the point *Pathah.* In the verbs we are glad to see the old term *conjugation,* which has so long been the crux Judaïca to all such as had been accustomed to attach a different sense to it in the Greek and Latin, discarded, and the more proper one of *form* substituted after the German grammarian Vater. The paradigms of verbs are far more correct than in any other grammar we have seen. We have found several errours corrected in them from one of the best editions of Yates, with which we compared them. This will appear a circumstance of no small consequence to any who have known, as we have, the misery of using a careless edition. The syntax is very full on all the peculiarities of Hebrew construction.

The typographical execution of the work is highly honourable. If publick patronage should ever justify the undertaking, we should be very glad to see the first American edition of the Hebrew scriptures from the same press.

ART. IV. *A Manual of Mineralogy, by Arthur Aikin, Secretary to the Geological Society; first American from the second London edition.* pp. 275, 12mo. Philadelphia, 1815.

SYSTEMS of mineralogy originated in the necessity for some kind of arrangement for stones. The first was probably an arbitrary classification, for chemistry had not then determined the composition of many minerals. Stones were divided and arranged according to a few of their external marks. Perhaps only their colour and hardness were noticed, all the hard and red stones forming one class, all the soft and red another, and so on.* As scientifick knowledge was

* Theophrastus, in his book ΠΕΡΙ ΤΩΝ ΛΙΘΩΝ, mentions as their characters, the qualities, smoothness, density, brightness, and transparency with the different effects of fire on minerals; but he has given no systematick arrangement.

diffused wider, endeavours were made to advance mineralogy to an equal standing with the other branches of Natural History. Linnaeus attempted to arrange minerals by a classification analogous to that which he had so successfully applied to zoology, botany, &c. and made a regular division of the mineral kingdom into earths, salts, inflammables, metallick ores and organick remains, but did not give any precise characters, by which to distinguish these classes. The sapidity and solubility of salts, and the combustibility of inflammables may distinguish these two classes; but the remaining three have no characteristick marks. Others have divided minerals into earths, stones, salts, inflammables, and metallick substances,* and taking superficial marks for their guide, have classed those substances together, which are most dissimilar, and separated those most nearly allied in their composition.

The obstacle to the formation of any scientifick arrangement of minerals, is the difficulty of determining what constitutes a mineral species, the want of a fixed and invariable point from which to begin. In organized nature the species are determined by invariable characters, transmitted from one individual to another; and it is in like manner an invariable character, to which we must look as the foundation of a mineralogical arrangement. What then constitutes this character? Colour does not; nor form, hardness, transparency, or any other external mark. These are all variable, and nothing in minerals is determinate but their chemical composition. All, which possess the same composition, belong to the same species; and it is a knowledge of this only, which can lead to proper specifick distinctions.

Cronstedt first began to perceive the influence, which chemistry ought to have in mineralogy. He first made the division of minerals into earths, metals, salts, and inflammables, and derived his orders and genera from the chemical constitution of stones; and his arrangement is to this day the basis of mineralogical classification. Mineralogy must go step for step with chemistry. Improvements in the latter will introduce alterations and new arrangements into the former. Cronstedt's book was "chiefly intended as a bar and opposition to those who imagine it to be an easy

* Forster's Introduction to Mineralogy, London, 1768, 8vo.

thing to invent a method in this science, and who, entirely taken up with the face of things, think the mineral kingdom may be divided into classes, orders, and genera with the same facility, as animals and vegetables;" he "hopes to obtain some protectors against those who are possessed with the *figuromania*, and who are shocked at the boldness of calling a marble a limestone, and the placing of porphyry amongst the saxa." But, it may be asked, must the mineralogist always call in the aid of the chemist, before he can examine a mineral. This question, says Barzelius, distinguishes the mere collector of stones from the true mineralogist; the former seeks a name for his specimen, the latter wishes to know its nature. One indeed, guided wholly by external characters, in determining the nature of a mineral, will be much deceived, if he looks for a silex, and blunders by chance on the thirteenth species of Jameson's flint genus; or for an argillaceous substance, and takes the third subspecies of the second species of the clay genus. We do not deny the great utility of external characters. They must be employed to identify the species, when the chemist has determined what it is; each individual mineral cannot be analysed, nor perhaps, if it were practicable, would it be useful; but when the analysis has once been made, a similarity of composition will be found in other specimens, which closely agree with it in all its external characters.

The two great masters of mineralogy of the present day, both admit chemistry to a participation in the foundation of their systems; and agree that a species consists of the same substances, united in the same proportion. Yet Werner, in the details of his system, depending on external characters, separates species, which have no difference of composition, and places others in the same group, which differ altogether in their nature. Apatite, and asparagrass stone, constitute two species according to Werner; yet they both consist of lime and phosphorick acid, and differ very little in their external marks. Here is a distinction without difference. The same mineralogist places the sapphire among the flint stones, although it contains 98.5 per cent. of alumine.

Haüy also often deviates from this principle, and makes it subservient to another, viz. the form of the integrant particle; and when the two come in competition, preference is given to the latter.

The science has been much enriched by the researches of

these illustrious men; and their systems, although artificial, are of very great value to those who have the advantage of practical instructions and extensive cabinets; but they are by no means fitted for those who enjoy neither of these privileges.

Within the present century, the science of chemistry has made rapid advances. The powerful agency of the voltaick battery, and the practical application of the mathematical analysis, have produced wonders in chemical philosophy within the last eighteen years. The electro-chemical theory has taught us to look for substances of different electrical energies in every compound; the one acting as an acid, the other as a base. The theoryof definite proportions enables us to distinguish a compound from a mixture. Through the medium of these a new accession of light has been derived to mineralogy, and by their aid minerals will shortly be classed with the same ease, and on the same principles, as we now arrange salts.

The classification in the work before us does not exactly coincide with our notions of mineralogical arrangement; but still, we think the book answers well the purpose for which it was intended, namely, to facilitate the studies of those who have not the advantage of an instructer, and in this light, we consider it a valuable acquisition to the science. The author, long known as a highly respectable chemist and mineralogist, has here given such practical directions, as are most important to the beginner. They are delivered in a plain, easy, and familiar style, and divested of the technical and barbarous phraseology, which too often abounds in works, which are intended to be even of the more popular kind. This work includes the substance of a course of lectures, which the author delivered before the Geological Society in London. It is divided into two parts, besides the introduction, which contains directions for ascertaining the characters of minerals.

"The first object of the mineralogical student," says Mr. Aikin, "is, or ought to be, the acqusition of a facility of identifying every mineral substance, that presents itself to his notice." This constitutes the grammar of mineralogy, which has its philosophy, as well as the grammar of language. The author describes, in a clear and lucid manner, those properties which constitute the peculiar characters of minerals, and by which the different specimens are to be dis-

tinguished. These he notices under seventeen different heads, beginning with those which are "immediately obvious to the senses, and proceeding to those which require for their manifestation some apparatus or reagents which are easy of application."

He first speaks of solidity and hardness, two characters which regard the degree in which the integrant molecules of bodies cohere. "In common language hardness and refractoriness are confounded; a stone which endures many heavy blows before it gives way is considered harder than another which requires fewer blows for its fracture." The best mode of ascertaining the hardness of a mineral, is by the greater or less ease with which it yields to the point or edge of a knife of hardened steel. The comparative ease and vivacity with which a mineral gives sparks with steel is not considered as a good indication of its hardness. "In order to produce a spark, a thin minute piece of steel must be shivered from the mass, and at the same time inflamed by the violence of the concussion; hence it is obvious that among minerals of the same degree of hardness, that will afford the largest and most brilliant sparks, which breaks most easily, so as to present a number of fresh sharp edges at every blow."

After a few but important practical precautions on the use of the knife, he proceeds to consider the frangibility of bodies. This is the quality which disposes minerals to separate into fragments or pieces on the application of a blow. The phenomena presented by all those minerals which yield to the knife, are sufficient to determine the various degrees of frangibility, from absolute brittleness to malleability. The characters of frangibility and hardness, as exhibited by many minerals, are much affected by their dryness and moisture; almost every mineral in its native bed is imbued with more or less moisture.

"This moisture is often actually visible in the form of a fine dew on the recently fractured surface of a mineral, fresh from the quarry, and which is entirely exhaled in a few days; the space it occupied is filled with air, and thus a highly compressible substance is substituted for one almost incompressible; the energy of the blow is of course greatly deadened, the frangibility of the mineral is diminished, and its hardness increased."

Hence the reason why stones are used as fresh as possible in many of the arts; hence also the common observation that stones are hardened by heat, or the air.

Of structure, or the order in which the molecules of a mineral are arranged so as to form masses, the author makes three grand divisions, namely, crystalline, imperfectly crystalline, and promiscuous; and these are also subdivided.

The difference between structure and fracture, characters which have been confounded by the Wernerian schools, is also pointed out with distinctness and precision. "*Structure* is that division of the whole into smaller aggregates, which has been made by nature, according to general laws; *fracture* is the casual division of the whole into fragments." This distinction is evident. If we take, for example, a hexagonal crystal of carbonate of lime, we shall find that from three of the terminal edges of the prism, parts may be detached with ease by the aid of a cutting instrument, and that there is evidently at those places *natural joints*, through one of which the instrument has passed; but at the three other alternating edges, we find that such a section cannot be effected; that it requires some considerable force to detach any portion; that the newly exposed surface is not smooth and shining like the others, that, in short, the mineral has been forcibly broken, instead of undergoing a natural division. The first operation has reference to the structure, the second to the fracture.

With regard to their form, minerals are either crystalline, definite, or indefinite. Under the first head, a concise but clear account is given of the nature and properties of crystals. Definite forms receive particular names from their resemblance to certain bodies; thus, a mineral is said to be filiform, or capillary from its resemblance to a thread or a hair; arborescent, like a spray. All minerals, whose forms are neither crystalline nor definite, are said to be indefinite or amorphous.

The characteristick features, next considered, are those which depend on the action of light, such as transparency, lustre, and colour.

"The comparative value of characters in natural history is founded entirely on their precision, and therefore on the brevity, with which they may be expressed; but when we are told that the colours of a particular mineral are white, blue, red, green, yellow, that of the white such and such varieties occur, such and such of blue, of red, of green, and of yellow, what can candour itself infer, but that all this is egregious trifling? Where nature has shown herself so capricious with regard to one character,

she has compensated the vagueness of that, by the precision of some other."

The consideration of colour in classifying minerals, is of some importance, and it would be of still more, if an appropriate nomenclature were adapted to the several varieties of colour, which occur in minerals. But this can probably never be effected, as all persons do not see colours alike.

To the properties already mentioned are added specifick gravity, feel, odour and taste, magnetism, electricity, phosphorescence, double refraction, action of water, action of acids, and lastly, the characters exhibited on the application of the blowpipe. Respecting the form of "this little reverbuatory furnace," and the mode of using it, Mr. Aikin gives much highly useful practical information.

We have thus taken a general view of the subjects treated by the author, and the mode in which he has considered them. We think it an objection to his observations on the properties of minerals, that he has illustrated his description of characters by examples of those substances, of the nature of which the student must be supposed to be ignorant, and with which he is to become acquainted only by a knowledge of those characters; thus he gives common hornblende, apatite and fluorspar as examples of minerals *moderately hard.* Heavy spar and witherite, of *soft; toughness* is well marked in *trap*, and "the varieties of tremolite afford admirable examples of the *bladed* and *fibrous* structure;" the student knows hese substances only by name; but it is true enough this objection could not easily be obviated.

After some general remarks on the methods of Werner and Haüy, Mr. Aikin concludes that with all "their excellencies, they are by no means calculated for the use of a learner so situated as to be obliged to depend on books and on his own industry, with such specimens as he can obtain from rocks in his own vicinity." The student in mineralogy has not as yet, like the inquirers in other parts of natural history, been furnished with the means, by which he can proceed from characters the most general, to those which are specifick and particular; but this barrier to the study does not arise from the nature itself of the subject, but from incidental causes. The "manual" before us, is an attempt to supply this deficiency, and we think it well calculated for the purpose. It derives much of its excellence from the synop-

tical tables with which it is supplied. The first is a General Synopsis of minerals, by which after the manner of Cronstedt they are divided into four classes; non-metallick combustibles, of which there are two kinds, those combustible with flame, and those combustible without flame; native metals and metalliferous minerals, of which there are three orders; earthy minerals, of which there are also three orders; and saline minerals, of which there are two orders. These classes and their subdivisions are founded on the chemical properties of minerals. In addition to this general synopsis, there is also a synoptical table for each class, in which every specimen of that class is mentioned with its distinctive and diagnostick characters, with a reference to its place in the general arrangement. With the assistance of these, the student, who has learnt the characters of minerals, can easily refer his specimen to its proper place. If, for example, he has found a mineral of considerable specifick gravity, and, on subjecting it to the action of the blowpipe, finds it volatilized into vapour, which condenses on a piece of charcoal held over it, he refers it at once to the first order of the second class. But as there are many minerals belonging to this order, he looks still further, and finds this must be among those, which are totally volatilized and which leave not a metallick lustre, and he ascertains that there are seven minerals only which possess these characters. Two of the seven when heated give the odour of burning sulphur, and he discovers that the specimen under examination is one of them. Of these, the one gives a brownish red streak, the other a florid red; this latter character is possessed by his specimen, and determines it to be Cinnabar. The figure against the name refers him to its place in the general descriptive arrangement, where he finds the mineral fully described. Such tables as these are exceedingly useful, and whatever be the arrangement of minerals, which an author chooses to adopt, they will be found of inestimable value to the student. Mr. Aikin's classification is, we think, a very good one, and in a great degree natural, and with the aid of the electro-chemical theory, and definite proportions, we believe a pure scientifick system might be formed after his arrangement, or one very similar in its outlines.

ART. V. *A letter to the Honourable John Pickering, on the subject of his Vocabulary; or collection of words and phrases, supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America. By Noah Webster.* Boston, published by West & Richardson, pp. 40.

WHEN Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary was published, we recommended it with great cheerfulness, believing that its design was good, and that its execution, both for extent of research, and for the modesty of its decisions, was deserving of high commendation. Though we endeavoured to expound the great objects of the work, so that they might not be misunderstood, and to correct certain misapprehensions concerning them, which we thought were unfounded, we did not think it necessary to give a minute and elaborate examination of the vocabulary; because it seemed to us that the plan must approve itself to all who wish to maintain the purity of the English language, and that few if any words are discountenanced, that are worthy to be adopted.

Mr. Webster, however, in reading the vocabulary, found many things which he thought worthy of animadversion, and, as he apprehended, some erroneous opinions, which he ought to correct. But he is extremely abhorrent from controversy, and indeed abjures it altogether; though, if we understand the meaning of the word, he has consented *this once* to be engaged in *controverting* certain opinions. There is another ground too on which he wavered, previously to his final resolution to publish his remarks upon the vocabulary; concerning which we give his own words.

"The unfriendly dispositions manifested towards me by men of high standing in the republic of letters, and particularly in this Commonwealth, and the virulence with which every effort to detect errors in long received opinions has hitherto been assailed; a virulence by no means compatible with a candid desire of improvement, and probably not warranted by the low estimate which even my opposers have formed of my talents, labors and public services; these dispositions, affording little ground to expect that any remarks of mine would have a salutary influence upon public opinion, have, at times, disposed me to withhold all scrictures upon philological subjects, till I can prepare a more critical and extended treatise, than has yet been exhibited to the public."

Virulence is too harsh a term for Mr. W. to apply to his

opposers; for if they have sometimes been too uncourteous and severe in their strictures, their hostility was directed against his supposed errours; and the dangerous tendency of his philological speculations. Unless we believe not only, as he asserts, that "he has pushed his inquiries in philology probably much farther than any other man," but also, as he seems to imply, that no one else has acquired knowledge enough, or become possessed of means sufficient, to authorize him to be a judge in the case, we cannot conceive that Mr. Webster's decisions are in every instance so sacred, as not to be questioned by less hallowed lips. He has always been learning, and he is, unquestionably, (we speak with respect,) very learned. But the history of his own literary labours, and the experience of those revolutions in certain opinions which he has had the candour publickly to confess, we should think must have taught him the fallibility of his decisions, and the possibility of his falling into new mistakes, which further researches will enable him to correct. In regard to the mass of readers, there is something very imposing in high pretensions to excellence; but there is also a class, that will not allow an author to mark for himself the degree to which he rises in the scale of merit; and perhaps it is wiser, in general, to suffer those who are capable of judging impartially, (and it is to be supposed that there are such in every department of learning,) to become the arbiters, and thus to save the confident from the trouble of vaunting their own claims to superiority, and to give modest merit its due reward.

Besides the remarks on Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary contained in Mr. Webster's letter, it comprises much extraneous matter, with which the author of the Vocabulary has no concern. We shall first notice those parts of the letter, which regard the plan and the merits of the Vocabulary.

"The words in your collection," says Mr. W. "and others of doubtful authority, may be comprised under the following heads.

"1. New words.

"2. Words acknowledged to be legitimate; to which new significations are annexed.

"3. Words of local use, under which may be arranged obsolete words, or rather obsolescent words; for, if words be entirely obsolete, they no longer belong to a living language."

Under the first head, in answer to Mr. Pickering's asser-

tion, that "we [Americans] have formed some new words," Mr. W. says,

"You cannot, by this expression, mean words radically new, or from new roots: for this, I am confident, is not true. And let me remark, Sir, that in this sense, probably, no new words have been introduced, either into the English or into any other language, since the dispersion of men. I have examined nearly twenty languages, or rather dialects, (for all languages are dialects of one primitive language,) from the beginning of the alphabet to the end, and some of them many times, and I have not found reason to believe that any new roots, or new families of words, have been introduced since the dispersion—or a period immediately succeeding that event. And this observation may serve to show the inaccuracy of your phraseology, when you speak of a *radical change* of language, (pages 10 and 20.) No *radical change* of any language has ever taken place."

Mr. Webster, while on the one hand he has seized upon a term which was not intended to be used in a strictly technical sense, has, on the other, taken occasion to hazard a bold assertion, by which he seems in some respects to exceed what we had thought was the hyperbolical description of poetical fancy;

> "Those learn'd philologists, who chace
> A panting syllable through time and space,
> Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
> To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark."

He passes with extreme facility from negation to affirmation; from telling us, that he has found no reason, after the examination of nearly twenty languages, or dialects, to believe that any new roots, or new families of words have been introduced since the dispersion;—to the unqualified assertion, that no radical change of any language has ever taken place. The ignorant are said to be very credulous; and therefore we suppose Mr. W. will think that we know only just enough to be presumptuous, when we require proofs of the lineal descent of the various families of words now in existence. A few examples of hereditary succession, however satisfactory they might be, would not, in our estimation, be conclusive in favour of such a comprehensive assertion, as that which we have quoted; but, as it would be so endless a task to pass through all the gradations, in tracing a great portion of words from the primitive language down

to our times, we would propose the Greek for example, and request Mr. W. to give us the genealogical descent of the various families in its vocabulary, from the original language. It would not perhaps be liberal to quote Mr. W. against himself upon this subject; for though he once thought that the etymology of most words is wholly lost, yet if he has since discovered instances enough to convince him that the contrary is true, and that the etymology of most words has been or can be found, his change of opinion does him no discredit; though we may be allowed at present to believe, that his fancy, and his conjectures, and his torture of the consonants, and his violence to the organs of speech, may have done much to bring him to this astonishing result.

We can see no propriety in departing from the common meaning of the terms *language* and *dialect*, when used in contradistinction from each other. No one calls English, French, and German, the same language; and for a very good reason, as we think; namely, because a person, to whom only one of them is vernacular, cannot speak or write any thing to a person in similar circumstances in regard to either of the two others, which shall be at all intelligible; and hence, with strict propriety, they are different *languages* or *tongues*. And to call the English, for instance, a dialect of the Hebrew or Samaritan, or of whatever Mr. W. may discover to be the primitive tongue, would be a most extraordinary departure from the use of the word. Equally absurd would it be to call it a dialect either of the Saxon or of the French, merely because we are obliged to resort to one of them for the etymology of so many of our words.

With this view of the case, to whatever objection the term *radical change* may be liable, we cannot, like Mr. Webster, consider the instance mentioned by Mr. Pickering, of the Spanish and Portuguese, an unfortunate one. On the contrary, it appears to us an instance, perfectly well chosen, and suited to illustrate his reasoning; namely, that if the people of Spain and Portugal, "notwithstanding their vicinity and frequent intercourse, have at length formed distinct languages; it is extremely probable, that the people of the United States and of England, countries so remote from each other, will also experience the same thing, unless great pains should be taken to guard against it." That the Spanish and Portuguese are distinct languages, no one will deny, who

admits what we have already said on this subject; and as far as we wish to preserve the English language in its purity, so far such an example of diversity, in what was once the same, is a useful warning.

Respecting Mr. Webster's remarks upon the "modes of forming derivatives from a radix, or parent word," we do not disagree with him; and as there is here no contest between him and other philologists and lexicographers, it is unnecessary to spend time upon the subject, any farther than to guard against a needless multiplication of words, formed upon the analogical principles laid down.

In this connexion, Mr. Webster speaks of the word *lengthy*; which, he says, "is regularly formed from length, with a genuine affix, as wealthy, healthy, pithy, holy, are from their primitives. It is, therefore, a legitimate word. It is not exactly synonymous with *long*, as it expresses a moderate degree of length, and is more limited in its application. For these reasons it will, probably, maintain its ground."

Such is the singular pertinacity of those, who claim to enrich our language by words of local origin. *Long* is the adjective that corresponds with *length*, in the same manner as *strong* with *strength*. *Breadth*, *height* and *depth* have their adjectives, broad, high, deep. Now, unless the distinction Mr. W. makes between *lengthy* and *long* be well founded, we can see no reason for adopting what many consider a vulgar word; and, if it be well founded, we may perhaps soon have *strengthy*, *breadthy*, *heighty*, and *depthy*. But we are entirely unable to perceive the accuracy of the subtile refinement on this word. If it be regularly formed like wealthy, healthy, &c. why does not the analogy exist throughout? Why is it not used in a positive or absolute state, instead of being a diminutive, or of forming an intermediate degree of comparison? We are here reminded of one of Mr. Webster's improvements in his *Philosophical and Practical Grammar*; in quoting which we shall not incur his displeasure, since he has so often referred to his grammar in his letter. In his grammar, he says, "there are *four* degrees of comparison. The first denotes a *slight* degree of the quality, and is expressed by the termination *ish*, as *reddish*," &c. Few words at present have this termination, expressing a *slight* degree, and *lengthy* is the only word cited, which, by its termination, expresses a *moderate* degree; so that it is either *sui generis*, or it belongs to the first degree of com-

parison. There is not in the nature of the case any definite limitation in regard to the number of the degrees of comparison; but as there are two only besides the positive state, which are necessary, and which are distinctly marked, it seems better to leave our *y's* and our *ishes* out of the case, and not open the way for the multiplication of a class of words, which would not add much to accuracy of speech, but would greatly impair its beauty.

The *second head*, in Mr. Webster's division, regards *new applications of legitimate words*.

"Under this head," he says, "the inhabitants of this country will necessarily take some license. Nor will new applications of terms be confined to Americans: Englishmen will, occasionally, indulge the use of them."—"But Americans are under the necessity of using a greater latitude, in this respect, than Englishmen. In this country new objects, new ideas, and associations of ideas, compel us, either to invent new terms, or to use English words in a new sense. The latter mode is preferable, and has generally been adopted."

The truth and justice of the remark we readily admit, though we differ from the author in particular instances. The word *locate*, which he cites, we observed, in our review of the Vocabulary, may be useful, to denote *the surveying and fixing of the boundaries of unsettled lands*, as Mr. Webster defines it; but no sooner had it acquired this kind of technical use, than almost every thing was *located*. But in regard to *presidential*, *congressional* and *associational*, we must say, that we have never had occasion to use them, and that they have no charms of sound for our ears. Nor can we perceive any ground of preference for the terms *congressional* or *associational* acts or proceedings, to the terms acts or proceedings of Congress or of an association.

"Under this head," says Mr. W. "may be classed the conversion of nouns into verbs," a subject concerning which he seems to be very splenetick, and is quite sarcastick upon what he calls the *nibbling gentry*. He does not, we presume, mean to say that every noun may be used as a verb, at every writer's pleasure. Whether *test* will maintain its ground, and acquire general favour, or the contrary, is a matter of little importance; but the latitude which Mr. W. gives to all sorts of pretenders in literature, upon this subject, is deserving of notice. "This mode of forming verbs [from

nouns] is one of the most useful inventions in language; and, in every living language, the process may be, and actually is, carried on indefinitely, not only without injury, but with immense advantage. To arrest the progress of it would be a real evil." A far greater evil we apprehend would be incurred by this indefinite license, than can result from the attempt to check the progress of this method of forming verbs; and we are convinced that any one, who will try the experiment upon a number of nouns, that are not already used as verbs, will be satisfied that, in most cases, whatever might be gained in brevity, much would be lost as well in respect to perspicuity, as in variety and agreeableness of diction.

Here let us pause for one moment, and listen to our infallible guide in philology. "There is," says he, "no part of this subject, on which criticism has betrayed such profound ignorance of the principles on which language is formed, as on this of the conversion of nouns into verbs." Mr. W. rarely makes any exceptions in charges of this kind; but, if this were a solitary example, we should probably pass it by with a smile. He seems every where to consider himself the great schoolmaster in his art, under whom there are no deserving pupils; and he goes about the forms feruling and filliping the dunces, and calling blockhead, as familiarly as *Busby*. Now he puts Johnson in the corner, and anon Harris receives a box in the ear, and Horne Took is most ungratefully kicked out of doors. But what mighty occasion is there for discipline upon this subject of converting nouns into verbs? It is not a right derived from discovery; for we presume no critick in language is ignorant, that most verbs, when stripped of all artificial changes and appendages, are the same as nouns; and Shakspeare, though no professed grammarian, was perfectly familiar with the art of converting nouns into verbs.

> "His own letter only
> Must fetch in whom he *papers*."

That is, whom he notes on paper. And again,

> "I do *estate* unto Demetrius."

> "The good mind of Camillo *tardied*
> My swift command."

> "If thou *thouest* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss."

Whenever any verbs are introduced, which have not been sanctioned by use, they are fair subjects of criticism, and every one is at liberty to favour or discountenance them. If Mr. Webster directs his labourers to *yard* his cattle, *spade* his garden, or *bridge* his brooks, he is at liberty to do it, though we think it better spoken, than written.

In regard to "*local, and obsolete or obsolescent* words," Mr. Webster's remarks, with a few qualifications, may be readily approved. Peculiarities in the condition and circumstances of a country, separated from the parent stock, differing in its government and customs, and having its own inventions and improvements, in things contributing to convenience, and to the advancement of society, in whatever is useful, will sometimes give occasion for new terms; but let necessity, or some obvious advantage, be the criterion by which they are tried. It is desirable for both countries to have the same names for the same things; and where there is diversity, let the term be as descriptive as possible. We do not perceive that, under this head, in which he includes obsolescent words, Mr. W. intends any reflection on the Vocabulary, unless he considers it useless. For ourselves we repeat, that the laborious and successful endeavours of Mr. Pickering to collect these words, and trace them to their origin, are highly gratifying to our curiosity; for we found, to a much greater extent, than we had before conceived, that they were brought hither by our fathers. It is not always easy to determine what is useful; but if this part of the Vocabulary be pronounced useless, we may, at least with equal justice, deny the utility of Mr. Webster's boasted etymological discoveries.

After his preliminary observations, Mr. W. subjoins his remarks on some particular words in the Vocabulary. We cannot follow him through the whole catalogue, and shall therefore select only such as may seem to us to afford occasion for the most useful remarks.

Accountableness and *accountability*, says Mr. W. are equally well formed and legitimate words. The same remark is made upon *profanity* and *profaneness*; and the remark in each case is just; but it shows at the same time, that one of the forms is unnecessary, because, between the two, there is no difference of signification. It is better in such instances to adhere to the form in common use, and then we shall be sure not to give offence.

Bestowment we do not think far preferable to *bestowal;* and the latter is as well formed; like *avowal, disposal.*

Calculate, Mr. W. acknowledges, is often misapplied in vulgar practice. We think, however, that his explanation of its meaning in the phrase, "I calculate to do such a thing," tends rather to encourage the vulgar practice; for it is not probable that those who use it in such a phrase, go through the same logical analysis; namely, "I am disposing my affairs, or making dispositions or arrangements in my mind, always implying an estimate of facts and circumstances, that precede." Whenever we have heard it used in the manner here quoted, it has been used for *expect* or *intend.*

Clever, says Mr. W. "is used by the English in its true sense; but the transition from the qualities of the body to those of the mind, is very easy, natural, and common." The fault however among our countrymen is, that, when they apply it to man, the true meaning of the word is disregarded, and the one newly acquired usurps its place.

Conduct. This verb is often found among us without the reciprocal pronoun, in such a phrase, as, *he conducts well.* This is a violation of established custom. *Behave* and *act,* cited by Mr. Webster, are not analogous.

Keep, says Mr. W., for *stay, abide, remain,* is perfectly etymological; but the etymology is not the subject of inquiry. The proper question to be settled between the author of the Vocabulary, and the author of the Letter is, whether we have not departed from the English use of the word.

Loan, "as a verb, is etymologically the true word. *Lend* is the corruption. The noun was first formed from an oriental root. Saxon, *laen;* German, *lehen;* Dutch, *leen;* Swedish, *laen;* Danish *laan*—and from the noun in all these languages, is formed the verb, to *loan.* So little do the English understand their native language, that they suppose our use of the word as a verb to be a corruption."

Can a man of Mr. Webster's understanding take pleasure in such a *quixotick* sort of triumph? As we did not expect to meet him on etymological ground, we are not armed with all the lexicons which, on his part, he has brought with him into the encounter. Our German dictionary however tells us, that *lehen* or *lehn* signifies a *fee* or *feodal tenure;* also an *investiture,* &c. *Lehnen,* as a verb, is used like the English *lend;* and, as a noun, for *the lending of* a thing. Our Swedish lexicon has no such word as *laen.* But granting the ety-

mology to be correct, still Mr. W. appears to be out of breath to little purpose. The English have the noun *loan*, and the verb *lend;* the verb having in this case varied, as it often does, from the noun. Custom has established this variety; and consequently *loan*, as a verb, is a corruption. Now let us ask the friends of good English, which is the greater offence, to corrupt the Saxon, German, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish, or to corrupt their own language? We feel some pride in a language that we claim as our own, and have no disposition to restore it any nearer to the Saxon, or any other language, than it is now. We make these remarks once for all, as we cannot spend time to examine all the words of late introduction, which in their orthography, or in their sense, Mr. Webster pronounces to be *etymologically correct.*

Notify. Mr. Webster acknowledges that this word has deviated from the English sense; and vindicates the American use of it only by saying, that the deviation is not greater than in many other cases, which are well authorized.

Progress, as a verb, Mr. Webster has the magnanimity to pronounce *unnecessary;* and *fellowship*, as a verb, he treats with deserved dislike.

Spell. Mr. Webster says that "the primary sense of this word is *a turn.* Hence the phrase 'to spell one,' to take his turn. We have had a long *turn* of bad weather, or a *spell* of bad weather." Whether this be the primary sense or not, it is now vulgar, and even Bailey quotes only *sailors* for this use of the word. However, our philologist proceeds to dogmatize: "The criticisms on this word, and most others called vulgar, evince the profound ignorance of the ablest scholars, in regard to the real origin of words. They have never penetrated below the surface of this subject."

Systemize. "Here," says Mr. W. with no great courteousness, "your English friend misleads you. *Systemize* is not a corruption of *systematize*—the latter is the corruption." We shall not repeat what we have already said upon the difference between Mr. Webster's notions of corruption and ours, under the word *loan.* Whatever perverseness he may ascribe to us, it is still our belief, that his favourite pursuits have been the means of warping his judgment, upon this subject. We recollect to have seen or heard *systemize* upon some occasion; so we have heard *hisself*, and *theirselves*, and this *mean;* but we ascribed it all to affectation and ped-

antry. *Systematize* is the form which custom has established. The substantive, indeed, system, (συστημα) happened to be translated; but the verb was formed upon the original; so also the adjective, *systematical*, and the adverb *systematically*. If the verb had been formed from the English noun, it would have been very well, and *systemize* would have been a good word; but as it has happened otherwise, it falls into the same class as *dogmatize* and *stigmatize*, whose nouns could not be so well translated into an English form.

The words here selected from Mr. Webster, with his remarks, are sufficient to shew some of the essential differences of opinion between him and ourselves. The mysteries of etymology have little concern with them, and any one, who is tolerably conversant with philological inquiries, is capable of judging between us. But Mr. Webster, after his review of the Vocabulary, "questions the necessity or use of such a collection of words and remarks, in any other respect, than as a matter of curiosity." We subjoin an abridged account of his reasons.

"*First.* The man who undertakes to censure others for the use of words, and to decide what is or is not correct in language, seems to arrogate to himself a dictatorial authority, the legitimacy of which will always be denied.

"*Secondly.* Very few men are competent to decide upon what is national practice; and still fewer, upon what is radically correct in language. Even men of the most erudition are rarely qualified for these purposes. I know by great extent of research, that the *most learned* men in the British nation have very narrow views of this subject. Young men, who have just left college, are the most prompt and confident in their decisions, on these subjects, as I know by *experience*, as well as by *observation*. As they advance in life, they gradually detect their own mistakes, and abate in their dogmatism.

"*Thirdly.* But the most weighty objection against any attempts to fix a limit to the use of words and phrases, is its utter impracticability. Analogy, custom, and habit form a better rule to guide men in the use of words, than any tribunal of men. The force of analogy and custom every man must know and feel—but my investigations have unfolded to me views of this subject, new and astonishing."

Such, in part, is the process by which Mr. W. attempts to prove, that Mr. Pickering has been employed merely in

amusing himself and the publick: and even to the amusement, he will hardly allow the praise of being innocent. Every one has a right to the choice of his pursuit, and if it be harmless, and especially in any degree useful, he deserves no reproach for the selection, or for a certain degree of partiality to the object of his choice. Mr. Webster's favourite pursuit is etymology; and he seemsto be jealous of the slightest interference, and to view the approach of every one as a trespass upon the ground he has preoccupied. Has the author of the Vocabulary "arrogated to himself a dictatorial authority?" No production within our knowledge is less deserving of such a charge. It is not dogmatical; it is free from egotism. The sole attempt is to ascertain what words our countrymen use, and in what significations, that are not authorized by custom and good authority, in the land of our fathers: and we are exculpated by it from many false charges, which were grounded in ill nature or misapprehension.

But "very few men are competent to decide upon what is national practice; and still fewer upon what is radically correct in language." This remark is limited still farther—to the *most learned*. The most learned men, however, must in all their written productions decide these points for themselves. Their gratitude, indeed, is due to Mr. Webster, whenever, by his learned labours and deep researches, he enables them to detect a mistake, or avoid an errour. We are by no means disposed to deny him the praise of learning; and, to a certain degree, of useful learning; but we cannot allow that he has a lawful claim to be considered as the *sole dictator* in the use of speech. Does he claim any thing less? and does he not claim this without reserve? He seems never even to suspect that he has any competitor in his province; it is he alone of the *most learned*, if we interpret his language rightly, (and we should like to make it mean less, if possible,) who has escaped from the thraldom of narrow prejudices; who knows, from his *extensive researches*, the errours of the *most learned*, and who discovers every thing that is discovered on this subject, which is *new* and *astonishing*. For custom, analogy and habit, however, he expresses his respect. Here we coincide; and here we think him not altogether consistent with himself, when, by the application of etymological rules, he would supplant some of the best established words in the language, in favour of those, which are comparatively strangers.

We have already observed, that Mr. Webster has introduced much extraneous matter into his letter to Mr. Pickering; but whatever of this kind has not yet drawn from us any remarks, we must treat in a very brief and cursory manner.

The objections made to *comptroller* and *island*, as barbarous words, because they have not the true English orthography, are just, though the first we should hardly think a subject worthy of legislation. Nor do we object to the disappearance of *k* at the end of such words as *public* and *music*. But in general, as it regards orthography, the following remarks of Johnson always appeared to us to be both wise and unostentatious. "I have attempted," he says, "few alterations, and, among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*. Change, says *Hooker*, is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." From similar views, upon this subject, we are not disposed to hold out the smallest lure to those prurient reformers, who, for trivial conformities to etymological derivation, would unsettle the orthography of our language. What should we gain by spelling—*ake, doctrin, imagin, insted, fether, lether, wether, fashon, hainous*, &c.? How far etymolgical whimsies might proceed in such a work of reform, it is impossible to predict, and we have no curiosity to see the experiment tried. After some effort on this subject, Mr. Webster seems disposed to give up in despair; and what makes him despond, contributes, at the same time, to remove our apprehensions.

A considerable portion of the last half of Mr. Webster's letter is employed in grammatical speculations, the result of which is, that "the errors, inaccuracies, and defects of the books on philology, which are received as authorities, are so numerous, that, if our students could be entirely freed from their influence, and their minds left perfectly unbiassed, it would be a benefit to philological learning, if all their writings on this subject could become extinct, and men were obliged to begin the subject *de novo*." No doubt Mr. Webster wrote this passage with the utmost gravity, and the

most sincere convictions of its truth; but our *prejudices* on this subject are so strong, that we can regard these remarks only as the fruits of etymological fanaticism, and cannot reply in the same spirit of solemnity by which they appear to have been dictated.

We cannot follow Mr. W. through the whole range of his grammatical wanderings; we will, however, meet him at his starting-place. He thus addresses Mr. Pickering.

"You and I, Sir, when in college, studied Lowth's Grammar, (now copied substantially into Murray's.) We there learnt, for example, that, 'in English, there are but two articles, *a* and *the*; *a* becomes *an* before a vowel.' I have since learnt that this is not true; that there is no such word in English as *a*, except as an abbreviation—and that instead of becoming *an* before a vowel, the directly contrary is the fact; that *an* is the original word, and that this, by abbreviation, has become *a* before a consonant. I have taken the liberty to correct the common error, and state what I *know* cannot be controverted. Is this *presumption?*

"Again—we learnt in Lowth, 'that *a* is used in a vague sense, to point out *one single* thing of the kind, in other respects indeterminate.' '*A* determines it to be *one single* thing of the kind, leaving it still uncertain which.' Many years elapsed before I discovered this same *an*, or *a*, to be the orthography of *one* in our mother tongue. *An*, or *one* must be used to denote a single thing—this is its meaning. So *two*, *three*, *four*, express certain numbers, and indefinitely, just as *one* does. 'Go to the basket and bring me *an* apple'—any apple, that is *one*, no matter which. 'Go to the basket and bring me *two* apples'—any *two*, no matter which. 'Go to the basket and bring me *five* apples'—any *five*, no matter which, and so of every adjective expressing number, in the language. Every word expressing number is as much entitled to a separate consideration, and to be classed with the articles, as *an* or *one*.

"But the rule is general, that *an* is indefinite. This is not true. *An* is as correctly placed before definite nouns, as before the indeterminate. London is *a* great city—Philadelphia is *a* regular city. What is city here, but a determinate city—made definite by the name? If it should be said that its use is generally to express indeterminate nouns, I answer, this and every word of number is indefinite, till made definite by the noun it qualifies."

Here it is to be observed, in the first place, that Mr. Webster, according to his usual practice, when he differs from the received grammarians, leaves the impression, that he has

discovered what was before unknown. This is deserving of peculiar attention, because it is not a solitary instance, in which he passes off certain old etymological wares for his own, which, in one who has discovered many things *new and astonishing*, we deem to be very unwise. When he triumphantly proclaims Lowth's account of the article to be false, and makes a solemn appeal to the publick to decide whether it is presumption in him to correct the common errour, as if it were now for the first time detected, we think it due to the publick, that the account given of this little member of discourse, by certain preceding grammarians, should be briefly stated.—*Johnson*, as ignorant as he is described to have been of the *northern languages*, says, in the grammar prefixed to his dictionary—"I have made *an* the original article, because it is only the Saxon *an*, or *æn*, *one*, applied to a new use, as the German *ein*, and the French *un*; the *n* being cut off before a consonant, in the speed of utterance."—In *Lye's Saxon Dictionary*, (a work with which Mr. Webster is well acquainted,) the following account is given of this word:—"*An*. Articulus indefinitus singularis numeri, olim usitatus ante voces substantivas, cujus loco inolevit *a*; *e. g. an* man. Homo, a man;—*an* treop. Arbor, a tree;—*an* feapa. Pauci, a few."—Immediately after this, follows an account, similar to that given by Mr. Webster, of the resemblance between *an* and the Latin *unus*.—"*Æn*. Unus; gr. Ælfr. 14. Mat. 10, 29. Solus; 19, 17, an æfter anum. Unus post unum, alius post alium; Joh. 8, 9, &c."

What, let us ask, has Mr. Webster discovered upon this subject? What has he found out that was not known before? The philologist is deserving of praise, who revives any useful truths, that have been neglected; but let him be satisfied, in such cases, with "proposing things known, as things that are forgot." He is in danger of losing the credit to which he would otherwise be entitled, by claiming all knowledge as his own. Whether *Lowth* attended to the derivation of the article *an* or *a*, we have no means of determining. He found both forms naturalized in our language; and *a* being the prevailing form, because so much the greater proportion of nouns begin with a consonant, it was not an unpardonable crime to say, that *a* becomes *an* before a vowel.

Though we have dwelt so long upon this word, we cannot leave it without subjoining a few remarks upon its

meaning. In this respect, *Johnson*, with an acuteness which he usually displayed, when he investigated a subject with care, satisfactorily explained the word. "It is the Saxon *an* or *æn*, applied to a new use, as the German *ein*, &c. It means one, with reference to more." If *an* has not been applied to a new use, and is nothing more or less than the numeral *one*, they may at all times be exchanged for each other. Observe what kind of English this will make; with *one* indignation, arising from *one* passion, I then first discovered, &c.—He likes to indulge *one* laugh. On the other hand *an* cannot be used as a numeral, or be separated from the noun. Of two propositions *an* is false, and *an* is true. When Johnson says it means one with reference to more, plausible objections may be raised; but we believe it comes as near a description of its meaning as we can well express it, and when the noun, before which *an* is placed, is disencumbered of its adjuncts, and a proposition consists only of its necessary logical parts, this description of the meaning of *an* will be found sufficiently exact.

We have been thus minute upon one point, because we have not room to follow Mr. Webster through the course of his grammatical speculations;—most of them have none of the charms of novelty, and some of them tend to corrupt what is now good English, by the introduction of Saxon and Gothick usage.

The pamphlet, which has drawn from us these remarks, is well written; and, by a person accustomed to philological pursuits, and capable of forming opinions upon the subjects discussed, it may be read with advantage. It is crowded with too great a variety of matter, much of which is irrelevant to the main design, and which appears to have been here introduced, merely from the convenience of the occasion.

Certain passages, especially towards the close, might be cited as eloquent appeals to the publick, extorted by Mr. Webster's conviction of unkindness, experienced from men of letters, among his own countrymen. It is only by allowing his strong conviction of this kind, that any apology can be made for the liberal praise he bestows upon himself, and for the large demands he makes upon publick gratitude. This apology we would readily make for him, however widely we differ from him in regard to the tendency and value of his philological speculations, if it had not been his usual

practice, to bestow these praises, and make these demands, through the whole course of his literary career. Still he deserves the respect of the learned; and whatever false notions he has, in our opinion, acquired, from directing his pursuits so intensely to etymological studies, we cannot withhold from him our tribute of regard, for his unwearied labours in tracing the history of language. It has hitherto been an unthankful task; what it may be in future, we will not predict. Our views upon the subject, so far as it concerns our own language, are contained in this article, and in the review of Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary. We wish to prejudge nothing; and we think Mr. Webster might have pursued his main inquiries, and arrived at the great results which he promises himself, without being diverted from his course by the publication of Mr. Pickering, whose design was limited so much to a single object, and interfered so little with the walk of the rational etymologist.

ART. V. *Childe Harold, canto 3. The Prisoners of Chillon, Darkness, &c. Poems by Lord Byron.* New York, T. & W. Mercein, 1817.

LORD BYRON'S works have been so much read, and quoted, and criticised, that we have great hesitation in offering any remarks upon them, lest our friends should take it in ill part, and think themselves invited to stale fare. We should not indeed venture to make this experiment upon the publick curiosity, did we not suppose that the proper and essential interest of the subject has been increased and kept up, by the variety of opinions and parties, to which the conduct, adventures, and writings of Lord Byron have given rise.

Lord Byron makes every thing contributive to his art; his domestick inquietudes, his journeyings, his feelings and fancies, all go forthwith into verse. His poetry is a sort of irregular journal of his changes of place and changes of "mood," yet it never sinks into a record or halts towards a matter of fact character, but every where has the spirit and freshness of invention. He strikingly exemplifies what is said to be the characteristick of modern as distinguished from the earlier poetry; for the objects he presents are not merely so

much colour, form, and dimension, visible things appear only as the vehicles of passion and sentiment. Whatever is his subject, you see more of the writer than of his theme, and what he says of himself is true, with respect to his readers; "he becomes a part of that around him; he mingles with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain of ocean, and the stars," and the strong workings of his soul lend animation and interest to his descriptions. He conducts us to bright skies and agreeable lanscapes, and when he has made us feel the sublime serenity of the heavens, and the gladsomeness of the scene, he introduces the gloomy, but poetical reflection, that they chiefly delight him, because they contain nothing of man. Though the reader may not have sufficiently suffered from the world or offended it, to accord with him in this strain of thinking, still he cannot be insensible to its power.

If he brings us among his kind, it is not to be pleased with the hum of men, but to deplore over the "peopled desert," and sternly mock at the "penned herd." He speaks in a tone too deep, and accents too strong for fiction; and we are the more affected by his representations of life, because he does not leave us to doubt that they are drawn from experience. This air of reality forces us, with an irresistible impulse, from the work to the author, and, whether we approve or censure, we cannot but be borne away by concern for a man, who considers himself as set aloof from his species by the unconquerable propensities of his nature. We shall be told that no man has unconquerable propensities, and it is a radical fault in him to think he has such, and we will grant that it is so, if you please; still those who are urged by strong native impulses, and a wild energy of soul, and who remember how hard they have struggled with what to them seemed oppression, and with what reluctance and difficulty they have submitted to the chains of society, must feel a lively sympathy with Byron in many passages of his poetry. We have reference to arbitrary forms and rules of decorum, as well as the restraints of the appetite and passions, for they are all equally necessary, and society exacts an observance of all with an equal and just rigour. This Childe Harold could not endure.

"Still round him clung invisibly a chain;
Which gall'd forever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not."

This is always true of one who mixes with men "secure in guarded coldness, and sheathes, (or tries to sheathe,) his spirit in an impenetrable mind." And he seems to be conscious of this, and therefore, as he is "unfit to herd with men," he is willing to part "fair foes," without inquiring whose is the fault.

"To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong."
v. 69.

But he does not commonly, when he meets the world in his poetical rambles, part with it on so favourable terms; and his misanthropy, though it is no characteristick of a philosopher or a man of a well ordered mind, often gives his verse a sullen, despondent, and depressing tone, and spreads out a blighted prospect of life, on which the imagination should not dwell, but under the guidance of the understanding. Byron does not, like many of the great poets, sorrow for the sufferings of man, and repine at human fate. He astonishes us by his greatness, and dazzles by his splendour, but he rarely touches with pity, or melts with pathos. It is not that he turns from the dark side of human destiny, but he cultivates in himself, and generally gives his characters a stern endurance of suffering, and a defiance of man and of fortune.

"Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness and his resistance;
And his sad unallied existence;
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—an equal to all woes,

And a firm will and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory."

Prometheus, p. 54.

He however gives us some passages in a more mild and tender strain, but we do not think these his master strokes.

"He faded and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And griev'd for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek, whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away,
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less," &c.

The Prisoners of Chillon, p. 14.

But he is more happy in wielding the fiercer passions, and he delights to pourtray whatever is terrible and ferocious. He descends into the regions of relentless despair with a bold and firm step, and images the racks and tortures of the mind, with a fearful fidelity. We make the following extract from the Corsair, where Conrad is imprisoned alone, in chains, and expecting his fate.

"'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos, of the mind,
When all its elements convuls'd—combin'd—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spoke before—
But cries 'I warn'd thee!' when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning, but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!

Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And to itself all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought,
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues—
Ambition's dreams, expiring love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
The hopeless past—the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember'd not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd
Not cankering less because the more conceal'd—
All—in a word—from which all eyes must start,
That op'ning sepulchre—the naked heart,
Raves with its buried woes, till pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break."

Corsair, Can. 2, v. 10.

He describes with no less success and with a sort of kindred feeling, the convulsions of nature and the conflictings of the elements, and drives with alacrity through the tempestuous scene.

93

"And this is in the night—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphorick sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

95

Now where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through those parted hills hath fork'd

His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

96

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling; well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?"

His descriptions of scenery are executed with a bold and rapid hand; he seizes upon only a few striking objects, and his landscape is a mere outline, which he leaves to be filled by the reader's imagination. This is true to a fault, for he not unfrequently fails to raise a scene to the fancy. He makes us conceive motions and actions, much better than colours and forms. Stillness, silence, and distance sometimes suggest to him vast conceptions, but his descriptions of inanimate nature generally owe little of their beauty to the sentiments which the scenes naturally and directly inspire, and to contemplate them with any interest, we must borrow the emotions of the author or of the character he introduces. In Burns, and Cowper, and Thompson, we see woods, and fields, and streams, with precisely those emotions and associations, which the objects themselves produce; in Byron we are always reminded that we are looking through a medium, and are assuming the impressions of another, instead of yielding ourselves to our own. The portraiture of sensible things, accordingly, becomes of secondary importance, when we are principally occupied with the sensations they produce in those who are represented as beholding them. Thus the most ordinary objects, sketched in the most hasty and careless manner, may be the basis of original and brilliant poetry. In the following extract the images are pleasing, displayed with great felicity and freedom, but the effect is much heightened when they are considered to be contemplated by an emaciated, fetter-worn prisoner of Chillon, through a crevice of his prison. The object first alluded to is the Alps.

"I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channel'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast;
Methought he never flew so fast,
As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in mine eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load."

Prisoners of Chillon, p. 21.

But Byron's greatest skill lies in analysing and displaying character. He penetrates into the recesses of intellect and passion with a keen sagacity, and throws out his profound conceptions with the facility and freedom of superficial thoughts. We have in mind the sketches of Russia, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Bonaparte, as a justification of the above remark. We make an extract, from the first of which every part is just and forcible.

"Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast."

Childe Harold, *c.* 3, p. 43.

The mention of Rousseau suggests the philosophers, and the lines upon them, and their opinions, and the consequences of them, are somewhat remarkable, from one who holds the rank and title of a nobleman.

82

They made themselves a fearful monument
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew
Breath'd from the birth of time; the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

83

But this will not endure or be endur'd!
Mankind have felt their strength and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allur'd
By their new vigour, sternly they have dealt
On one another; pity ceas'd to melt
With her once natural charities. But they
Who in oppression's darkness cav'd had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

84

What deep wounds ever clos'd without a scar?
The heart bleeds longest, and but heals to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission; in his lair
Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair.
It came, it cometh and will come—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower."

p. 46.

As poetry, the latter part of this quotation is knotty and obscure. As philosophy or speculation, it may all arise from a very bad, or a very good disposition. The wrongs, indignities, and oppressions, which men have suffered from rulers, who have regarded them as only the instruments of their pleasures and their passions, may sometimes extort from the philanthropist, a curse upon the sceptred tormenters of the human race. He may even feel a gratification, that men have sometimes taken terrible vengeance on their oppressors. But such sentiments cannot become habitual, without embittering and perverting the mind, and they often arise in the first place, from a servile and guilty dread of power, and en-

vy of superiority, rather than from a concern for the welfare of mankind. This cannot be the case of Lord Byron, yet we think he expresses a too sturdy, and vindictive kind of republicanism. Rulers have, to be sure, had very much the advantage of the ruled, in the interchange of wrongs, but they have probably been no worse, and it is more characteristick of a philosopher and philanthropist to devise plans of improvement and amelioration, than to expect the "power to punish, and the hour which shall atone for years."

Though so much had already been sung and said of the "Field of Waterloo," and 'the conqueror and captive of the world,' they are new subjects in the hands of Byron. The gathered beauty and chivalry of Belgium's capital, the sound of revelry where

> "Musick arose, with its voluptuous swell,
> And all went merry as a marriage-bell;"

preluding to the 'deep sound that struck like a rising knell,' and 'the cannon's opening roar,' form one of the finest combinations that descriptive poetry can furnish. He makes a transition from the battle to the 'greatest and worst of men,' whose overthrow was its object and consequence, and then introduces some reflections, of which he himself no doubt feels the full force.

> "But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
> And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
> And motion of the soul, which will not dwell
> In its own narrow being, but aspire
> Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
> And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
> Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
> Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
> Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore!"

The only use of the latter part of the concluding line is to make out the measure.

The descriptions of the Rhine and its scenery, are to us the least interesting part of this canto, and though we caught a few cheering glimpses of nature on the way, we were glad, on the whole, to leave behind us the "castled crag of Drachenfels," Ehrenbreitstein, and 'the lonelier column by the lone wall, making marvel that it not decayed,' and find

ourselves upon the shores of the 'clear placid Leman.' The remaining part of the canto is written with great spirit, and contains a rich and voluptuous description of the scene of the Heloise.

The readers of Childe Harold's pilgrimage have no doubt observed the change of style which has taken place since the commencement of the work. The author began with assuming Spencer's language as well as his stanza, but he has retained little more than the latter, and in the third canto we invariably find *eye*, no where *ee*. Perhaps uniformity is hardly requisite upon his plan, which, in fact, differs very little from no plan at all. He says in the preface that "a fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece," and the unity of the work therefore consists wholly in this, that it is a metrical journal of the travels, reflections and fancies of Harold, as they are recorded by his companion and amanuensis Lord Byron. Now the introduction of a fictitious personage evidently gives no greater connexion to the parts of this poem, than if all had been put down in the proper person of the author. But though the introduction of Harold gives no unity to the work, he is a very convenient instrument for the writer, more especially as he has a great deal to say about this same Harold; and this is reason enough for introducing him. We would not be understood to object to the want of unity in this string of cantos; we only wish his lordship not to pretend there is any thing in them that deserves that name, except the use of the same stanza. We think that poetry is most easily and accurately estimated by its effects, and that this, of all arts, can least endure the fetters of a system, as its vital principles are novelty and invention. We therefore will not trouble ourselves to inquire to what technical species this poem belongs, or whether it belongs to any.

We would scrupulously avoid repeating those common place rules, by means of which little minds fancy they can comprehend great things, and shall be perfectly satisfied if Lord Byron writes good sense whenever he finds a subject, and puts down the whole under the title of a Romaunt, though he can find no authority for his so doing in Aristotle, or Horace.

But though we are inclined to make a very liberal dispensation from rules, and do not think that the regular accents

and monotonous cadences of Pope alone constitute verse, still it seems to us that versification requires more of melody, measure, and harmony, than we can possibly make of many lines in this canto, without violating the accent required by the sense. It is not easy, we think, to gratify the ear, by the mode of reading the following lines, and many others that occur in this volume.

"And their masts fell down piecemeal, as they dropp'd," &c.
Darkness, p. 32.

"There the hot shaft should blast, whatever therein lurk'd." v. 96.

"How the lit lake shines, a phosphorick sea." v. 93. can. 3.

If a compromise be made between the sense and the measure, they read but ruggedly. We make these remarks, however, with some hesitation, not being confident of having hit upon the happiest mode of reading, and being conscious that an occasional transposition of the accent gives relief and spirit to verse, and that a writer may shew his knowledge of harmony much more in these variations where he has to consult his ear, than in a servile adherence to the regular measure.

Of the short poems with which this volume concludes, the sonnets and the piece entitled Churchill's Grave, are inferiour to the author's usual manner in such productions. The Prisoners of Chillon and the Dream are much better. But we are most pleased with the piece headed Darkness, in which the author has permitted his genius to range at large in all that is dreary, gloomy, and desolate.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream,
The bright sun was extinguish'd and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went, and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light;
And they did live by watchfires and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;

Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash, and all was black."

"The world was void,
The populous and powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and oceans, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rolling on the sea,
And thei rmasts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead, the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; darkness had no need
Of aid from them ... She was the universe."

This, like the other works of the same writer, abounds in those faults which will probably render posterity willing to let it die. It is a subject of regret, that so much excellence should be encumbered with great blemishes, and blemishes which do not result from a want of inventive resource in the author, but partly from a wayward taste, and partly from a love of singularity and a desire of making an experiment on the indulgence of his readers, and seeing to what length extravagances and absurdities may be put off upon them.

This itinerary species of poetry requires, perhaps, and therefore justifies, many abrupt introductions and violent transitions; but it does not demand wild starts and affected flourishes, which seem to be introduced out of a defiance of publick taste and a wanton contempt of all the common notions of propriety. There are in all the poems of Lord Byron, numerous forced and perverse applications of words, and many of the epithets, we should suppose, would wonder at the situation they occupy, no less than the lonely column, mentioned by his lordship, marvelled that itself did not decay. There is sometimes a confusion of imagery, and figures are accumulated upon each other, till both the subject and the ornaments are lost in an irregular glittering mass, without order or proportion. Conceits, far fetched thoughts, and

jingles of words are very fashionable of late, and Childe Harold in the fashion; but they are no more than empirical tricks to excite the wonder of superficial admirers, and after they have dazzled the unskilful for a time, and obscured the mild and steady splendour of real beauty, the glare ceases, and the glittering wonder of the moment is neglected and forgotten. It is another fault in these poems, that the subject is often abandoned and lost sight of, in quest of some distant comparison or illustration. This practice is not allowable in the most leisurely pursuit of recreation. We require something like method, and progress, even in our amusements, and if, in an incursion of pleasure, our companion will be running away into the fields for every flower or butterfly he sees, we think him a trifler, and become weary of his company. But one of Lord Byron's greatest and most frequent mistakes consists in his endeavour to give animation to his poetry, by attributing consciousness and intelligence to inanimate objects, which after all show no signs of thought, but remain, in spite of all the writer's efforts to the contrary, inmoveable, dead, material things.

This practice is commonly the resort of a poor invention and cold fancy, but Lord Byron seems to use it out of a love of conceit, and from a want of delicate, discriminating taste.

We take leave of Lord Byron, as we believe most of his readers do, with a regret, that, since he has written so well, he has also written so ill.

ART. VI. *Reports of cases, argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States. By Henry Wheaton, Counsellor at law. Vol.* i.—Matt. Carey, Phil. 1816.

THE Court, whose decisions are reported in the volume before us, derives from the constitution an extensive and important jurisdiction. Every subject of judicial cognizance, which can in any manner affect our external relations, or our domestick peace, is submitted to its judgment, and that judgment is final. Not only does it contribute, with all the other powers in the government, to the general purposes of the confederacy; it is, in a more peculiar sense, the guardian of constitutional sanity; the power which pre-

serves all others in their due and wholesome exercise; which checks their excesses, corrects their disorders and mistakes; and, like conscience in the moral system, vindicates the authority of the laws, when they are in danger of violation or neglect.

A written constitution would be of little use without such a tribunal. Its restrictions, however clear and positive, would be ineffectual to control the ambitious, and even the errours of men in power would be drawn into precedent, and would gradually undermine the political structure. In maintaining the permanency of our civil institutions, therefore, the agency of the Judiciary is of the highest necessity and moment.

The importance of uniform decisions in matters of common interest, and the real or supposed danger of partiality in the courts of the States, are well known to have been among the principal objects, for which the jurisdiction of the federal courts was given. In the words of Chief Justice Marshall,* "the constitution itself either entertains apprehensions on this subject, or views with indulgence the possible fears and apprehensions of suitors." Whether these apprehensions are well or ill founded, they seem to have been felt, as soon as an attempt was made to unite in a confederated republick. Within a few months after the commencement of the revolutionary war,† Congress exercised its then undefined authority in recommending to the several legislatures, "to erect courts for the purpose of determining concerning captures, and to provide that all trials in such cases be had by a jury," allowing in all cases an appeal to Congress, "or to such person or persons, as they should appoint for the trial of appeals."—The articles of confederation, ratified on the 9th July, 1778, provided that Congress should have the sole and exclusive right "of establishing rules for deciding in all cases, what captures on land or water should be legal," and of "appointing courts for the trial of piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and establishing courts for receiving and determining finally appeals in all cases of captures." The same article provides, that all disputes between States, concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause, and all controversies, concerning the private right of soil, claimed under different grants of two or

* 5 Cra. 87. † 25 Nov. 1775.

more States, should be decided in the last resort by Congress, or appeal.

When the present more national form of government was adopted, the enlargement of the legislative powers made a corresponding extension of the judicial authority indispensable.

"A good law without execution," says Bishop Taylor; "is like a promise unperformed." Such was the fate of the laws, or rather recommendations of the Congress, deriving its powers from the articles of confederation; and such, without a court of commensurate jurisdiction, must have been that of the most salutary acts of legislative power, under our existing constitution. Whether the present organization of the federal judiciary be the most convenient and proper, and what danger there may be of an inordinate increase of its authority, we have not time to examine. There are certainly very serious objections to some parts of the system, and the example of English courts established originally for special and definite purposes, but by means of fictions, and the consent of parties, gradually embracing in their jurisdiction almost every kind of controversy, may lead some to apprehend a similar growth of power in the courts of the United States. Thus far there has been no indication, sufficiently unequivocal to be a just cause of alarm, of a disposition in the federal judiciary, to extend its authority beyond those limits, which are sanctioned by the fair and legitimate construction of the constitution. Whenever such a disposition shall be apparent, a powerful barrier against encroachment will, we trust, be found in the courts of the several States.

Among the means, which may best serve to keep both the federal and state courts within their proper bounds, correct reports of their respective decisions may certainly be numbered. Conflicts will be less likely to arise, when each knows the limits, which the other assigns to its authority. They will mutually enlighten and assist each other in the construction of that constitution, under which they act, and either may draw back when it finds that incautiously or from the natural love of power, it has stepped upon doubtful and disputed ground. From the peculiar structure of our government, the national and state judiciaries are both supreme within their respective spheres. There is no common arbiter. And hence the importance of preventing controversies, of which the end cannot be foreseen.

For this reason, as well as on account of the general interest which belongs to the reports of a court, in which so many novel and important questions are discussed, we heard with real pleasure of the appointment of Mr. Wheaton to the office of reporter, and of the resolution of Mr. Cranch to publish the cases from the close of his sixth volume to the commencement of Mr. Wheaton's labours. These last, as well as Mr. Wheaton's volume, are now before the publick; but our limits, and the imperfect examination we have been able to give them, will admit of our noticing them but slightly.

The duty of a reporter was formerly much more arduous and responsible, than it now is. He was obliged to catch the words, as they fell from the lips of the judges, and to transfer them to his page, there to remain as a guide to those, who in after times should be entrusted with the administration of justice. It was not strange, that he should often err, and that many of the limitations and restrictions which accompanied the opinion should be omitted in the report. We are told by Master Plowden, "that there were anciently four reporters of cases in law, who were chosen and appointed for that purpose, and had a yearly stipend from the king for their trouble therein; which persons used to confer all together at the making and collecting of a report, and their report, being made and settled by so many, and by men of such approved learning, carried great credit with it, as indeed it ought." This cautious method, however, continued but a short time. Of late years, the practice has been for the judges themselves, upon questions of any importance, to reduce their opinions to writing. Very little is left for the reporter, but to give a clear statement of the facts, and an accurate and faithful account of the arguments of counsel. His title to praise must of course be as limited as his exposure to blame. But what the reporter loses in reputation is gained to the publick in the increased assurance of the fidelity of the report, the more full exposition of the reasons, on which the decision is founded, and the more exact definition of its extent and boundaries.

Mr. Wheaton, however, has not confined himself within the humble limits, to which the mere exercise of his duty as a reporter would have restricted him. With a laudable ambition, he seems resolved to assert a higher claim to reputation, than would be consistent with the bare delineation of

arguments, which are not his own, and for the ability or defects of which he of course is not responsible. He has scattered through his volume notes upon some of the most important points connected with the cases reported, in which he has given a compendious view of the law, as it is to be found in the most approved foreign writers. Most of these relate to maritime law, and to the jurisdiction and practice of the admiralty in matters of prize and revenue. They are in general well executed, and will be valuable aids to the student in directing him to the sources of legal information.

Two notes of considerable length are inserted in the appendix. The first, containing a sketch of the practice in prize causes, will be found useful, if we should unfortunately be engaged in another war. The other is an historical deduction of the rule of war of 1756, from its origin down to the late orders in council. This note contains much useful information, and discovers an ingenuity and extent of research highly creditable to the author. Its object is to prove, 1. That the rule had not been recognized or applied at any period earlier than the war of 1756. 2. That in its origin, it was confined to cases of such complete identification with the enemy's interests, as to give a hostile character to the property. 3. That the rule, whatever it was, was suffered to slumber during the war of the American revolution. 4. That when revived in the war of the French revolution, "the sphere of its activity was enlarged," beyond even the instructions of the executive government. How far Mr. W. has succeeded in proving these points, is a question which it would be inconsistent with the object of this review to discuss. There is, however, reported in this volume a case, which we are apprehensive will be employed as a powerful argument against our neutral claims, in the event of a future European war. We allude to the case of the *Commercen*, (p. 382.) The question in this case was, whether this vessel, being Swedish, and having been captured in transporting grain, the property of British subjects, from Ireland to Spain, by the special permission of the British government, and as appeared from the papers, for the use of the British forces there, was entitled to freight. The claim of the neutral owner for freight was rejected by a majority of the court.* Now, it is true, that this decision does not pro-

* By four judges against three, Marshall, Livingston, and Johnson dissenting.

fess to be founded upon the principle, that no trade is to be allowed to the neutral in war, which is prohibited to him in peace, but upon the ground, that being engaged in transporting provisions for the use of the forces of our enemy, though not acting against us, but in another and distinct war, he is to be considered as much incorporated with that enemy, as if he had been carrying his despatches, or transporting his troops. It would not become us to question the correctness of this reasoning. But there are certainly arguments of no inconsiderable weight, which may be opposed to it by the future belligerent, when our own citizens shall be in the situation of the Swedish claimant. These arguments cannot be better expressed, than in the words used by C. J. Marshall, (p. 402) in explaining the reasons of his dissent.

"The inquiry, then, whether the act, in which this individual Swede was employed, would, if performed by his government, have been considered an act of hostility to the United States, and might rightfully be so considered, is material to the decision of the question, whether the act of the individual is to be treated as hostile. Great Britain and Sweden were allies in the war against France. Consequently, the king of Sweden might have ordered his troops to cooperate with those of Britain, in any place, against the common enemy. He might have ordered a reinforcement to the British army on the peninsula, and this reinforcement might have been transported by sea. An attempt on the part of the United States to intercept it, because it was aiding their enemy, would certainly have been an interference in the war in Europe, which would have provoked and would have justified the resentment of all the allied powers. It would have been an interference, not to be justified by our war with Britain, because those troops were not to be employed against us. If, instead of a reinforcement of men, a supply of provisions was to be furnished in that part of the allied army, which was British, would that alter the case? Could an American squadron intercept a convoy of provisions, or of military stores, of any description, going to an army engaged in a war common to Great Britain and Sweden, and not against the United States? Could this be done without interfering in that war, and taking part in it against all the allies? If it could not, then any supplies furnished by the government of Sweden, promoting the operations of their common war, whether intended for the British, or any other division of the allied armies, had a right to pass unmolested by American cruisers. It is not believed that any act, which, if performed by the government, would not be deemed an act of hostility, is to be so deemed if

performed by an individual. Had the provisions, then on board the *Commercen*, been Swedish property, the result of this reasoning is, that it would not have been confiscated as prize of war. Being British property, it is confiscable; but the Swede is guilty of no other offence than carrying enemy's property, an offence not enhanced in this particular case by the character of that property. He is, therefore, as much entitled to freight, as if his cargo had been of a different description."

It ought to be stated, however, that the Chief Justice declares that it was not without difficulty he came to this conclusion.

Among the constitutional questions, which have been agitated from time to time in the courts of the United States, by far the most interesting and momentous is that of the power of those courts to take cognizance of crimes and offences not defined by the constitution, or by statutes made in pursuance of it. In the case of an indictment before the Circuit Court of Pennsylvania for attempting to bribe a commissioner of the revenue, (2 *Dall.* 393,) Judge Chase declared that, in his opinion, "the United States, as a federal government, had no common law, and consequently no indictment could be maintained in their courts for offences merely at the common law." The point has been argued on several occasions since that time, and particularly in the celebrated trial of Col. Burr before the Circuit Court at Richmond. It had not, however, been decided by the Supreme Court until the case of the *United States* vs. *Hudson & Goodwin*, reported in 7 *Cranch*, 32. This was an indictment for a libel on the Congress of the U. S. and the question of jurisdiction was certified on general demurrer from the Circuit Court of Connecticut. *Pinckney*, Attorney General, for the U. S. and *Dana*, of counsel for the defendants, both declined arguing. The court decided against the jurisdiction, and Judge Johnson delivered an opinion, explaining the reasons of this decision. It was supposed that the question was then at rest; but in the volume now under review, in the case of *United States* vs. *Coolidge*, (p. 415,) it is brought again before the court, and though the former decision is not overruled, yet from the intimations of several of the judges, the point may be considered as still open for discussion. It cannot be too much regretted, that a question of so much importance, should thus remain unsettled; especially as it involves the exist-

ence or non-existence of an entire code of criminal justice. In this uncertainty and division of opinion, we can only refer such, as take an interest in the subject, to the able and learned opinion of the Hon. Judge Story in favour of the jurisdiction, reported in 1 *Cir. Court Rep.* 415, and to the opinion before mentioned of the Hon. Judge Chase, to the arguments in Burr's case, and a note of Judge Tucker, annexed to his edition of Blackstone, for the reasoning in support of the opposite doctrine.

We had intended to give a view of the arguments on each side of the interesting question which arose in the case of *Martin* vs. *Hunter's lessee*, reported in this volume, (p. 305.) But we must hasten to the close of this article. We will merely inform the reader, that in the case referred to, the constitutionality of that section of the judiciary law, which authorizes the revision in certain cases of the decrees and judgments of courts of the States by the Supreme Court of the United States, was contested by the Court of Appeals of the State of Virginia; who refused to obey a mandate for the Supreme Court, reversing their judgment in a cause of great magnitude, involving the title to a large tract of land, which the State of Virginia had seized, during the revolutionary war, and had granted to several purchasers. An elaborate opinion was delivered by Story J. the result of which was, that the court, in pursuance of the powers given by the statute, proceeded to execute its own judgment without a second mandate to the Court of Appeals.

This has therefore become a controversy between Virginia and the United States. It remains to be seen, whether that State will, as Pennsylvania did in the case of the executors of Rittenhouse, oppose by force the execution of the decree.

We are disposed to say very little as to the manner in which Mr. Wheaton has reported the arguments of counsel. "Nec enim reprehendere libet, nec laudare possumus." Their general defect is in stating positions, rather than the reasoning and illustrations, by which they are supported. In some instances, they are very fully and ably reported. Mr. Wheaton's own argument, and that of his antagonist in the case of the *Antonia*, and *Mr. Hunter's* in that of *Ammidon* vs. *Smith & al.* may be mentioned as examples.

Mr. Wheaton has, we think, been unfortunate in attempting sometimes to preserve the coruscations of fancy, with

which the orator has sought to decorate his discourse. These, however proper and becoming at the bar, are entirely out of place in the report of a law case. It is hardly possible to retain them accurately, and their effect depends so much on what precedes and follows, that a figure, very beautiful when delivered, may appear distorted and awkward in the brief sketch, to which a reporter is limited. We felt this painfully in reading the succession of indistinct and confused images, which close the argument of that eminent civilian and orator, who was of counsel for the defendant in errour in the case of *Martin* vs. *Hunter's lessee.**

We believed that though here and there might be a word of his pronouncing, the whole could be but the mutilated likeness of his eloquence; the broken and disjointed limbs of a form once beautiful. Who, that has been accustomed to the oratory of Mr. Dexter, can suppose the following sentences to have passed his lips.

"I have long inclined to the belief, that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal. The danger is, not that we shall fall into the sun, but that we may fly off in eccentrick orbits, and never return to our perihelion. But though I will struggle to preserve all the constitutional powers of the national government, I will not strain and break the constitution itself in order to assert them; there is danger too on that side. The poet describes the temple of Fame as situated on a mountain covered with ice. The palaces of power are on the same frail foundation; the foot of adventurous ambition often slips in the ascent, and sometimes the volcano bursts, and inundates with its lava the surrounding country."

Who does not perceive, that though some few strokes of the picture may be from the pencil of that distinguished master, yet it wants the tint and colouring, which were the chief constituents of its beauty; which softened its glare, and gave consistency and harmony to the whole?—We do not mean, however, to accuse Mr. Wheaton of any want of skill in the execution of this attempt. We believe very few would have done it so well. The truth is, that a painter may as well hope to imitate on his canvass the changes of the evening cloud, as a law reporter to preserve, in their force, distinctness and beauty, the displays of imagination that are sometimes made in a legal argument.

* p. 320, 321.

Upon the whole, we are well satisfied with the manner, in which Mr. W. has commenced his labours, and shall look with impatience for a second volume.

ART. VII. *Memoria sullo scovrimento di un antico sepolcreto Greco-Romano, di Lorenzo Justiniani.* In Napoli, 1812, pp. 193.

THE study of antiquities is no where more generally cultivated or more highly respected, than in Italy. Surrounded by the ruins of lost empire and the memorials of departed glory, which are at once their pride and their reproach, its present inhabitants regard every relick of their boasted ancestors with natural but almost superstitious veneration. This sentiment is heightened by witnessing the zeal of the hosts of foreigners, who annually cross the Alps, and descend into this delightful country, not like its former invaders to insult and plunder it, but to increase the gaiety of its cities; to add something to the scanty property of the people; to admire its edifices, superiour even in ruins to the most finished productions of modern architecture, and to indulge in that glowing enthusiasm, which is kindled by the consciousness of standing on the very spots, where exploits were achieved, that elevate the dignity of human nature.

This study is further recommended by the opportunity, which it affords of ascertaining the social character and domestick occupations of the ancients; the amusements of their leisure hours, those little every day occurrences, which bear a stronger resemblance to the realities of our own lives, and excite a more lively conviction that they were of the same species of beings as ourselves. The fact too that the relicks of their skill in the arts surpass the labours of the moderns even more than the deeds related of them surpass the ordinary events of our degenerate days, gives an additional credibility to their history, and affords indirect but persuasive evidence of the actual performance of the achievements ascribed to this wonderful people.

The discoveries of the antiquary tend also to elucidate obscure passages in the writings of the ancients, still the models of taste, the first objects of our serious study, and the guides of our earliest literary efforts.

In addition to all this, the antiquities of Italy are so simple and perfect, as to delight the most ignorant, and so numerous as to afford sufficient subject for the most indefatigable labours of the learned.

It is not necessary in this as in most other studies to store the memory with technical words and elementary principles before any interest can be excited or any pleasure enjoyed in its pursuit; its very rudiments are attractive; the first sight of these venerable monuments fills us with admiration. There is no man, however inexperienced in the language or unacquainted with the labours of antiquaries, who would not feel proud of human nature in ascending the steps of the capitol, and impressed with a sentiment of awe in visiting the sephulchres on the Esquiline hill, and "treading upon the very bones and ashes of the Romans;" who would not seek with eager curiosity the spot consecrated by the death of Cicero, and regard with no common emotion the tomb of Virgil.

On the other hand, the antiquary, whose researches extend far beyond these, and similar objects of vulgar admiration, needs not fear that he shall ever want employment for his talents, or excitement for his curiosity.

Herculaneum and Pompeii are not yet exhausted; in the opinion of Mr. Eustace they have hardly been examined; and the discoveries, which are every day made in Italy by mere accident, are satisfactory evidence that well directed researches would not be unrewarded.

One of these discoveries is the subject of the work whose title is at the head of this article. Prince Justiniani displays in it his knowledge of antiquities, and his opinions on the merits of some of his fellow labourers in the same venerable science; without any great exercise of imagination or of ingenuity. Some account of the facts, which it relates, may amuse our readers.

In forming a new street near the Royal Library in Naples in the year 1810, it was found necessary to cut through a garden belonging to P. P. Teresiani. The spot, which it occupied, was formerly a small hill, composed of volcanick strata, and called *Casiello.* About two hundred and fifty years since, it was purchased by one of the family of Somma, who levelled the summit, and covered it with vegetable mould, in order to convert it into a garden; and to support its sides, built thick walls on the south and on the east, one

of which was five hundred feet long, and eighty feet high, the other rather less. In digging through this garden, about fifty feet above the level of the street, and thirty feet beneath the top of the terrace, a sepulchre of tufa was discovered, and soon after, several others of the same substance, and some of *tiles;* the former the work of Greeks, the latter of Romans, as will hereafter appear.*

The prince is satisfied from the appearance of these sepulchres, that they were originally placed on the declivity of the hill, and exposed to publick view; and to corroborate this opinion, mentions many temples and other ancient edifices, discovered near them, at a still greater distance beneath the present surface of the earth. He endeavours further to prove, that a publick road,† and the aqueduct of Serino, passed near this cemetery; but his arguments on this subject cannot be weighed, nor even comprehended, without an intimate acquaintance with the local facts and objects on which they are founded.—He then describes the cemetery and its contents.

* These monuments, anciently placed on the surface of the ground not to cover but to contain the remains of the dead, have no peculiar name in our language. Those formed of tufa might be called Sarcophagi, but those built of tiles could not with any propriety receive this appellation. The term *sepulcra*, which Justiniani applies to them, is rendered sepulchres. The expression seems quite as appropriate in English as in Italian.

† It was a custom of the ancients, to place their funeral monuments along the sides of the publick roads; and this circumstance accounts for the frequent use of *Siste Viator*, and similar expressions in their epitaphs. The moderns have retained this mode of address, though they have abandoned the practice, in which it originated. *Viator* is still inscribed on our tomb stones, and has been so long and universally employed, that it would be affectation now to condemn its use. Yet the man who turns aside from the common business of life, to read the inscriptions in our grave yards, might be addressed with more strict propriety as a stranger, (*Advena*) for the monuments of our predecessors are now carefully separated, we might almost say hidden, from the world. We take pains to remove the remembrancers of death from our sight, and the thought of it from our minds. One cannot help regretting the discontinuance of the ancient practice of intermingling the monuments, and the memory of the dead, with the dwellings and the occupations of the living; not only on account of the moral advantages, which might result from it, but because there is something very interesting to the imagination in this sort of intercourse and familiarity with the dead. Even the reveries of Swedenborg on this subject, arising from natural feelings, and leading to no violation of duty, should be regarded not only without contempt, but with complacency "I was never much displeased," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy." And there is much reason, as well as humanity, in the sentiment.

The sepulchres of tufa were composed of the finest stone found in the vicinity of Naples. They were rectangular from 7½ to 10 feet long, and from 4½ to 5 feet wide externally, and about a foot thick. There are four much smaller, containing the skeletons of children. The sides of some of these sepulchres consisted each of a single piece of tufa, while in others, each side consisted of two pieces, placed one upon the other; the bottom and each end always of a single piece and the top of three pieces. These were nicely joined, but without cement; their internal surfaces were highly polished, the external very rough, which last circumstance may have been occasioned by their exposure at first to the air, and afterwards to the dampness of the ground.

One of these was enclosed by two walls of brick work, forming a sort of chamber, with its entrance on the south, and the sepulchre in its centre.

One sepulchre was of a different form from the rest, resembling the tomb which is placed in our churches on the day of the commemoration of the dead.

It differed from the others also, in being placed upon a mass of brick work, covered with stucco, and painted red like the walls of the houses in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The whole monument was 7½ feet high, 6¼ long, and 3 feet wide. These sepulchres were not displaced, though many of them had lost their covers; and the sides of almost all of them were broken. They were placed irregularly, not lying at equal distances, nor in the same direction.

The sepulchres built of tiles, more numerous, but not so ancient, were interspersed among those made of tufa. The bottoms of these were composed of tiles, bricks and pieces of tufa, the sides of flat tiles, which, inclining inward, formed an angle at the summit. Each side consisted of three tiles, three feet square; and each end of a single tile. They were not so perfect as those of tufa, but the skeletons within them were in better preservation. In one of them was a little pyramid of brick at the head of the body, which was probably intended to support the inscription. On the western side of another of these sepulchres, was distinguished the place of the inscription, and on a fragment of white marble, which still remained, were the following letters.

D
PLOTIOI

Over this spot was a niche apparently for a lamp. East of this were three others, each of which was enclosed in a mass of brick work, called by the Romans, *sepimentum ;* one of these masses was 8 feet long, by 3½ wide. On each of them was a pedestal bearing a pyramid, made of brick with a facing of flat tiles. The tops of these pyramids were broken, but some balls of terra cotta found near them probably ornamented their summits.

These monuments were entirely covered with stucco, and painted red, like the edifices of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Notwithstanding their long continuance under ground, the colour was as vivid as if recently applied, and carefully preserved from the air.

In November, 1810, was discovered in the eastern part of this cemetery, a wall of tufa, about sixteen inches thick, which on further examination, was found to be part of a rectangular enclosure, 25 feet long, 22½ feet wide. Within it were many fragments of white marble, and of stucco, and on the southern side, the two following inscriptions.

First Inscription.

D . M
VIAE . LIBERAE
CONJUGI . BENE
MERENTI
M . DIRIUS . CLAVDINUS
ET . CANINIA . LIBERALIS
FILIAE . PIENTISSIMAE.
VIXIT . ANNIS . XXV.

Second Inscription.

D . M
METIAE . BIC
TORINAE . QVE
XIT . AN . XXXXI.
IMDIR . CLAVD
IANUS . C . B . M . F.

In each of the above described sepulchres was found a skeleton, lying according to the custom of the ancients, with

the arms straight; and not crossed on the breast, in the manner afterwards introduced by Christians. Some of the sepulchres of tufa had several skeletons in each.

One of the skeletons was that of a man, whose thigh-bone had been broken, and the manner, in which it was united, proves the unskilfulness of the surgeons of that age, in the art of reducing fractures.*

In the mouths of all the skeletons excepting those of children were coins, two of silver, the rest of copper. In the sepulchres of tufa these coins were Greek, only one of those sepulchres containing both Greek and Roman coins. In the sepulchres of tiles all the coins were Roman. None were discovered but such as were previously well known to antiquaries.

Among the Greek coins were some bearing an ox, with a human face, bearded; and crowned by a winged victory; and on the reverse a head and the legend Νεοπολιτων in Greek characters. This is known to be the impression on the most ancient coins struck at Naples; and it is hence concluded that the cemetery is coeval with the city; which was founded about three centuries before the Christian era.

The Roman coins were of the time of the empire, principally of the emperours Caligula, Claudius, and the Antonines; the last of whom began his reign in 161 after Christ.

The Romans derived from the Greeks the custom of placing money in the mouths of the dead, to pay Charon for ferrying them across the Styx. This however was not necessary for children, their innocence entitling them to a passage *gratis*.

In these sepulchres, particularly in those of tufa, were found vases, painted and varnished like those commonly called Tuscan. These however were only remarkable for their antiquity. Some fragments of a finer composition, found within these sepulchres, and some corresponding fragments, found without, encourage the opinion that the ancients were accustomed to break their most precious vases during the funeral

* This broad assertion of Prince Justiniani is hardly supported by the fact, that one individual had a fracture of his leg improperly treated; nor is it in truth just. The works of Hippocrates and of Celsus furnish abundant evidence, that they were not ignorant of the art of reducing fractures of the limbs. The latter is very copious and correct on this subject; and the mode of treating fractures of the thigh, invented by the former, differs from the modern practice of extension and counterextension, recommended by Dessault, only in the apparatus by which it is effected.

ceremony, and to scatter the fragments in and about the sepulchre. Some bowls were found whole, and some of a better quality broken.

These sepulchres contained also several of the little earthen vessels, usually termed *lachrymatories*, but which are supposed by Prince Justiniani to be intended for perfumes; some earthen pots, undoubtedly deposited there, filled with food, and some lamps of very fine ware, on many of which birds were represented in basso relievo. In one of the sepulchres of tufa was a statue of terra cotta, two inches long, very inelegantly and unskilfully formed. Two alabaster boxes, of about two inches high, but much broken, were also found, and sixteen goblets of glass. The latter were yellow, white, or violet; they seemed intended to contain odorous balsams and distillations, and were always found unstopped; probably in order that the perfumes might fill the sepulchre. On the bottom of these goblets there was no appearance of the rough glass, now frequently seen on such vessels; and the Prince declares himself unable to imagine by what means the ancients avoided this redundance.*

When these goblets were first taken up, thin laminae were detached from them; which, floating in the air, reflected various brilliant colours; but this sort of decomposition soon ceased, and they recovered their original compactness.

A box of terra cotta in one of the sepulchres of tufa, contained forty little circular pieces of glass, probably intended for the game πεντάλιθα, which consists in throwing up five of these at the same time, receiving them on the back of the hand as they fall, thence casting them up again and catching them all in the second descent. This game is still known at Naples, and called *Mano in Cielo*, and among us *Jact-stones*.

In some of these sepulchres were found scrapers, (used in bathing,) nails, formerly perhaps driven into the sides of the sepulchre, and which had fallen in consequence of the corrosion of their points; and metallick mirrors, in which were spots sufficiently bright to reflect a distinct image. Only one of these retained a frame, which was of ivory.

In one of these sepulchres of tufa was an instrument of

* The rough knob on the bottom of glass vessels, is called by our workmen *punty*, and serves to connect the vessel with the rod, by which it is handled after it is detached from the blow pipe. It is afterwards ground off from well finished specimens; and was probably removed in the same mode by the ancients.

copper, resembling a pair of snuffers; in several of them were shells of the species* worn by pilgrims. These were pierced with holes, in order that they might be fastened to the garments; whence it appears that this custom among Christian pilgrims is derived from the ancient Greeks.

Egg shells were also found in the Greek sepulchres, having constituted probably a part of the provisions deposited there.

Without the sepulchres were found fragments of glass and of tuscan vases, a broken lamp, coins, shells, and many nails, and the inscriptions above stated.

Prince Justiniani thinks that this cemetery belonged to the Fratria of the *Mopsopei*, one of the twelve Fratrie or communities into which Naples was divided by its Athenian founders. In the concluding chapters he answers the objections urged against his opinion of its antiquity. The most plausible of these objections is that it was the custom both of Greeks and Romans, during three centuries before the Christian era, to burn the bodies of the dead; for Cicero mentions it as a remarkable fact, that the family of the Cornelii continued the ancient practice of inhumation till the time of Cornelius Sylla, the Dictator, who ordered his body to be burned, that it might not be disinterred and insulted by his enemies, like that of Marius.

To this Justiniani answers by quoting an assertion of Pliny, that some other families retained the same practice; and he might have added that the very fact mentioned of Marius proves inhumation not to have been confined to the Cornelii alone. He also cites Virgil to prove that when bodies were burned, the bones were not consumed, and thinks that these skeletons may have been taken from the funeral pyre and deposited in their sepulchres.

This reasoning is not satisfactory. It appears indeed from many passages in Homer and Virgil that the bones themselves were not consumed on the pyre; but the same passages shew that the ligaments, which connected them, were destroyed;† and it is hardly credible that all the bones found in this cemetery should be placed in such perfect order, and their relative position so accurately preserved, after the de-

* Ostrea maxima.

† —λεγομεν λευκ' ὀστε.'
—ossa collecta. *Et similia passim.*

struction of all the ligaments. Nor can it be supposed that inhumation was a singular exception from the common practice at Naples, since there does not appear to have been a single instance of any other mode of sepulture in the whole cemetery.

The most obvious conclusion is, that this practice was more frequent in Naples, and perhaps throughout Italy, than has generally been supposed.

Another objection is, that the skeletons in the sepulchres of tufa did not all lie in the same direction, whereas the dead were interred by the Megarensians with their heads toward the east, and by the rest of the Greeks with their heads toward the west. To account for this deviation from the usage of the Greeks, Justiniani cites a passage from Lucretius, which states that during the plague of Athens, it was impossible to inter the dead with the usual ceremonies, and founds on it a conjecture that many of the funeral rites and among them this of placing the head toward the west, were generally abandoned during the plague, and not afterwards resumed. It is a bold conjecture. Since the difficulty of interring the dead regularly was considered so important as to be named among the serious evils resulting from the plague of Athens—that plague, which caused the death of Pericles, the depopulation of the city, and its humiliation before its brave but barbarous rival—can it be supposed that this irregularity would continue longer than the necessity in which it originated?

After all, though we are not satisfied with the answers of Justiniani, we do not think the objections themselves very material. They are not of sufficient weight to overbalance the evidence derived from the impressions on the coins and from the general appearance of the sepulchres and of their contents, in favour of their antiquity. The utmost that can be deduced from them is an opinion that the funeral rites of the ancient Neapolitans did not strictly agree with those of the Romans or with those of the Greeks. This last fact would not be readily admitted by an antiquary of Naples, lest it might seem not quite consistent with the claims of that city to an Athenian origin.

INTELLIGENCE AND REMARKS.

[The following letter is from a gentleman, late an officer of the University in Cambridge, and now chaplain on board of the U. S. ship Washington in the Mediterranean. It gives some account of books, which he sent out to the University library, accompanied with a few remarks on what occurred to him at Naples, and elsewhere. It discovers in some degree the literary taste and talents of the author, and contains information, which we think may be interesting to many of our readers. We are gratified to perceive, from the attentions which have been paid him, that he is estimated by strangers, as he is by his friends. This letter was written to the librarian of the University. It will not be out of place to say here also, that this gentleman has laboured with no common assiduity since his absence in collecting specimens of natural history and antiquities, which he has sent home to his friends, and to enrich the cabinets of societies.]

U. S. Ship Washington, Gibraltar Bay,

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 14, 1817.

I SENT you, on the 6th inst. by the ship Packet, the catalogues of the principal Neapolitan booksellers. I now send to Boston a box, containing the following books for the library.

1st. *Two treatises "Sul Metodo degli Antichi,"* &c. and "*Scheletri Cumani,*" &c. by Andrea de Joris. They were presented to me by the author for the library of our University. I was introduced to him just before we left Naples. He enjoys the high literary dignity of Inspector General of Publick Instruction in the kingdom of Naples. In the church he is next to a bishop, and almoner to one of the princes royal. But, which is more to the purpose, he is universally reputed to be a very learned and a very good man. He excels in the knowledge of classical antiquities. Among other instances of his politeness, he spent half a day in accompanying me personally through the royal museum, which, with all similar institutions in the kingdom, forms a part of his official charge. It contains all the antiquities, which were formerly in the museum at Portici, with the royal collection of pictures and statues; and embraces the national academy of fine arts. I was shown, of course, the Hercu-

lanean manuscripts, and the manner of unrolling them. The one then unrolling had been begun a short time before, and neither the subject nor author's name could yet be ascertained. Mr. Hayter had returned to England, and a nephew of Jorius was prosecuting the work. Jorius pointed out to me the vases described in his first treatise; and in his own house showed me the furniture taken by him from the sepulchre at Cumae, which is the subject of the second. I received from him a few sepulchral vases and ancient coins, and was to have a work on commerce by his brother, had we remained a day longer. He, as well as others, was very particular in his inquiries about the state of literature and the arts in the U. States. I answered as I could, and was not silent about our oldest University. Fortunately I had with me catalogues of the library and alumni, and that number of the Medical Journal, which contains a sketch of the institution. Jorius expressed a desire to open a literary intercourse with us, and requested letters from me; though he was often assured, that I was merely a private young man, and acting as such. I wish to send him what has been written in our country on Indian antiquities, because he expressed an interest in the subject, and reads English with ease, as he also does German and French.

2. "*Trattenimento Mensile*"—three numbers of a cheap monthly journal, containing elementary knowledge for the mass of the people, given to me by the editor, Abbé Foschi. Before the last political change in Naples, literature and education were in a flourishing state. I sent to President Kirkland some numbers of the "Biblioteca Analetica," published at that time. But on the return of the king, a check was given to every literary enterprize, by embarrassing restrictions on the press. This cheap magazine of Foschi was an attempt to revive the popular mode of disseminating information. He continued it but three months. I mentioned to you that this gentleman was secretary to Prince di Cardito, President of publick instruction, &c. By him I was introduced to Prince and Princess di Cardito, and from him received extraordinary offices of kindness. He conducted me to the principal colleges, and introduced me to their superintendants—took me to a school for the deaf and dumb, (which they say is superiour to Abbè Sicard's,) where I saw the mode of discipline used, and heard exercises of pupils in all stages of their progress. I never was more interested than in this

school. I was next conducted by him to the royal botanick garden—and afterwards to an institution which, I think, is unique. It is a Chinese college for the instruction of Chinese young men in the learning of Europe, but especially in the Christian religion. It was founded about a century ago by Matthew Ripa, a Neapolitan. The pupils leave China by stealth, and after completing their education, return in the same way. They retain their costume and manners—live entirely secluded from Europeans, except their teachers—are suffered to speak no language but Chinese and Latin; which last they use with fluency and accuracy. At present there are but seven. They seemed intelligent, cheerful, and affable. They read to me from a Chinese book—showed some exquisite paintings in Chinese style—and conversed with much good sense and shrewdness. The portraits of all the patrons and alumni of the institution adorn the walls. From Foschi I received the laws of the university in Naples, which were sent to Dr. Kirkland. I have mentioned, that, if the University should ever wish to procure books, &c. from Italy, he had politely offered his gratuitous services and influence. The inclosed paper contains a proposition he one day made, to send every three or four months, notices of new publications and interesting occurrences in the literary world—and, on being requested, to purchase whatever the University should wish to obtain and authorize him to procure. Whatever may be thought of this, I hope, at least, that he will receive the thanks of the institution for his disposition to serve the interests of learning in our country. In one of his letters to me, after speaking of the advantages of intercourse between learned societies in different parts of the world and interchange of their published transactions, he says something of our communication with that at Naples, and adds "quin immo praesto sum pariter, per meos, quos Romae colo, Florentiae, Mediolanique, amicos, tantundem, si libuerit, procurare."

3. "*Piezas Varias*"—two volumes of tracts relating to the island of Minorca, by Dr. Ramis y Ramis of Mahon. The author presented them to me for the library. He is a native of Mahon, and was educated in Avignon. He is very aged, and has a venerable appearance. During the active part of his life, he was celebrated as an advocate; but for some years past has been entirely devoted to literary pursuits, and to the illustration of his country by writing its political and

natural history. He may be styled the Philosopher of Minorca from his preeminent learning and virtue. As member of the Royal Historical Society of Spain, he has written many memoirs on detached subjects; but has now in the press a digested history of his native island. He is also publishing a work on Roman Inscriptions, a prospectus of which I send. He will soon reprint his entire works, a copy of which he will present to the library. I made arrangements with Mr. Laddico, our consul in Mahon, to forward them as soon as published.

4. "*Principis de la lectura Menorquina*"—a spellingbook of the Minorcan language, which is quite different from the Spanish, (Castilian,) but nearly resembling the Catalonian dialect. Printing it is now forbidden by a royal edict, and Castilian is substituted for it in the Minorcan schools. It is musical and pleasant to the ear, and said to be well adapted to poetry. I saw several manuscript tragedies and other poems written in it by Dr. Ramis in the early part of his life. He found with difficulty this printed specimen of the tongue, and presented it to me for the library. I think it was compiled by him.

5. "*Sannazarius*," &c. and "*Fracastorius*," &c.—two volumes containing the modern Latin poets of Italy. I remember reading formerly an essay of Knox on these poets; but their works were not to be found in the library, except Sannazarius. They derive their principal interest from their connexion with the revival of learning, and their descriptions of local scenery, which, with respect to the vicinity of Naples, are as true now, even in minute things, as when first written.—"*Eucherii Indrime*,"—a curious work on the baths of the island of Ischia, in which the author contrives to describe every remarkable object, existing about Naples at the time he wrote.—"*Santolii opera poetica*."—Of this author I know nothing, expcept that he flourished in the brightest period of French literature, and seems to have been acquainted with Bossuet, Corneille, &c.— "*Caraffae de Vesuvii conflagratione epistola*,"—a description, by an eye witness, of the great eruption of that volcano in 1631, and an account of the pious doings of the Neapolitans to conciliate their offended patrons.—"*Prospetto degli scavi di Ercolano e di Pompei*"—a good account of those places at the time it was written; but the part of Pompei then uncovered forms only a small portion of what is now visible.

6. "*Analisi su i contratti e la capacitá de' Gesuiti.*" This seems to be a reply to an attack on the Jesuits in the height of their power. The controversy must have been in some measure private, as neither party used the press. The subject of this "analysis" has no interest now, but I am told it is written with great elegance and Jesuitick acuteness. This manuscript must have been highly valued by its original owner, if one may judge from the elegance of the chirography and binding. I purchased it for a few cents in Naples at a stall of old books and catchpenny pamphlets. This circumstance surprized me, as the Jesuits are in a good measure restored in that city.

7. "*Grammatica per imparare le lingue Ital. Greca-Volgare, e Turca, &c. di Pianzola.*" 4 vols. in one. This is the work of a missionary in the Grand Signor's dominions. The Greek and Turkish are expressed in Frank characters, the vowels having the Italian sound. Within a few years, since modern Greek has been more cultivated, this mode of writing it has been laid aside. I once amused myself with transcribing, in Greek characters, the geographical article on America, vol. i. p. 107. and found it much purer than I had suspected from its appearance in a foreign dress.—"Αραβικον Μυθολογικον"—the first volume of the Arabian Nights in Romaick. It was given to me by K. N. Ripo, an intelligent Greek, native of one of the Ionian islands. In comparing it with Forster's late edition in English, I find the narrative sometimes much abbreviated, and sometimes much enlarged. I saw no Romaick books at Naples or Messina; but they abound in Leghorn and Venice. I presume Prof. Everett will procure whatever is curious and interesting of this sort. —"*Molitoune Bukvize,*" "*Dua Nauka,*" and "*Priprava Duhovna,*"—apparently, three religious tracts; but in what language, or whether all in the same language, I am quite unable to determine. As one of them was printed at Ragusa, I presume it is Sclavonick, or Arnaout, or some other dialect of the Illyrick.—"*Anthologia Persica.*"—This contains excerpta from Persian moralists and poets—specimens of 'Mejnoun's tale and Sadi's song.' I procured it at Mahon for a trifle. Books of this sort are always rare. I do not find the title of this in the library catalogue.

8. "*Sopra una iscrizione Greca, dissertassione.*" I knew a nephew of the author in Naples. While we were at Tunis, another nephew, a count, banished for political reasons, was

relieving the tedium of exile by making excavations among the ruins of ancient Utica. It is the same Roman Borgia family, which has sometimes been so infamous in history. —"*Cunichii Anthologica*"—a translation of a part of the Anthology, with notes.—"*Livii Lib. XCI. Fragmentum*," &c. —"*Della spedizione degli Argonauti*," &c. These I procured, not because I thought them very valuable, but because they were offered to me for an inconsiderable price. Being without sufficient means of purchasing books, I have avoided, as much as possible, temptations to do it. From my little collection I have chosen the volumes which I now send, for the library; presuming, that no contribution to its increase, however small, will be unacceptable.

Translation of Abbé Foschi's Letter.

[The following is a translation of the letter of Abbé Foschi, mentioned above. It gives us pleasure to insert it here, not only because it discovers the goodness of heart, and enlargement of views of the author, but because it shows the favourable opinion, which he entertains of our country, and his readiness to use his best exertions to promote its literary interests. We ought, perhaps, in justice to the Abbé, to state, that the original manuscript in Latin appears to have been written in haste, and without much time for reflection, or maturing a plan. We have omitted a few notices of English books, because they are already well known in this country.]

When I was yesterday on board the Commodore's ship, with the cleanliness, good order, and size of which, and the politeness of the commander, and officers, I was much gratified, I made a proposal, in conversation with you, for establishing a literary intercourse, which might be useful to your University in Cambridge, and honourable to myself. This proposal I now reduce to writing, that you may consider it at leisure, and that it may be communicated to the University.

I receive information, by letters, every month, respecting scientifick, useful, and curious works, published in the principal cities of Europe, of the substance of which I will draw up a methodical account in writing, every three or four months, to be sent to the University, that some estimate may be formed of the merit of the works, and whether it may be worth while to make use of my

services in the purchase of them. Beneath I add a specimen of such a digested account.

During this year, 1816, have been published—Observations on the adipocere of Vegetables, and the composition of the essence of Roses, by Melander.

Others before Melander were acquainted with the fact, that the essential oil of roses is decomposed by the action of Alcohol, into a substance, which is fluid when exposed to the rays of the sun, and solid and semi-opaque when cold, without smell and with a sensible taste; and that from the alcohol, when cold, is precipitated a white substance in laminated chrystals, which some have considered vegetable wax. But Melander has ascertained, by experiments, that the composition of both substances is the same, and that it has a nearer analogy with adipocere, than with wax; for he maintains the artificial, and not well established distinction between wax, tallow, and adipocere.

He has further observed, that a portion of adipocere may be obtained, without the decomposition of essence of roses, by distilling the petals of the common roses, receving the distilled water in a Florence flask, and continuing the distillation without changing it; by which process adipocere appears on the surface of the water as a white pellicle, which, as will readily be believed, is not the true essence of roses. This is composed of at least two substances, that is, of adipocere and an essential aromatick oil. Adipocere is not volatilized except at the heat of boiling water, is more fixed than aromatick oil, and is insoluble in water.

From these facts the author has deduced four useful observations concerning the essence of roses, and the difference of its goodness according to the process of distillation, and the quantity of the roses; and has established the important conclusion, that the *aroma* of some flowers, whose essential oil cannot be extracted, may be fixed by the inodourous adipocere of roses, and hence that similar essences of those flowers may be obtained.

A dissertation of Joseph Mangilius was published in 1816, concerning the poison of the viper. From a variety of experiments Mangilius deduces the following inferences. 1. That ammonia is the most powerful remedy for the bite of the viper. 2. That the force of nature is rarely sufficient to overcome the power of the

venom, in cases, in which this is not received in a sufficient dose to destroy the vital principle. 3. That opium and musk, although they resemble ammonia in their stimulating power, are not to be preferred to ammonia as a cure for this dangerous bite.

During the same year has also been published, by Peter Configliacchi, a description of a bellows to produce artificial respiration in cases of asphixia. This useful instrument attracted much attention, when it was exhibited, and received a prize at the royal Institute. The idea of throwing air into the lungs, in cases of asphixia, is not new; and some time after it was suggested, the two motions of inspiration and expiration were introduced in imitation of nature, not only as it respects the mechanical action of the air dilating the vessels of the lungs, but also the chemical stimulus concurring to produce those changes in the blood which are essential to animal life. Many different gases have been thrown into the lungs at different degrees of temperature, according to the difference in the cases of asphixia.

Sometimes, however, the artificial compression of the chest seemed insufficient to expel the air from the lungs, and the breathing of air from a living animal into one, which was apparently dead, might, in some cases, become dangerous, because too violent, and in others useless, because too feeble. A mechanical process was therefore adopted; and a double bellows was proposed by John Hunter, which is now improved by Configliacchi. This instrument is attended with three advantages. 1. In equal circumstances the action is prolonged. 2. Its construction is adapted to various cases of necessity. 3. The machine may be applied to numerous experiments in physicks and physiology.

At Konigsburg, in 1816, Professor Vater published a literary history of the grammars and dictionaries of all the languages of the earth.—[*Litteratur der Grammatiken*, &c.] in which, on a plan more comprehensive, than that of Marsden, in his catalogue of dictionaries, all grammars and dictionaries, and the various languages of the world are treated with the most profound erudition.

At the same place, a critical history of the Hebrew language, and of its characters, was published by Professor Genzenius, author of a Hebrew lexicon.

Beker has published, at Berlin, the *Orations of Æschines and Demosthenes* for the crown accompanied with inedited scolia, taken from manuscripts deposited at Paris.

At Breslau, the critical edition of Xenophon, by Sneider, has been completed by the publication of the sixth volume, which contains his small treatises on politicks.

Benedict has published critical commentaries on Thucydides, the result of the labour of many years.

Creutzer has given a very elaborate edition of Plotinus, De Pulchritudine, accompanied with commentaries.

I shall here close my specimens, from which you may have observed in what manner I might enlarge or condense the view. I repeat the suggestion, that you may communicate this design to your friends, that, if they please, they may use my services. My communications may be answered through your consuls or ministers, with the following direction; to K. D. N. Foschi, at Prince Cardito's, Naples.

University of Naples.

[We have lately received from Italy a part of the new statutes of the Royal Lyceum of Naples, drawn up by the direction of Ferdinand IV, and approved by him. The whole was not printed, when our correspondent took from the press the loose sheets, which he has sent. These comprise an account of the general course of studies, and the duties and employments of the several officers and professors; and the whole seems designed to be a complete system of regulations, both for the external and internal management of the institution. As we think it may gratify some of our readers, we shall translate that part of the statutes, which relates to the scheme of studies adopted in the Lyceum. The full course is divided into sixteen departments of instruction, as follows.]

1. Religious and moral catechism; Italian grammar; practical arithmetick.

2. Application of the grammatical rules of the Italian language to the classicks, with a grammatical analysis; sacred history; geography.

3. Latin grammar; exercises in writing correctly the Italian language; profane history; mythology.

4. Application of the grammatical rules of the Latin language to the classicks, with a grammatical analysis.

5. Illustration of the classical prose and poetical writers, who are distinguished for accuracy of style, elevation of sentiment, beauty and precision. Greek grammar; Greek and Roman antiquities.

6. Rhetorick; Italian and Latin poetry; application of the grammatical rules to the Greek classicks, with a grammatical analysis.

7. Philosophy; natural law; truth of the catholick religion; synthetical mathematicks.

8. Analytical and physical mathematicks.

9. Chemistry and pharmacy, illustrated by experiments in the chemical laboratory.

10. Natural history, with the aid of cabinets in mineralogy and zoology, and a botanick garden.

11. Law of the kingdom, and civil processes.

12. Law, and criminal processes.

13. Anatomy and physiology, attended with dissections in the anatomical theatre.

14. Theory and practice of surgery, comprehending obstetricks and clinical practice in the hospital.

15. Theory of physick.

16. Practice of physick.

The first eight of the above departments constitute the course in the Lyceum, and these occupy a space of eight years. The last eight seem to come more particularly under what is termed the university.

After the course in the Lyceum, such students as wish to obtain a doctor's degree in medicine or surgery, must study three years longer; and if they propose to be examined for *approbation*, they must study four years.

Each of the sixteen departments has its professor, who is obliged to use such books for text books, and for the purpose of illustration, [per corredare la speigazione] as shall be appointed by the directors of the institution, in order that the course of instruction may be uniform and progressive. The following are the books adapted to each respective department.

1. Catechism composed for the use of the primary school;

Soave's grammar; Practical Arithmetick for the use of primary schools.

2. Boccaccio; Casa; Firenquola; Sacred History, adapted to the purpose of publick instruction; Galanti's Geography for youth.

3. The Port Royal Compendium; Profane History; Tomeo's Mythology.

4. Port Royal Latin Grammar; Phædrus; Nepos; Cicero's Epistles; Cæsar's Commentaries; Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks.

5. Port Royal Latin Grammar; Cicero's Offices and Orations; Virgil's Æneid; Port Royal Greek Grammar; New Testament; Goldsmith.

6. Majelli's Institutes of Oratory; Sallust; Livy; Tacitus; Horace; Isocrates; Homer; Demosthenes.

7. Soave's Institutes; Eineccio's treatise on the truth of the Catholick Religion; Flauto; Giennattasio.

8. Bossut; Fergola; Analytical Conick Sections; the professor's lectures to be illustrated by Lagrange, Euler, Monge, Hatchette, Biot.

9. Institutes of Sementini; the professor shall use also in his lectures Majon, Adet, Brugnatelli, Thomson, Berthollet, Bouillon, Lagrange.

10. Millin; in his lectures on zoology, the professor shall use the works of Buffon, the supplement of Lacepede, with Dumeril and Cuvier; and in those on mineralogy, Brougniard, Haüy, Werner, Breislak, Melogravi. On botany he shall use Linnæus, Jussieu, Cirillo, Petagna, Lenore.

11. The civil laws of the kingdom, now in force.

12. The criminal laws of the kingdom.

13. The professor of anatomy shall follow as a guide, Francesco Cerio, Grimaldi's Anatomy, using also the works of Goemmering, Bichat, Boyer, together with the late discoveries of Gall on the structure of the brain. In physiology he must follow Richerand, as translated by P. Ruggiero. He may also use for illustrations, whatever he finds to the purpose in Haller, Dumas, Darwin, Cabanis.

14. Institutes of Richter; with the aids also of Monteggia and Richerand.

15. The institutes, which form the Theory of Physick of Andria, and also of Miglietta.

16. Andria's Institutes of the Practice of Medicine, together with illustrations from Odier, Burserio, Cirillo, Darwin, Pinel.

The first eight professors lecture two hours and a quarter in the morning, and one hour and a half in the afternoon; the others give one lecture a day each, of two hours' duration, either in the morning or afternoon, according to the direction of the rector of the institution.

Library of Harvard University.

A SMALL addition of about 80 volumes, of German works, and German editions of the classicks, was made to the Library, the last October. A considerable number of books likewise was received from Germany for the use of gentlemen of the government, and resident graduates in divinity. A large importation for the Library, and for the use of gentlemen connected with the University, is expected this season.

The present means of increasing the Library, however, are not sufficient to furnish it with many books, which it is desirable it should possess, or to enlarge very rapidly the number which it contains. The Library is now very useful, but it might easily be rendered much more so. A circular letter was sometime since sent to the different booksellers and publishers in the United States, and particularly to those in New England, requesting them to furnish a copy of each work which they might cause to be printed. This could be done for the most part at a very trifling expense to the gentlemen thus contributing; and would be a means of making their different publications immediately known to a considerable body of literary men. It would at the same time rapidly augment the Library; and leave the greater part of its funds to be appropriated to the purchase of foreign publications, so that many of the most valuable of the latter might at once be brought into the country. We regret, however, that the request has not been generally attended to. We wish that many more of our fellow citizens felt the same interest and zeal in rendering

service to the University, which is discovered by the writer of the first of the preceding letters. The following gentlemen, publishers and booksellers, have presented copies of works, in conformity with the request abovementioned.

William Hilliard, Esq. Cambridge. Mr. Hilliard has long been in the practice of presenting copies of his publications.

The late Mr. Samuel Etheridge, Charlestown.—Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 6 vols. 8vo. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, 2 vols. 8vo. Newcome's Life of Christ, 8vo. Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, 4th volume, 4to.

Messrs. Flagg & Gould, Andover. Newcome's Greek Harmony of the Gospels. Large paper, 4to, elegantly bound. This work is highly creditable to the young publishers, who have just commenced business, for its typographical elegance and correctness.

Messrs. West & Richardson, Boston. Bigland's History of England, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. John Hoff, Charleston, (S. C.) The works of Dr. M'Calla, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Edward Earle, Philadelphia. Beloe's Herodotus, 4 vols. 8vo. This work is distinguished by the neatness and beauty of its typography.

Mr. Samuel T. Armstrong, Boston. Scott's Family Bible, in six volumes—sixth American edition.

We do not mean to include in the above list those gentlemen who have presented books, of which they were the authors or editors. The Library has received from Professor Cleaveland, a copy of his work on Mineralogy, and from the Rev. William Collyer, Charlestown, a copy of Prideaux' Connection, of an edition, the publication of which he has superintended.

Dexter Lectures.

The Dexter Lectures, on the interpretation of the New Testament, delivered in the Chapel of Harvard University, will commence the next College Term. The following is a brief analysis of their subjects.

Lectures I, II, III.

The science of biblical interpretation, rendered necessary by the diversities of religious opinion which exist among Christians. Causes of these diversities; or, in other words, causes of the errours, which have been introduced into the religion of Christians. The two first lectures will treat of the causes which began to operate very early, and the effects of which were not counteracted before the period of the reformation. The third, of the character and effects of the reformation.

Lectures IV, V.

False doctrines in religion necessarily connected with misinterpretations of the Scriptures. On the misinterpretations of the Scriptures, by the Christian Fathers; with a general view of those in later times.

Lecture VI.

On the three kinds of knowledge, necessary to a correct interpretation of the contents of the New Testament; viz. 1. A knowledge of the circumstances, under which the discourses of our Saviour were delivered, and the writings of the New Testament composed. 2. A knowledge of their style. 3. A knowledge of the meaning of single words and phrases to be found in them.

Lecture VII.

The opinions concerning the Christian scriptures, implied in the preceding lecture explained, and supported. A distinction is to be made between the truths and precepts of Christianity, which are of universal interest and obligation, and those writings, by which a knowledge of them is preserved. The discourses of our Saviour and the epistles of the New Testament, were *occasional* discourses and compositions, directly addressed to those only, to whom they were spoken or written. These opinions, the necessary foundation of any just interpretation of the Christian scriptures.

Lecture VIII.

Statement and history of the opposite opinions respecting the

Christian scriptures, which have prevailed. Effects of these opinions upon their interpretation.

Lecture IX.

A fundamental canon of interpretation resulting from the opinions explained in the 7th lecture. This canon of interpretation, and those opinions, defended against objections.

Lectures X, XI, XII, XIII.

The scriptures to be interpreted on the same principles as all other writings. On the essential characteristicks of language; and the principles of its interpretation. Lecture X on the neglect of these in the interpretation of the scripture. Commencement of the exposition of the characteristicks of language. Lectures XI, XII, the same subjects continued. Lecture XIII, on the general principles of the interpretation of language.

These lectures will be delivered at 9 o'clock A. M. on the following days.

Lecture I, Tuesday, June 3. Lecture II, Wednesday, June 4. Lecture III, Tuesday, June 10. Lecture IV, Tuesday, June 17. Lecture V, Wednesday, June 18. Lecture VI, Tuesday, June 24. Lecture VII, Tuesday, July 1. Lecture VIII, Wednesday, July 2. Lecture IX, Tuesday, July 8. Lecture X, Tuesday, July 15. Lecture XI, Wednesday, July 16. Lecture XII, Tuesday, July 22. Lecture XIII, Wednesday, July 23.

Another course of lectures will be delivered, during the term following Commencement.

African Expeditions.—Two expeditions were fitted out from England during the last year, at great expense, and with very sanguine expectations, to explore the interiour of Africa, with a particular view of settling the question relative to the Niger. An idea having prevailed that this river terminates by the Congo, a large, and hitherto unexplored river, which meets the ocean in the southerly part of the continent, it was determined that one expedition should proceed to the mouth of the Congo, and ascend that river, while the other, by following nearly in Park's track by the river Gambia, should reach the Niger, and by descending that

mysterious stream hope to meet their brethren in the heart of Africa. The last mentioned party under Maj. Peddie and Capt. Campbell reached the mouth of the Gambia in September last. They were detained some months in making the necessary preparations for the prosecution of the journey. They were to be accompanied by an armed force of 200 men. We have heard directly from Sierra Leone that on the 4th of December, Capt. Campbell was at that place, where a number of men, blacks and whites, had volunteered from the regiment forming the garrison, on the condition that each man who returned should receive a bounty of 800 pounds. They were to rendezvous at the Rio Nonas, and thence to proceed shortly on the expedition.

By very late news from Sierra Leone, by way of London, we are informed that Maj. Peddie died at Rio Nonas, the place of rendezvous for the party, before the expedition started for the interiour. Capt. Campbell succeeded to the command of the party.

The other expedition, under the command of Capt. Tuckey, who was accompanied by several gentlemen of science, qualified to make every useful observation, arrived in the government ship Congo, and Transport Dorothy, at the mouth of the Congo on the 3d of July. They here embarked on board a sloop so constructed as to draw little water, in which they ascended the river about 120 miles. They here found the current so rapid and the bottom so rocky, that they could proceed no farther by water. They then landed, and proceeded 220 miles along the bank of the river, in which distance they passed four cataracts, when sickness and the want of supplies compelled them to retrace their steps. They all succeeded in regaining their ship, on the 2d of October, but in such an exhausted state, that of the fifty six persons who landed, eighteen, including the Captain, Lieutenant, and all the scientifick part of the expedition, died in a short time after they returned on board; and when the two vessels arrived at Bahia, where they stopped on their return to England, but eight of the crew of the Congo were able to do duty.

From Bahia the two vessels proceeded to Portsmouth, where they arrived the last of February. Capt. Tuckey's journal was continued to the day of his death, and it is already advertized as being in the press for publication in London, with the notes of the

gentlemen who acccompanied him. It is said not to hold out the least encouragement for prosecuting the research further. Beyond that of determining the geographical problem of the course of the Niger, it does not promise a single advantage. If the Congo be a continuation of that river, it cannot be useful for the purpose of navigation, on account of its numerous rapids and *cataracts.* The country is so miserable, that it cannot engage the attention of the merchant. It is thinly peopled, and the inhabitants are of the lowest description of human beings—cowardly, cruel, and indolent; a very small quantitity of grain is produced, and that by the labour of the women. The soil is hard and steril. After advancing thirty miles from the shore, during the whole extent of their journey, the ground was rocky and full of stones, except the ravines, which were covered with a thick mould, formed by the decomposition of the leaves and other vegetable substances.

The gentlemen, whose zeal for scientifick research, led them to embark in the enterprize, found nothing in the natural history of the country to excite their interest in the least. The climate was temperate; Fahrenheit's thermometer seldom rising higher than 71, or falling below 60, and there was scarcely a shower of rain while they remained on shore. The country was barren and uninviting. Their sufferings from fatigue and want of provisions were excessive. Capt. Tuckey died of complete exhaustion, without any fever. The other principal persons who died, were Lieut. Hawkey; Prof. Smith, botanist; Mr. Tudor, comparative anatomist; Mr. Cranch, collector of objects of natural history; Mr. Galwey, a friend of Capt. Tuckey, who volunteered from love of science: and Mr. Eyre, the purser.

Curious Manuscripts.

The *Life of James the Second*, king of England, collected from memoirs written by his own hand, together with his advice to his son, and his will, has been published, by command of the Prince Regent, from the original Stuart manuscripts, which had been carefully preserved at Rome in the family of the Pretender, and have been lately discovered since the death of the Cardinal d' York, the last of the Stuarts, and are now deposited at Carlton

house. This work is in two large volumes quarto, and comprises the history of Great Britain and France, from the latter part of the reign of Charles I, to the close of king William's reign. The author is the Rev. J. S. Clarke.

Besides the manuscripts of the Stuart family, from which this history is compiled, a further and more recent discovery has been made at France. Letters from that city as late as January last, published in the French and English newspapers, mention that a great number of packages of manuscripts, sufficient to cover the sides of a small chamber, arranged with great care, beginning with James II, and ending at the death of the Pretender, had just come to light. By some means not known, they came into the possession of Tassoni, Auditor of the Pope, and were confidentially entrusted to a priest of the name of Lussi. At length a knowledge of their existence came to a Scotch gentleman, named Watson, who had resided at Rome during a part of the war. After some negotiation, through the agency of Lussi, Watson purchased the papers for the sum of two hundred crowns, and removed them to his own lodgings. The affair soon became known, and was the subject of much conversation; and Tassoni, finding he had been deceived by Lussi, respecting the value of the papers, represented it to the Secretary of State, and by his orders Lussi was arrested, the papers were seized and sealed, and remain in possession of government.

A gentleman who had a short view of the papers before they were seized, though many of them were not unpacked, says that they are undoubtedly authentick and valuable. Those which he saw embraced both publick and private matters, from correspondence with foreign powers and plots for invasion, to the private amours of the Pretender, and the details of the domestick arrangements of the Court of Albany. Some of the letters are in the hand writing of James, and the Pretender. Many families in Scotland and Ireland are implicated; and some that had never been suspected, and others that had only been suspected, are deeply compromitted, particularly the Windham family, which gave much important information. There is a long letter of Atterbury, arranging a plan of invasion; and one from the Duke of Leeds to Admiral Baker, then in command of the channel fleet, offering him

a peerage and 400,000 *l.* in case of his defection. There are letters of the Duke of Norfolk, which are very cautious.

There are also letters from the Queen, which are letters of introduction for exiled and fugitive Irish families to her Italian friends. The most cnrious are the letters of Miss Walkinshaw to Prince Charles; those of her daughter to the same; those of James to him; and the remonstrance of his friends in Scotland. It is to be hoped that these papers will be recovered by the British nation, so that they may shed that light, which they ought to afford, upon some of the most important events of English history.

New University in Poland. The Emperour of Russia, as king of Poland, has issued an Ukase at Warsaw, for founding a University in that city. The Ukase is in Latin. The University is to be composed of five faculties; Theology, Jurisprudence, Political Economy, Philosophy, and the fine arts. The Professors of the first order are to be declared Nobles, with the power, if professors ten years, of transmitting their nobility to their descendants. The Rector of the University is to be censor of all books published by the professors.

No. 58 of the Edinburgh Review.—Those who are acquainted with Swift, generally think that the article upon Scott's edition of his works does him great injustice, considering him either as a man, a tory, or an author; and they hardly know whether to be more pleased with the brilliance and eloquence of the review, or dissatisfied with its unfairness. They almost wish that Swift were alive, to return the civilities of the reviewer.

The review of Stewart's history of metaphysicks is learned, and has marks of deep and original thinking, but is wanting in execution. There is abundance of ingredients, but they do not seem to be elaborated into a uniform, consistent composition. The reviewer does not appear to have formed a definite plan; at least the reader does not readily perceive, that something has been undertaken and accomplished.

The article on libels is written with ability, and is the more interesting to us, as our law upon the subject is the same with the English, except that we permit the truth to be given in evidence in actions for libels upon a candidate for a publick elective office, if the alleged libel have relation to the candidate's qualifications for the office, and he have consented to be proposed for it.

New Publications.

MADAME DE STAEL is about publishing a work entitled, *Views of the principal occurrences of the French Revolution.* This work is to be published at the same time in French, German, and English. It was reported, though the report was subsequently contradicted, that a company of publishers had given her 100,000 franks for the copyright for the three countries.

The letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, Arthur Charles Stanhope Esq. relative to the education of his Godson, the late Earl of Chesterfield, have lately been published, from the originals.

The private correspondence of *Dr. Franklin*, from 1753 to 1790, has lately been published in England and in France.

Mr. Simond has published in London, with his name, a second edition of his Journal of a Tour and Residence in England, enlarged, with an appendix on France, written in 1815 and 1816.

THOMAS MOORE has in the press a new poem, called *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental Romance. It is to be accompanied with illustrations from paintings by R. Westall.

Mr. MATURIN, author of *Bertram*, has produced at Drury Lane Theatre, a new Tragedy, called *Manuel*. The London criticks say, that it is not suited to dramatick representation.

J. A. Cummings has lately published a work to assist instructers and parents in teaching the scriptures to the young. It is quite small, and looks no higher than usefulness. It consists of questions, about 2000 in number, on the historical parts of the New Testament. Those relating to the gospels are proposed in the order, or according to the Harmony, adopted by Doddridge in his Exposition ; those upon the Acts follow the order of the chapters. The verses, containing the answers, must be sought out, for there is no particular designation of them; the learner is constantly called from one chapter and book, to another; and no doubt this is a simple and sure way of making him perfectly familiar with such a work as the Bible. Some questions relating to Jewish antiquities, or upon obscure passages, are briefly answered by Mr. Cummings; others, on the geography of the countries, through which Jesus and his apostles travelled, are to be answered by turning to the maps, which are bound with the work. As this book is not to supersede, in the least, a connected reading of the scriptures, but merely to quicken the interest and recollection of young learners, we trust that every teacher will at least prove it. Every scheme should be fairly tried, which proposes to bring us better acquainted with the scriptures *in their own language*. Instructers are two apt to put abridgments of the Bible into a childs hands, from the mistaken notion that they will be better relished than the Bible itself.

Coale & Maxwell, Booksellers, Baltimore, have in the press a handsome edition of TOOKE'S PANTHEON, from the thirty third London edition, revised by a gentleman of Baltimore, printed on fine paper and embellished with thirty engravings from antique statues, executed by FAIRMAN. The object of the editor of this edition is to present to the publick a complete summary of heathen mythology in a chaste diction for the study of ladies as well as gentlemen, who may be inclined to read the works of the poets of Greece and Rome. Without a general knowledge of heathen mythology, the immortal writings of Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and others are almost unintelligible, and their beauties in no inconsiderable degree lost. TOOKE'S PANTHEON has stood the test of time; it is more than a century since it was published, and the labours and researches of the learned author are at this day justly esteemed. The sole exception, urged by many, is that the work is not adapted to the youth of either sex. In this edition, an attempt has been made to render it free from this objection, by expunging every expression which might be considered indelicate or improper to be read by persons of every age and of each sex, at the same time every fact of the author at all important is retained, and (with the exception of the phraseology) the original work is closely adhered to. While this book will be resorted to by all, interested in polite literature, as a valuable book of occasional reference, it is particularly adapted for use in schools and colleges. It is understood the publishers design to put it at a low price.

Eastburn & Co. New York, and Cummings & Hilliard, Boston, propose publishing a fourth edition of Hannah Adams' Dictionary of all Religions and Religious Denominations, with corrections and large additions. The merit of this work is sufficiently known. The freedom from prejudice, and the liberal and comprehensive views with which it is written, are sufficient to give it claims to the unequivocal approbation of the wise and intelligent of every denomination of Christians. The delineations of the different sects are drawn with remarkable fidelity and candour, and we wonder, while reading them, how the author contrived so effectually to keep from view her own opinions and impressions. These traits of excellence do not by any means constitute the whole merits of the book; we mention these particularly, because they are conspicuous, and because, in a work of this description, they are so difficult to preserve. We might enlarge on the discriminating judgment with which the most important points in each doctrine are selected and arranged, and the pious feelings and temper of charity which every where prevail.

[Such notices of new publications, as may be sent to our publishers, shall be inserted in this journal; and we hope that publishers and booksellers

generally will supply us, as opportunities may offer, with information of this kind. Books sent to the library of Harvard University will be noticed.]

Abstract of Meteorological Observations for December, January, February, and March, taken at Cambridge. By Prof. Farrar.

		Barometer.			Thermometer.		
		7 A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.
Dec.	G.	80.75	30.75	30.77	42°	53°	42°
	M.	30.220	30.188	30.190	24.83	36.64	27.48
	L.	29.72	29.69	29.71	8	15	8
Jan.	G.	30.51	30.50	30.78	52	52	42
	M.	30.032	30.016	30.047	18.29	30.35	19.48
	L.	29.43	29.27	29.29	—10	10	—3
Feb.	G.	30.50	30.49	30.52	35	48	37
	M.	30.075	30.00	29.871	11.21	25.00	14.57
	L.	29.43	29.08	29.00	—18	—4	—16
Mar.	G.	30.61	30.60	30.59	37	50	39
	M.	30.108	30.073	30.088	24.66	38.8	32.41
	L.	29.54	29.69	29.53	4	23	12

December, rain and snow reduced to water 1 inch. Ditto for January 3.17—for February 3.28—for March 1.12.

Average heat of each month of the last year compared with the mean temperature of the several months, deduced from the observations of 23 years.

Mean of 1816.

Jan. Feb. Mar. April. May. Jun. July. Aug. Sept. Oct. Nov. Dec. Year.
30.22 26.40 31.33 41.18 52.15 61.30 65.90 67.42 57.65 50 66 42.23 29.65 46.33

Mean of 23 *years.*

24.97 27.01 35.46 46.76 56.66 67.36 72.44 70.66 62.43 50.71 38.75 30.05 48.6

Average heat of the last January 22.36, that of February 16.93. This latter month, it will be seen, was more than ten degrees colder than the mean above given. The next coldest in the period referred to was that of 1791, when the mean heat was 20.7. The following is the mean state of the thermometer on the coldest days, which have occurred since 1790. It is the result of three observations; viz. at 7 o'clock A. M. 2 P. M. and 9 P. M. 1792, Jan. 23d, —6.5° or 6.5° below zero. 1797, Jan. 8th, —7.5°. 1807, Jan. 26th, —6.5°. 1810, Jan. 19th, —4.4°. 1812, Jan. 18th, —5.7°. 1815, Jan. 31st, —10.2°. 1817, Feb. 5th, —7.6°. Feb. 14th, —6°.

Feb. 15th, —4.3°. The greatest cold that has been observed during this period of twenty seven years, was on the morning of the 15th Feb. when the thermometer descended to 18° below zero. The next greatest cold, was that of Jan. 26, 1807, when the thermometer stood at 16° below. The coldest *day* was that of Jan. 31st, 1815. The coldest week occurred in 1812, from Jan. 16th to the 22d; the average state of the thermometer was about 1½ above 0.

Errata in the meteorological table, for March, 1816. Against the 18th day of the month, instead of 5 read —5, and in the results at the foot of the table read the same.

Abstract of Meteorological Observations, taken at Brunswick. By Prof. Cleaveland.

Feb. 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day	16.15°
Do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold -	12.91
Greatest heat - - - - - - - - -	48.00
Greatest cold - - - - - - - - -	—23.25*
Mean height of the Barometer - -	29.625 in.
Greatest monthly range of do. - -	1.510
Quantity of rain and snow reduced to water	4.010
Days entirely or chiefly fair	10
Do. do. do. cloudy	18

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. N. W. 13—N. E. 12—S. W. 10—W. 3—N. 1—E. 1—S. 1—S. E. 1. The predominant form of the clouds has been the *cirro-stratus*, occasionally attended by the *cirrus*, and, toward the latter part of the month, often passing into the *cirro-cumulus*.

March, 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day	30.50°
Do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold	27.96
Greatest heat - - - - - - - - -	53.00
Greatest cold - - - - - - - - -	—7.50†

* This — indicates degrees below the zero.

† This degree of cold occurred on the night of the 2d of March; since which the thermometer has not fallen to the zero.

Mean height of the Barometer - -	29.688 in.
Greatest monthly range of do. - -	1.010
Quantity of rain and snow reduced to water	2.000
Days entirely or chiefly fair 17	
Do. do. do. cloudy 14	

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. S. W. 15—N. E. 11— N. W. 9—S. E. 4—N. 3—W. 2—E. 1—S. 1. During this month, the *cirro-stratus* form of the clouds has been *less frequent*, than it was in the winter months; and, on the contrary, the *cirro-cumulus* has been *much more frequent*, especially toward the close of the month.

Result of Meteorological observations, made at Williams College, 1816. *By Professor Dewy.*

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1	25.3	27.2	33.8	52.6	63.	70.6	63.2	65.5	54.2	52.3	44.7	29.8
2	23.8	24.8	40.5	34.2	44.7	69.3	69.	67.7	64.6	54.	44.3	13.7
3	13.	33.	43.9	31.1	56.8	56.4	67.3	70.4	67.3	50.6	57.7	15.8
4	16.5	37.	32.	43.2	61.	56.8	61.9	66.5	62.	39.8	65.	19.1
5	26.7	23.8	27.5	52.7	60.3	68.8	64.8	65.1	62.6	44.2	55.7	22.2
6	14.1	19.	29.1	51.3	56.7	43.4	59.7	63.1	61.2	41.7	39.6	32.8
7	13.3	20.1	31.5	38.	48.	43.5	55.5	64.5	61.6	34.8	37.8	38.3
8	6.7	5.9	14.3	48.6	41.9	44.8	58.	67.2	67.3	45.4	43.7	34.2
9	11.1	10.5	6.7	49.9	44.3	48.6	54.5	65.8	57.6	57.3	37.9	20.5
10	10.3	14.9	15.4	29.	50.8	44.1	62.8	65.7	51.5	61.9	35.8	22.9
11	9.7	20.5	22.7	35.4	49.1	54.8	68.	71.1	50.2	52.7	30.8	32.9
12	19.8	29.8	32.	37.6	54.2	65.8	65.1	69.6	52.5	46.	26.6	42.2
13	8.4	12.1	32.7	35.8	55.	62.4	65.8	67.1	51.4	49.1	28.4	40.
14	2.7	0.7	35.1	30.6	39.8	69.4	67.	66.3	56.4	54.6	34.1	28.8
15	8.6	—.8	16.	31.5	46.1	64.3	71.5	74.2	60.5	56.2	43.	25.
16	21.7	8.2	28.9	31.6	45.5	62.2	79.1	73.5	56.5	53.4	36.9	11.5
17	44.7	23.4	18.	32.9	40.	62.4	59.2	68.2	51.2	40.9	52.5	21.4
18	32.	35.1	8.2	32.9	45.	60.3	58.5	71.2	56.7	38.8	61.5	39.
19	34.4	33.	21.5	39.6	56.3	73.4	69.2	73.5	57.3	40.6	63.5	15.9
20	21.4	33.4	33.9	44.4	58.3	56.6	71.8	63.1	62.3	50.3	60.9	19.
21	30.3	32.7	30.5	40.6	65.4	64.9	66.	51.6	41.7	58.2	31.1	18.5
22	31.4	32.5	18.9	42.1	67.3	74.7	71.1	59.8	51.5	57.6	21.4	13.8
23	31.7	37.1	31.4	44.8	50.	76.	73.	61.9	56.7	49.7	31.8	22.9
24	40.9	33.8	37.1	42.1	52.7	77.9	66.6	66.6	58.	42.5	32.4	34.7
25	24.4	40.2	32.5	47.3	44.3	56.7	60.4	61.3	51.9	39.9	23.6	44.1
26	31.1	33.8	49,	30.7	53.	61.8	62.5	63.3	40.4	48.	23.1	42.2
27	11.6	29.7	48.4	53.2	58.	62·7	63.9	57.2	40.1	41.7	35.5	44.
28	19.6	37.1	43.	54.3	59.7	56.8	60.	50.2	42.9	40.8	25.2	32.5
29	25.6	40.2	27.1	58.3	47.	57.4	59.8	54.1	46.2	49.9	27.4	32.7
30	13.1		30.4	63.8	58.	58.4	62,	64.	50.	55.	40.	18.7
31	29.8		37.9		65.		66.7	62.2		53.1		30.7
Mean.	21.03	25.15	29.35	42.68	52.81	60.84	64.64	64.89	55.02	48.42	39.73	27.71
Highest.	53.	48.	67.	80.	78.	90.	90.	87.	85.	73.2	71.	50.
Lowest.	-13.3	-8.	-6.3	26.2	33.	35.	43.	37.5	25.3	27.8	5.5	1.
*	30.6	29.	32.7	35.5	32.3	34.5	30.	34.	38.7	36.	28.	28.
	4	11	27	30	3	11	2	29	28	1	26	24
Inches of water.	1.75	2.38	2.17	1.63	3.55	3.67	2.13	1.69	1.10	2.33	2.71	0.87

* This line contains the greatest range of the thermometer in one day, and the following line the day of each month when it occurred.

The thermometer is suspended upon the north side of the house, and protected from the direct rays of the sun. It is about six feet from the ground. The temperature is observed at 7 A. M. and 2 and 9 P. M. The above abstract of the observations contains the mean temperature of each day of the year, deduced from the three observations; the mean of each month; the highest and lowest temperature of each month; the greatest range on any one day of each month, and the day upon which it happened; and the quantity of rain and snow in each month. The mean temperature of the months is given accurately to the second figure of decimals; in the others the *nearest tenth* is taken.

The *mean* temperature for the year is 44.35.

. . . . . of the highest and lowest in each month is 44.95.

. . . . . of 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. is 45.69.

. . . . . of 9 P. M. is 41.79.

Quantity of water 23.98 inches.

Dew and frost probably from 6 to 9 do.

Winds are almost wholly of *four* directions. At some one of the daily observations, the wind has been from the N. W. 279 times; S. 95; S. E. 74; and S. W. 71. It has been through the day from the N. W. 157 days.

The *highest* temperature was 94°, at noon, June 24th. This was an extremely hot forenoon;—a shower about 1 o'clock cooled the air several degrees. Among the sudden changes of temperature, that of July 5th may be mentioned. The temp. was 81° at 1, 43° at 5, and 66° at 9 P. M.

It is a common opinion, that the mean temp. of the place may be obtained from taking the mean temp. of its *springs*. The situation of the springs, however, must make some difference, even when there are no chemical combinations which affect their temperature. The following is the temp. of three springs, taken each month in the year. The 1st 48.39°; 2d 47.1°; 3d 46.11°. The 1st is near a rise of land of 64 feet, and its temp. has varied only 1.25° in the year. The others are under very small elevations and appear to be much more affected by the falling of rain and the melting of snow. The temp. of the 2d has varied 5°, and of the 3d, 18° in the year. The drought affected the *last spring* so much that its mean temp. may not perhaps be relied upon.

The very singular seasons of 1816 will long be remembered. The mean temperature of the summer months was several degrees lower than common. The mean of June, July and August, for the *six* preceding years, is 62.63; for 1816 it is 63.46. But in those six years, the morning observations were made about one and a half hour *earlier* than in 1816, and, in the middle of the day, frequently before two P. M. This shows, that the temp. of the summer of 1816 must have been several degrees lower than usual. The mean temp. of those six years was 44.87, which is about half a degree higher than the mean of 1816, when two of the daily observations were made at warmer parts of the day. Frosts are extremely rare in this region in either of the summer months; but in this year, there was frost in all of them. June 5th at noon, the temp. was 83°—a thunder shower had cooled the atmosphere 14° at 2 P. M. June 6th the temp. about 44° through the day—snowed several times. On the mountain to the west, and in Cheshire, Windsor, and Peru, at the S. E. the ground was white with snow—travellers complained of the severity of the N. W. wind and snow storm. June 7th, no frost, but the ground frozen, and water frozen in many places from $\frac{1}{20}$th to $\frac{1}{8}$th inch thick. Moist earth was frozen half inch thick, and could be raised from round Indian corn, the corn slipping through and standing unhurt. Had not the wind made the vegetables very dry, it is not improbable that they would have been frozen also. June 8th, Some ice was seen in the morning—earth very little frozen—no frost—wind still strong and piercing from the N. W. Cucumbers and the like appeared nearly destroyed. June 9th, Less wind, and some warmer. June 10th, Severe frost—Indian corn, beans, cucumbers, and the like, cut down. The corn grew again. June 11th, Severe frost—become warmer—temp. at 2 P. M. 70.5. Ten days after the frost, the trees on the sides of the hills, whose young leaves were killed by the frost, presented for miles the appearance of having been burned or scorched. The same appearance was visible through the county —in parts, at least, of Connecticut—and, also, on many parts of Long Island, as I was told by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who had visited the Island. In one instance near us, the frost killed corn by the side of flax, which was uninjured. June 29th and 30th, Some frost was seen. July 9th, Frost this morning,

which killed parts of cucumbers. Aug. 22d, Cucumbers were killed by the frost. Aug. 29th, Severe frost. Some fields of Indian corn were killed on the low grounds, while that on the higher land was unhurt. This fact occurs every year. Very little Indian corn became ripe in this region. Of that which was cut up at the roots immediately after being killed, and made to stand upright in small collections, about one half became fit for food. But that which was not cut up, made no further progress towards maturity. In the former case, there was sufficient sap remaining, for the process of vegetation to continue; in the latter, the roots being unhurt, the stalks, and especially the ears, became loaded, and overloaded with water. Had the above fact been known generally, much more corn would have been ripened. The other kinds of grain, as wheat, rye, and oats, produced abundantly. The crops have not been finer or in greater quantity, for several years. I have taken pains to inquire of farmers in this and the adjoining states, and they have uniformly stated, that the *cooler summers are much more favourable for the growth of English grain, as rye and wheat, than the warmer.* The opinion of each one has been independent of the others in every case.

The crop of potatoes was variable. In many instances they were as large and abundant as usual; in others, directly the reverse. Generally speaking, the crop was less than usual, by about one third or one fourth. The quantity of hay was less in about the same proportion. Its quality, however, was very excellent, and many farmers supposed it would afford about as much more nutriment, as the quantity was less than common. Of apples, not one fourth of the usual quantity was produced. Wild fruits, as strawberries, blackberries, &c. were very abundant. The drought was less severe in this place, than in many towns both north and south. But, even here, the quantity of rain from Aug. 27th to Oct. 16th, was only 1.3 inch; and in the last thirty days of this period only 0.33 inch. For several days before the rain on Oct. 17th, it was remarked that the earth was growing moist—grass starting anew in various places—the roads cut up by wheels in places, over which they had rolled for weeks without making but very little impression—and the springs and small streams yielding larger quantities of water. These were *obvious facts.*

They were said to be common before the termination of droughts, and very many were, consequently, in full expectation of rain. These are, however, the *first facts* of the kind, to which I had paid any attention. They are similar to what is called by common people *the swelling of the water*, at the close of a *dry time* in winter. It has long been matter of common remark, that when the streams are covered with ice, the water *swells*, and raises the ice, or rises above it, just before the fall of rain ; and this *swelling* of the water is considered a sure indication of the termination of the dry period. *If these be facts*, they afford a strong proof of Dr. Halley's theory of the supply of springs and streams. The subject, if it has not been already determined, is worthy of the attention of the curious observer of nature.

=

To Correspondents.

The Editor requests those, who may make any communications for this journal, to direct to the care of the publishers, No. 1 Cornhill, Boston, or Hilliard and Metcalf, Cambridge. It is expected that such communications as come through the post office, unless made by request, will be sent free of postage.

A well written article, received through the medium of the post office, was rejected with regret; but the author will perceive that his views are so different from those expressed in various parts of the journal, that we could hardly adopt them.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. XIV.

JULY, 1817.

Conflagration of Havre de Grace.

In two or three histories of the late war, we have noticed erroneous statements respecting the operations of the British at the head of the Chesapeake, and particularly at Havre de Grace. The truth is, no official or correct account of these transactions was given in the papers of the day. No one, we believe, who was at all acquainted with the occurrences from personal observation, made any communication on the subject, and the short notices, which were published, were rather the result of vague report, than of any accurate knowledge of facts. We think it will gratify some of our readers, and serve, perhaps, to guard future historians against errours, if we offer them in this place a more detailed narrative of those events, than has yet appeared, founded on facts, which came under the observation of the writer, and for the correct statement of which we hold ourselves responsible.

Considerable alarm had been excited as early as the 20th of April, 1813, among the inhabitants residing around the head of the Bay, by reports continually circulated, that the British were rapidly advancing, and were resolved, for reasons not very distinctly known, to commit depredations on them particularly, and to make them acquainted, not only with the apprehensions, but with some of the realities of war. The enemy had already burnt several small vessels in the bay north of Baltimore, and landed in a few places, but without doing much injury, except occasionally driving off cattle for provision, where the owners had fled and left

them behind. They were always desirous of making a fair purchase, and of paying the full value of what they received. We feel it incumbent on us to remark, however, that instances of so criminal a violation of the laws of their country, as that of voluntarily affording supplies to an enemy, if they occurred at all among the inhabitants, were exceedingly rare; and it is no more than justice to the enemy to state, that in some instances money was left behind, in a conspicuous place, to the full amount of what had been taken away.

They took, plundered, and burnt the small vessels passing from one shore of the bay to the other, belonging to individuals, and loaded entirely with private property. This was their uniform practice. Even fishermen's boats did not escape; and some individuals, and even families, were reduced to absolute want, by the losses they sustained from this species of depredation.

On the 28th of April, a brig and two or three schooners came to anchor in the bay, a little below Havre de Grace. This village is beautifully situated on the west side of the Susquehanna, a short distance above the confluence of that river with the Chesapeake. It is a port of entry, and was once a place of considerable trade, and were it not for the obstruction of navigation by a bar at the mouth of the river, and falls a few miles above, it would probably be one of the most important commercial points in that part of the country. These obstacles were found sufficient to counteract some very energetick attempts, which were made several years ago by a few gentlemen of wealth and enterprize, to promote its growth and importance. At the time when it was attacked by the British, it might perhaps be considered rather on the decline. It was principally engaged in the herring fishery, which is carried on to a great extent in the vicinity, and with large profits to the proprietors.

On the next morning another brig and schooner joined those which came up the day before, and together with them anchored on the precise spot where the fleet was stationed in 1777, which brought up the forces under Lord Howe, before the battle of Brandywine. During the day, they all disappeared, passed round Turkey Point, and proceeded up Elk River, as far as the small village of French Town, where the enemy burnt one or two warehouses, but no private dwellings, as has been erroneously stated. They burnt also two vessels in the river. They returned the next day,

and resumed their former station. A large number of barges were seen for several hours making various movements in the bay, and it was generally thought that an immediate visit to the town was intended; but after landing a body of marines on a neighbouring island, they returned quietly to the shipping.

The inhabitants of Havre de Grace had, for three weeks previous to this period, been making preparations for defence, and several companies of militia were called in to their aid. But these were in a very disorderly state, without discipline or arms. They were soon supplied with the latter, however, by the governour, and, under the command of a colonel, were reduced to some degree of order. A battery was thrown up at Point Concord, where the river unites with the bay, behind which were mounted an eighteen pounder and two nines. These were manned by a company of volunteers, principally exempts from military service. Patrols were stationed every night, for two or three miles along the river and the bay, and every thing seemed to indicate a resolution to be prepared for any event.

This vigilance continued till within three or four days of the time, when they were actually attacked. At this time, the inhabitants, wearied with continual excitement and laborious exercise, began to relax from their exertions, and as the English had continued tranquil for some time, without discovering any hostile intentions, they fancied themselves in less danger, than they had apprehended. By some unaccountable want of foresight, all the cavalry and some of the infantry were suffered to return to their homes, and those which remained became uneasy and disorderly. The officers were often absent, and even at the time of the attack, the commanding officer was several miles from town, and did not arrive there, till after the work of destruction was accomplished, and the authors of it had retired.

Such was the state of things till Saturday afternoon, the first of May, when information was received from a deserter, that an attack would certainly be made on the town the following night—that orders had already been given, and every thing was in complete readiness in the squadron. This report was immediately circulated and produced a general agitation. Many of the women and children were sent from the town. No time was lost in making every possible preparation for defence. The militia, amounting to about two hundred

and fifty men, were kept at their arms all night, patrols were stationed in every place where they could possibly be of any service, the volunteers at the battery were at their guns, and a general determination seemed to prevail of giving the enemy a warm reception.

But the night passed away, and no enemy had been seen. This alarm, however, was not without just ground. The story of the deserter was substantially true; but a timely discovery in the squadron, that a man had escaped, and the supposition that he would give the information which he did, caused the expedition to be deferred till the next night. It was a general belief afterwards, that had the attack been made at the time first proposed, it would have been successfully repelled.

Exhausted with fatigue, and believing themselves to have been deceived, the inhabitants retired quietly to rest the next night, seemingly without any apprehension of danger, or any preparation for meeting it. The militia, except a small number necessarily on duty every night, were dispersed in various parts of the town. But in the midst of this imaginary security, at day break, on the third of May, the drums beat an alarm, and a discharge of cannon immediately followed. At that moment were seen twenty barges filled with the enemy, advancing rapidly towards the town. The people, who were nearly all in bed, being thus suddenly awakened, were thrown into the greatest consternation. The guns at the battery, however, were soon manned, and began to operate on the barges as they advanced towards Point Concord, around which they were obliged to pass before they could enter the town. The women and children fled in every direction to the neighbouring hills and woods. The militia were called to their arms with all possible speed, but in such a state of confusion, that they could not be rallied. Congreve rockets began to be thrown from the barges, the threatening appearance of which produced a still greater agitation, and when one of the militia was killed by a rocket, it was a signal for a general retreat. They left their ground, and escaped with great precipitation and disorder to the nearest woods, even before a man of the enemy had landed.

In the mean time, the enemy passed round the point under a smart fire from the guns at the battery, and soon effected a landing. They had kept up a tremendous discharge of balls, rockets, and shells, and the town was already in flames. A

party immediately advanced to the battery, and took possession of the guns, which had been deserted, but not until it would have been rashness to remain by them longer. These guns were turned upon the town, and did much injury.

The sun had scarcely risen, when all the enemy's forces were landed, and marched to an open square in the centre of the town. They were here separated into bands of thirty or forty each, and sent to plunder and burn such houses as were not already on fire. A division of fifty men marched nearly a mile into the country in pursuit of the militia, but returned unsuccessful. Those engaged in plundering and burning did more execution. Their manner was, on entering a house, to plunder it of such articles as could be of any service to them, and easily transported, and convey them to their barges. Every man had his hatchet in his girdle, and when wardrobes and bureaus happened to be locked, they were made to yield to the force of this instrument. This was not a work of much time, and as soon as it was accomplished, they set fire to the house, and entered another for the same purposes.

The firing of cannon had ceased, and no other noise was heard, than the roaring of flames, the crash of falling timbers, and the occasional lamentations and entreaties of a few of the inhabitants, who had braved every danger with the hope of preserving from destruction their only means of subsistence. Their intreaties, however, were unavailing. General orders had been given to burn every house, and these were rigorously executed, till they were at length countermanded by the admiral. Immediately after he came on shore, which was not till some time after the landing of the forces, two or three ladies, who had courageously remained in their houses, during the whole commotion, endeavoured by all the powers of female eloquence to dissuade him from his rash purposes. He was unmoved at first; but when they represented to him the misery he was causing, and pointed to the smoking ruins under which was buried all that could keep their proprietors from want and wretchedness, he relented and countermanded his original orders.

This was not done, till more than half of the town had been consumed. It has been said in a very respectable history of the times, that *one house* only escaped the flames; but this is a mistake. Havre de Grace consisted of about sixty houses, and of these not more than forty were burnt. Many others were plundered and much injured, and scarcely one remained

which was not perforated with balls or defaced by the explosion of shells.

During these operations, two barges ascended the river five miles, to the head of navigation, where their crews burnt a warehouse. They expected to have found there a number of vessels, but these had been previously sunk for protection. They were easily raised afterward without having received essential injury.

The enemy did not remain in Havre de Grace, more than four hours. They then went on board their barges, passed out of the river, and ascended a small creek to a furnace, belonging to Col. Hughes, about eight miles north of Havre de Grace, where large numbers of publick cannon had been made, and were still making. This establishment, comprising very curious machinery for boring cannon, was valued at twenty thousand dollars. It was entirely destroyed, as well as the cannon, which had been finished, and not yet taken away. At sunset the barges were seen passing down the bay, and before dark they had arrived at the shipping.

It is not easy to assign any cause, other than the caprice of its projector, for this violent attack on a defenceless and unoffending village. No reasons of a publick nature could have induced it. No publick property was deposited there, nor were any of its inhabitants engaged in aiding the prosecution of the war.

The conduct of the sailors while on shore was exceedingly rude and wanton. The officers gave such of the inhabitants, as remained behind, liberty to carry out such articles of furniture as they chose, while the sailors were plundering their houses; but the sailors, not content with pillaging and burning, broke and defaced these also, as they were standing in the streets. Elegant looking glasses were dashed in pieces, and beds were ripped open for the sport of scattering the feathers in the wind. These outrages, to be sure, were not commanded by the officers, but they were not restrained by them.

Little can be said, indeed, in favour of the officers' conduct in this particular. They selected tables and bureaus for their private use, and after writing their names on them, sent them on board the barges. The admiral himself was pleased with an elegant coach, which fell in his way, and commanded it to be put on board a boat, which belonged to the proprietor of the ferry, and taken to his ship. This order was executed, although he was told it belonged to a poor coachmaker, whose family must suffer by its loss.

But the most distressing part of the scene, was at the close of the day, when those, who had fled in the morning, returned to witness the desolation of their homes, and the ruin of all their possessions. Most of them had escaped without being able to take any thing away, except the clothes which covered them. They returned wretched and disconsolate, and seemed overwhelmed with the thoughts of the misery and want which awaited them. But their immediate necessities were relieved by the benevolence and liberality of a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who received them kindly into their houses, and supplied them with provisions.

A deputation with a flag of truce was soon after sent, by the inhabitants of Havre de Grace, to the admiral's ship. He released the prisoners, but was obstinate in refusing to return any private property, or to make any reparation to individuals for their losses. He expressed disappointment at having met with so feeble a resistance, and said he could not commend the courage of the people of Havre de Grace, who had suffered five hundred men to land and plunder their town.

Two days afterwards a party of marines went up the river Sassafras in several barges, and burnt the small villages of Frederick and Georgetown, which stood near its banks. All the British vessels immediately after left this part of the Chesapeake, and joined the squadron below.

We ought not, perhaps, to close this account without saying a word of O'Neale, who has been celebrated in song, and who made some noise in the official correspondence of the day. He was a sturdy, vociferous Irishman, from the west of Ireland, who had been fifteen years in this country, and had during several of them superintended a nail manufactory in Havre de Grace. He seemed, for some reasons connected with his country, to have contracted a fiend-like hatred for the English, and appeared rejoiced at the opportunity he was likely to have of satisfying his vengeance. He was the most active man at the guns, and the last who left them, and was finally taken prisoner with his musket in his hands in the posture of defence, while marching alone from the battery into the town. He was afterward released with the other prisoners.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Essay on Postures.

"*Sedeant* spectentque." VIRG.

"In most strange postures we have seen him set himself."
SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the many ingredients which go to form the complete scholar, all must allow *posture* to be quite preeminent. He would deserve a sneer for his pretensions, who affected the literary character, whilst at the same time he was ignorant of the rare and difficult accomplishment of sitting with his feet against the wall at a higher level than his head, or of leaning in due contemplative style upon his elbow. But the subject has unfortunately never been reduced to a science. How is it, Sir, that the motions of the stars, for centuries to come, have been nicely adjusted to the fraction of a second—that minerals, and alkalines, and gases have been classed and systematized—that the operations of the mind have been analysed and developed—that anatomy, even anatomy, that kindred department, has left almost no region of its own unexplored, whilst the far more domestick, human, useful, and every-day business of postures, has remained unnoticed and forgotten? To remove this scandal to science, is the object of the few humble pages following. The author will be satisfied if he but excite attention to the subject, and will gladly leave the consummation of his attempt to greater adepts in attitude than himself.

Posture, Sir, in its most general sense, may be defined, a modification of the body and limbs, for the purpose either of ease or show. It may be divided into standing, kneeling, lying down, and sitting.* The first belongs chiefly to the arts of dancing masters and drill sergeants; the second to love and devotion; the third to ladies of fashion and delicate valitudinarians; it is the fourth and last only which now claims our attention, and that, principally, so far as it respects the sedentary class of people, called scholars. We shall enumerate the several varieties of sitting postures, describing them as exactly as possible, and dwelling on the peculiar advantages which they possess with the quiet votaries of literature.

* There is a fifth kind, but it is not known in Massachusetts Proper.

First. The most universal, easy, and gentlemanlike is denominated the *cross-kneed* posture. All ranks, classes, and ages of males, together with some individuals of the other sex, cultivate this attitude with very happy success. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as sixteen or seventeen in a company, who, throughout an entire evening, most patiently and heroically persevere in this inoffensive mode of arranging the nether limbs. The child of three years of age adopts it among the first imitative accomplishments which excite the joy and admiration of his parents. The aspiring school boy, by piling one knee upon another, adds a year to his existence, and bodies forth the dignity of the future man. The youth, who is just entering the world, who has a letter of introduction to Mr. —— of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, would be put to infinite embarrassment, if the privilege of crossing his knees were denied him. But without going through every age for the illustration of this division of our subject, I proceed to observe, that the cross-kneed posture is not to be adopted by all persons, at all times, and on all occasions. It is much too nice and trim for every-day use. I know many a respectable farmer, who will never sit in this fashion, except in his best suit, on a Sunday, or at a board of Selectmen, or at the examination of a district school, or when visiting an acquaintance in town. What, sit cross-kneed and erect in a plain frock and trowsers, and on a common working day? Why, Sir, it would be as preposterous and uncommon, as to read the Bible on a Monday, or to fix one's thoughts and eyes during the offering up of prayers on a Sabbath.

But this part of our subject is susceptible of a few subdivisions. Of cross-kneed postures there are five kinds. 1. The *natural*, which consists in throwing one knee over the other, and thinking no more about it. This is by far the best, and ought to be recommended universally to your readers. 2. The *broad-calfed*, which is effected by turning the upper knee out in such a manner, as to present as large a face of the inner calf as possible. This was very much in fashion nineteen years ago, but has since that time gradually subsided, and is practised, I believe, at present, only by those who love the fashions of their youth, and a few country-gentlemen in nankeen pantaloons. 3. The *long-legged*, so called, because this posture requires the foot of the upper leg to reach quite down to the floor. It was attempted to be brought into fashion

about ten years ago, but it could not succeed, in consequence of the shortness of the limbs of some gentlemen in high ton at that time. It is nevertheless a graceful and elegant posture, and may be practised by your readers, for variety's sake and with considerable ease, if they will but remember to draw the foot of the under leg in an oblique, retrograde direction, giving the upper an opportunity to descend and meet the floor. I have seen it employed with much execution at tea parties and morning calls, but it is too much of a *dress* thing to be used on common occasions. 4. The *awkward.* This consists in bringing the upper leg round and locking it behind the other. Persons of absent habits, or of indifferent breeding, use this posture in company. In private, it is employed, when a man gets a little nervous, and is besides almost always assumed unconsciously, when one is engaged in a deep mathematical investigation. Hence, great mathematicians, with some splendid exceptions, are rarely exempt from the habit of sitting in this mode. Lastly. The *bowsprit* posture. This your fashionable, juvenile readers will recognise to be the one which is at present universally in vogue. It consists in extending out the leg as far and as high as the muscle can bear. Two or three years since, our boot manufacturers, (*shoemakers* is a word quite out of date,) very kindly assisted this posture, by stiffening the instep of the boot, so that the style in question could be properly preserved without much painful tension.

I am strongly inclined to believe, that the bowsprit posture was adopted in this country out of compliment to our gallant seamen. It is at present used by about one half of the gentlemen you meet, but so far as my observation extends, appears (probably in consequence of the peace) to be somewhat on the decline.

I would remark, by the way, that the cross-kneed posture is now almost out of use with the other sex. For what reason they themselves best know. There was indeed an attempt, about five or six years since, to get up the fashion among ladies, of adopting this posture, and at the same time of bending over the upper foot, so as to make it form a crescent. She, whose foot could describe the most complete curve, was envied and admired by all her competitors. But, alas! Mr. Editor, there are but few persons whose feet are sufficiently flexible to enable them to shine in this accomplishment. And so it was dropped. Out of a company of twenty

five ladies whom a friend of mine reconnoitred the other evening at a tea party, twenty one sat with their feet parallel and together; two, a matron somewhat advanced, and a maiden lady, whose old associations of gentility induced them so to sit, were found in the cross-kneed predicament, and the remaining two, being the youngest of the whole company, had drawn their feet under their chairs, and crossed them there.

But we have too long deferred the more immediate object of this essay, which is, to show the connexion between posture and literature. At what times, and on what occasions, shall the cross-kneed posture be adopted by the decorous and conscientious scholar? In the first place, let him be sure immediately to assume it, on the entrance of a stranger into his study. It is almost as great a mark of ill-breeding to use any other mode of sitting on such an occasion, as it would be to hold your book still open in your hand. I own, that no posture in which you can sit, conveys quite so barbarous a hint to your poor visitant as the holding of your book open, which, I regret to say, is sometimes unthinkingly indulged by scholars, who would be sorry not to be thought gentlemen. But, Sir, let me repeat it, the cross-kneed is the posture in which to receive a visitor, with whom you are not on terms of considerable intimacy. It gives you time to collect your ideas; it tacitly informs your visitor that he is of consequence enough in your eyes for you to think about the position of your limbs; it thereby conciliates his good feelings, and induces him civilly to present before your face a similar example. When you are thus both seated according to due form and manner, you may interchange thoughts with much facility and effect. But be sure not to abandon the cross-kneed posture till the end of the first half-hour. After that period, you may venture to stretch your feet out, and lean back in your chair. By the end of the second half-hour, you may put your feet over the fire-place, and if your visitor stay two hours, and be somewhat tedious and unprofitable, contrive by all means to get a table between you, and thrust your feet up into his face. Time is valuable, insomuch that the saving of it is one of those few instances where the end sanctifies the means. It often is not enough to pull out your watch; not enough to sit ten minutes, without saying a word to your companion or even looking at him; not enough to glance every two minutes at your study table; no, Sir, the

only method often which is efficacious, is the attitude I have just mentioned, which may be called the assault-and-battery posture, and which exhibits a new and fair illustration of the importance of our subject to the man of letters.

In the second place, let the votary of literature adopt the cross-kneed style in general company. The great advantage of it there is, that it saves him from a thousand ungraceful attitudes, and strange crookednesses, which savour too decidedly of the study, and into which he will be apt almost inevitably to slide, if he ventures beyond the sheltering precincts of the cross-kneed posture. It has too long been the reproach of the scholar, that he behaves like nobody else. For mercy's sake, then, Mr. Editor, since *every body else* behaves so very well, let us act like them. Let us not bring a reproach upon our profession, and render a life of letters unpopular by our manner of sitting. A few sacrifices of this nature will cost us no very tremendous effort, and may be of incalculable service to the cause of literature and science.

In the third place, the style in question is to be assumed amidst all kinds of plain reading, where but little attention and study are required. Indeed, so appropriate is it on these occasions, that scholars might very pardonably denominate it the *belles-lettres* posture. How delicious, Mr. Editor, when you have obtained the Edinburgh or the Quarterly, and for my own part, let me add, too, the North American, from the bookseller's, all new

"and fresh as is the month of May,"

to take your ivory knife in the right hand, your Review in the left, your cigar, if you please, in your mouth, and at a window, on which the rays of the setting sun are richly, softly falling, and a western breeze is luxuriously blowing, to sit—how? Unworthy he of all these invaluable blessings, who takes any other posture at first than the true belles-lettres-cross-kneed. Or when, in the society of friends, you read aloud the adventures of Conrad, Roderick, or Robert Bruce, or in imagination range through old Scotland with the author of the Antiquary, or visit England, France, Italy, and Greece, with modern travellers,—whilst you gracefully hold the book with a wide-spread hand, your thumb and little finger pressing on the leaves to prevent them from closing, your middle finger propping the back, and the other

two faithfully employed each to support a separate cover of the book—do not fail to complete the elegant scene by adjusting one knee above the other in the manner worthy of your employment. Take, generally, this posture, moreover, when you read history—when you snatch up the Spectator or Mirror to save the odds and ends of your precious time—when you are reading letters from persons with whom you are not intimately acquainted, (posture not being to be thought of in perusing the epistles of your much valued friends,) and on all occasions, in short, when your mind only goes out to gather ideas, copiously, easily, freely. So much for this posture, Sir, on which I would gladly write pages and pages more, if some other classes did not press upon me with strong claims for consideration.

Secondly; Next to the cross-kneed, that which is most appropriate to secluded, literary characters is the *parieto-pedal* posture. This consists, as will be seen at once from the etymology of the term, in fixing the feet against the wall. This posture was instituted for the relief of literary limbs. However valuable, indispensable, and gentlemanlike may be the cross-kneed, it would be fatiguing and unhealthy always to conform the body strictly to its rules. For this reason, allow the feet of your readers occasionally to make the delicious and grateful transition from the floor to the wall; with this strict proviso, to be transgressed on no condition whatever, that they never shall so sit in the presence of a being of the gentler sex. And here, let me expatiate, parieto-pedal posture, in thy praise. At this very moment, while I am assuming thee in languid luxury, holding in my hand a Horace, which is prevented from closing only by my fore-finger, unconsciously placed on *Otium Divos*—here, as in a direction parallel to the horizon, I station my feet against the wainscot, and leaning back my chair, fall sweetly and quietly into a rocking, which is more gentle than the cradle-vibrations of half-sleeping infancy—here let me ponder on all thy excellency. I feel thy influence extending through my frame. I am brought into a new world; the objects around me assume side-long positions; the trains of my ideas are quickened; the blood rushes back, and warms my heart; a literary enthusiasm comes over me; my faculty of application grows more intense; and whatever be the book which I next reach from the table, I find my interest in its contents redoubled, my power of overcoming its difficulties increased, and alto-

gether my capacity of gaining knowledge incalculably enlarged and extended. Mild, and easy, and lovely posture! Let the votary of decorum stigmatise thee as awkward and half indecent; let the physician reproach thee as unnatural and unwholesome; let indigestion, with bleeding at the nose, and personal deformity shake their hideous fists of threatening from out of the mists of the future; still will I lounge with thee; still shall every room where I reside bear marks of thee, whether they be deep indentations in the floor, occasioned by my backward-swinging chair, or blacker and more triumphant insignia impressed by my shoes upon the wall. Be thou my shelter from the spleen of vexatious housewives, and the harassing formality of ceremony; sooth my fullfed afternoons; inspire my dyspepsical dreams, and let my last fatal apoplexy be with thee.

Thirdly. We come now to the favourite posture of all severe and laborious students. It is simple, picturesque, characteristick. Place your elbow on the table, prop one of your temples with your knuckles, and if it be excuseable to introduce features into this subject, (though I have another treatise partly finished upon literary tricks,) let a slight knitting of the brow take place between your eyes, and you are at once, I will unhesitatingly hazard the assertion, in that position, in which Aristotle discovered the categories; in which Pythagoras investigated the properties of the right-angled triangle, and Locke defined infinity; in which Newton balanced the world, Copernicus, like another Joshua, made the sun stand still, and La Place deduced the great motions of our system; in which Bacon sat, while turning the whole course of science, as a pilot turns the course of a ship; in which Stewart was seated, when he detected the errour of the French philosophers, and proved that there must be something beside the power of sensation, which is able to compare one sensation with another; in which Bentham unfolded the true principles of legislation, and Berkeley devised the theory of acquired vision; in which Eichhorn made his researches into Genesis, and Paley his into the epistles;—a posture, in short, in which the greatest energies of intellect have ever been put forth, and by the efficacy of which alone, assure your young readers, they can hope for eminence, or look for almost indefinite advances towards the future perfectibility of our race. Its name is the *delving*.

Fourthly. Now, Mr. Editor, let your *elbow* remain pre-

cisely where it was in the last posture; but instead of knitting your brow, and fixing your eyes on the table, let your head turn round, till your open hand is upon the *sinciput*; let your forehead be smooth, as the sleeping surface of a lake; let your eyes be rolling on vacancy, and *presto!* you are fixed at once in the genuine *attitude poetical.* It is this posture alone, which Shakspeare had in his mind, nay, in which Shakspeare must have *sitten*, when he described the fine frenzy of the poet, whose eye glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It was this posture, in which the most interesting portrait of Pope was executed, that has descended to our times. So sat he, I will hazard every poet in my library, when he penned this line,

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

So sat Milton, when he described

"Those thoughts which wander through eternity."

In this posture must Goldsmith

——— "where Alpine solitudes ascend,
"Have set him down a pensive hour to spend,
"And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
"*Look'd downward*, where a hundred realms appear'*d*," &c.

It could be only while thus leaning and thus looking, that Chaucer used to scatter through his poems innumerable refreshing descriptions of those vernal seasons,

"When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie
"Had whirled up the sterrie sky aloft,
"And in the Bole* was entred certainly,
"When shouris sote† of rain descended soft,
"Causing the ground, felé‡ times and oft,
"Up for to give many an wholesome air,
"And every plaine was yclothed faire," &c.

What other attitude could our contemporary Campbell have taken, when he leaped in imagination up to those glorious heights on our side of the Atlantick,

"Where at evening Allegany views
"Through ridges burning in her western beam,
"Lake after lake interminably gleam?"

* Bull. † Sweet. ‡ Many.

In what other posture could the chaste Tasso have placed himself, when he addressed to the Muse of Christianity that invocation, of which you will excuse the following imperfect version?

"O Muse! not thou, whose meaner brows desire
The fading growth of laurell'd Helicon,
But thou, that chant'st amid the blessed quire,
Which pours sweet musick round the heavenly throne!
Breathe thou into my breast celestial fire;
O smile, and not thy votary disown,
If truth with flowers I weave, and deck my song
With other graces than to thee belong."

Byron must have sitten in this posture, in some cold midnight, when he dreamt his dream of darkness; and Southey must have persisted in the same attitude through a whole vernal season, when he wrote his Thalaba.

So sat Homer and Scott in the conception of their battles;—

So sat Virgil and Leigh Hunt in the imagination of their sceneries;—

Wordsworth must have arranged his corporeity in the very quintessence of the poetical posture, when he sketched the following outline of his Recluse;—

"For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
"Deep—and aloft ascending, breathe in worlds,
"To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil."

So sat his neighbour Wilson, when he described the stream, half-veiled in snowy vapour, which flowed

"*With sound like silence, motion like repose;*"

or the duteous daughter in the sick chamber of her mother, whose feet

"*Fell soft as snow on snow.*"

So sat Thomson when he wrote this line;

"Ten thousand wonders rolling in my thought,"

And Lucan when he wrote these;

"———— niger inficit horror
"Terga maris: longo per multa volumina tractu
"Aestuat unda minax: *flatusque incerta futuri,*
"Turbida testantur conceptos æquora ventos."

So sat Akenside, when his mind

> "Darted her swiftness up the long career
> 'Of devious comets, ———
> —"and looked back on all the stars."

So David sat (I would reverently suppose) in his hours of inspiration, when "contemplating man, the sun, moon, and stars." To say nothing of innumerable others.

Fifthly, the *metaphysical posture.* Place both elbows on the table, let the insides of the two wrists be joined together, keeping the palms just far enough asunder to admit the chin between them, while the tips of the little fingers come up and touch the outside corners of the eyes. This posture, Sir, from its fixedness, gives you at once an idea of *solidity.* The mutual contact of two of the most tender and sensible parts of the human body, the tip of the finger and the eye, will assist you in making experiments on sensation, and as your whole head is fastened, as it were, into a socket, your eyes must look straight forwards, and your train of reflection will be thus more continuous and undisturbed. Keep precisely so for several days together, and you will at length arrive triumphantly at the important and philosophical conclusion, that mind is matter.

Innumerable other attitudes crowd upon my recollection, the formal discussion of which, after just hinting at a few of the most prominent, I must waive, and leave them to be treated by writers of freer leisure, and more enlarged views of posturology. For instance, there is the *dishabille* posture, formed by lying at full length on your chair, crossing your feet upon the floor, and locking your hands upon the top of your head—very common and very becoming. In conversation, there is the *positive* posture, when you lean your cheek upon one finger; the *sentimental*, when you lean it upon two fingers; the *thoughtless*, when you lean it upon three, thrusting at the same time your little finger into your mouth; and lastly, the *attentive*, when you lean your cheek outright upon your whole hand, bend forward, and stare the speaker in the face.—There is the *sheepish* posture, formed by placing your legs and feet parallel and together, laying both hands upon your knees, and contemplating no earthly thing, save your own pantaloons. This is to be assumed, when you are overwhelmed with a joke, which you cannot for the life of you answer, or when you are attacked with an argument, which

you have not the ingenuity to repel. There is the *clerical* posture, formed by laying the ankle of your left leg on the knee of your right, and so forming a Triangle. Then there is the *lay* posture, made by throwing the legs wide asunder, and twirling the watch-chain. There is the *musical* posture, where you bring one foot round behind the other, and rest the toe most delicately and aerially on the floor. This was used by one of the small band from Bonaparte's court, who lately charmed our metropolis with the violoncello and guitar. Why is it not as appropriate to the flute as to the guitar? There is the *monologue* posture, when, in default of a companion, you take another chair, place your feet into it, and hold high converse with yourself.—But, Mr. Editor, by far the most independent, lordly, and scholarlike style is, to command as many chairs for your own accommodation, as can possibly come within reach. I had a chum, whilst I was in college, who put in requisition every chair but one, in the room. He had one for each of his feet, one for each of his arms, and the last for his own more immediate self. As our whole number of that article of furniture was but half a dozen, I was often perplexed at the entrance of a friend to know how I should economise for the convenience of all seven—I beg pardon, I should have said—all three of us. After some confused apologies, I used to offer the visiter my own, and betake myself to the window-seat, quite willing, I assure you, to undergo such embarrassments, for the reputation of living with one of the best posture-masters within the walls. Ah, Sir, that was the glory of sitting. I cannot describe the silent admiration with which I used to gaze upon the sprawling non-chalance, the irresistible ennui, the inimitable lounge, with which my room-mate could hit the thing off after an enormous dinner. I ought here to observe, that the state of mind peculiarly adapted to the posture now under consideration, is that of perfect *vacuity*, and that if I write much longer, I shall probably prepare your readers to assume it. I conclude therefore by wishing them all, whatever may be their favourite mode of sitting,

"The gayest, happiest *attitude of things*."

S.

BOOKS RELATING TO AMERICA.

The examination of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, relative to the repeal of the American Stamp Act in 1766.

This remarkable examination would alone be sufficient to establish the character of Franklin, for great ability, sagacity, and wit. The administration, who were then carrying into effect that series of measures, which was intended to enslave the Colonies, and which resulted in their fortunate and glorious independence, might have received from these answers of Dr. Franklin, a timely warning of the folly and impracticability of their design. But they were obstinate, and the present generation may view this obstinacy with gratitude, since it has given them the enjoyment of national honour and prosperity, which might otherwise have been deferred to a generation yet unborn. The copy I have in hand, is in a volume of tracts, which was purchased at the sale of the library of the celebrated *Horne Tooke*, and it possesses some additional value, from the numerous marks it bears of the interest with which he read it. Almost every question and answer has some mark of a pen; a few that have an unusual number of these marks, will be copied, to give a specimen of the examination.

"*Q.* Can any thing less than a military force carry the stamp act into execution?

"*A.* I do not see how a military force can be applied to that purpose.

"*Q.* Why may it not?

"*A.* Suppose a military force sent into America, they will find nobody in arms; what are they then to do? They cannot force a man to take stamps who chooses to do without them. They will not find a rebellion; they may indeed make one.

—

"*Q.* Suppose an act of internal regulations connected with a tax, how would they receive it?

"*A.* I think it would be objected to.

"*Q.* Then no regulation with a tax would be submitted to?

"*A.* Their opinion is, that when aids to the crown are wanted, they are to be asked of the several assemblies, according to the old established usage, who will, as they al-

ways have done, grant them freely. And that their money ought not to be given away, without their consent, by persons at a distance, unacquainted with their circumstances and abilities. The granting aids to the crown, is the only means they have of recommending themselves to their sovereign, and they think it extremely hard and unjust, that a body of men, in which they have no representatives, should make a merit to itself of giving and granting what is not its own, but theirs, and deprive them of a right they esteem of the utmost value and importance, as it is the security of all their other rights."

—

"*Q.* But in places where they could be protected, would not the people use them rather than remain in such a situation, unable to retain any right, or recover, by law, any debt?

"*A.* It is hard to say what they would do. I can only judge what other people will think, and how they will act, by what I feel within myself. I have a great many debts due to me in America, and I had rather they should remain unrecoverable by any law, than submit to the stamp act. They will be debts of honour. It is my opinion the people will either continue in that situation, or find some way to extricate themselves, perhaps by generally agreeing to proceed in the courts without stamps."

As a specimen of the system of keeping the publick, in England, ignorant of the real situation of this country, and from considering the consequences that might follow the measures of the ministry, the following question, asked no doubt by some of the opposition and overruled, will suffice.

"*Q.* What is the number of men in America able to bear arms, or of disciplined militia?

"*A.* There are I suppose, at least—"

(Question objected to. He withdrew. Called in again.)

After a series of questions which went to assert the right of laying internal taxes in the colonies by the authority of the British parliament, they endeavour to place him in a dilemma, by mixing the questions of the external taxes; this gives an instance of his peculiar wit.

"*Q.* Does the distinction between internal and external taxes exist in the words of the Charter?

"*A.* No, I believe not.

"*Q.* Then may they not, by the same interpretation, object to the parliament's right of external taxation?

"*A.* They never have hitherto. Many arguments have been lately used here to shew them that there is no difference, and that if you have no right to tax them internally, you have none to tax them externally, or make any other law to bind them. At present they do not reason so, but in time they may possibly be convinced by these arguments."

—

"*Q.* Suppose the king should require the colonies to grant a revenue, and the parliament should be against their doing it, do they think they can grant a revenue to the king, without the consent of the parliament of Great Britain?

"*A.* That is a deep question.—As to my own opinion, I should think myself at liberty to do it, and should do it, if I liked the occasion."

The following are the concluding questions and answers.

"*Q.* What used to be the pride of the Americans?

"*A.* To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.

"*Q.* What is now their pride?

"*A.* To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones."

=

An Oration, delivered March fifteenth, 1775, at the request of a number of the Inhabitants of the town of Boston, by Dr. Thomas Bolton.

"Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?" *Juv. Sat.*

"Et quando vitiorum copia." *Ibid.*

Printed in the year 1755.

In looking over some volumes of miscellaneous tracts, there are some which are of not quite so grave a cast as the rest; and two or three are noticed in this article to relieve it of a little of its usual, forbidding dryness. This oration was delivered in ridicule of the orations on the 5th of March, and particularly the last, by General Warren. A few British officers and tories assembled for the purpose of getting up this piece of ridicule, which is however poorly executed. One or two extracts will suffice.

"I cannot boast the ignorance of *Hancock*, the insolence of

Adams, the absurdity of *Rowe*, the arrogance of *Lee*, the vicious life and untimely death of *Mollineaux*, the turgid bombast of *Warren*, the treasons of *Quincy*, the hypocrisy of *Cooper*, nor the principles of *Young*. Nor can I with propriety pass over the characters of these modern heroes, (or to use their own phrase, *Indians,)* without a few observations on their late conduct."

He afterwards goes on to characterise these individuals more particularly. "The first of these chiefs is *A—ms*, a *sachem* of vast elocution; but being extremely poor, retails out syllables, sentences, eulogiums, &c. to draw in the multitude; and it can be attested that what proceeds from the mouth of *A—ms* is sufficient to fill the mouths of millions in America. But it is prophesied that the time is near at hand, when the frothy food will fail them.

"But generous *John* scorns to let him starve—far from it; 'tis well-known his purse-strings have been at *Sam's* disposal ever since he assisted in making the oration, delivered by *John* on the 5th of March, 1774, to a crowded audience of Narraganset Indians."

"The second of these chiefs is *H—ck*, who, having been possessed of too much money for a private gentleman, resolved to make a publick attempt to become a monarch, and having courted popularity and power almost as long as he did Miss ——, Miss ——, or Mr. Barnard's cook-maid, Betty Price, is at last likely to be jilted in his turn, and in the end to be wedded to beggary, contempt, and a gallows."

What a vapid, stupid thing scandal becomes, when the contemporary malice, which gave it a zest, is extinct!

The American Times, a satire, in three parts, in which are delineated the characters of the leaders of the American rebellion. Amongst the principal are Franklin, Laurens, Adams, Hancock, Jay, Duer, Duane, Wilson, Pulaski, Witherspoon, Reed, McKean, Washington, Roberdean, Morris, Chase, &c. &c. by Camillo Querno, poet laureat to the Congress. Facit indignatio versus. London, 1780.

This production abounds with all the virulence and abuse characteristick of party excitement. To the generation which succeeded, it sounds strangely to hear those men whom they look to with reverence and gratitude thus covered with abuse.

The versification, though it hardly rises above mediocrity, is occasionally superiour to most similar productions.—One or two extracts will give an idea of it. After describing Robert Morris, he falls with increased abuse on the late Governeur Morris.

> "Of head erect, and self-sufficient mien,
> Another Morris presses to be seen;
> Demons of vanity, you know him sure;
> This is your pupil, this is Governeur;
> Some little knowledge and some little sense,
> More affectation far, and more pretence;
> Such is the man—his tongue he never balks,
> On all things talkable he boldly talks;
> A specious orator of law he prates,
> A pompous nothing mingles in debates;
> Consummate impudence, sheer brass of soul,
> Crowns every sentence, and completes the whole;
> In other times unnoticed he might drop,
> These times can make a statesman of a fop."

The following is a description of some of the Patriots of Boston.

> "What groupe of wizards next salutes my eyes,
> United comrades, quadruple allies?
> Bostonian Cooper,* with his Hancock join'd,
> Adams with Adams, one in heart and mind;
> Sprung from the soil where witches swarm'd of yore,
> They come well-skill'd in necromantick lore;
> Intent on mischief, busily they toil,
> The magick cauldron to prepare and boil;
> Array'd in sable vests and caps of fur,
> With wands of ebony the mess they stir;
> See! the smoke rises from the cursed drench,
> And poisons all the air with horrid stench.
> "Celestial muse, I fear 'twill make thee hot,
> To count the vile ingredients of the pot;
> Dire incantations, words of death they mix,
> With noxious plants, and water from the Styx:
> Treason's rank flowers, ambition's swelling fruits,
> Hypocrisy in seeds, and fraud in roots,

* "Cooper, Hancock, and the two Adamses,—of the first of these only it can be necessary to say any thing; Dr Cooper is a congregational minister of Boston, and the oracle of those few rebels who are in the secret of affairs.—If a human being can take delight in having been the author of misery, this man must be one of the happiest in creation."

Bundles of lies, fresh gathered in their prime,
And stalks of calumny grown stale with time,
Handfuls of zeal's intoxicating leaves,
Riot in bunches, cruelty in sheaves;
Slices of cunning, cut exceeding thin,
Kernels of malice, rotton cores of sin;
Branches of persecution, boughs of thrall,
And sprigs of superstition, dipt in gall;
Opium to lull or madden all the throng,
And assa-fœtida profusely strong;
Milk from Tisiphone's infernal breast,
Herbs of all venom, drugs of every pest,
With minerals from the center brought by Gnomes,
All seethe together till the furnace foams.
"Was this the potion, this the draught design'd,
To cheat the croud, and fascinate mankind?
O! void of reason they who thus were caught;
O! lost to virtue, who so cheap were bought;
O! folly which all folly sure transcends,
Such bungling sorcerers to account as friends.
Yet tho' the frantick populace applaud,
'Tis satire's part to stigmatize the fraud;
Exult, ye jugglers, in your lucky tricks.
Yet on your fame the lasting brand we'll fix;
Cheat male and female, poison age and youth,
Still we'll pursue you with the goad of truth;
Whilst in mid-heav'n shines forth the golden flame,
Hancock and Adams shall be words of shame;
Whilst silver beams the face of light adorn,
Cooper of Boston shall be held in scorn."

There is no book so poor but some reflection may be drawn from it. In the passage last cited, there is a striking instance of the false light in which we often see contemporary characters. Posterity arranges the order of precedence differently. The author here exalts Dr. Cooper far above the other gentlemen who are named with him. He was indeed a remarkable character, but he neither acted nor wrote any thing, though he was capable of both, that will be long remembered; and he is now seldom spoken of, but by those remaining individuals who knew him personally. It is not so of the others. After a man has triumphed, and has attained a glorious eminence, he will look back on attacks like these, with the same sort of feelings, that a person, seated on a hill, would look down on the briars and mud of a swamp, which he had been obliged to traverse to gain his situation.

The prowess of the Whig Club and the manœuvres of Legion.

Pro aris et focis.

These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club. SWIFT.

Baltimore, printed for the author, 1777.

THIS small pamphlet gives an account of a transaction which excited considerable attention at the time, produced the interference of the legislature, and a proclamation from the governour prohibiting all associations of the description, of what has been since called Jacobin Clubs. In this instance, a printer named Goddard, had published a piece of irony on the propositions that had been recently made by the British commissioners to put an end to the war. The dull demagogues, who composed the club, took it seriously, and gave the printer notice that he must leave the town in 24 hours, and if he did not, the inference was pretty plain that he would be assassinated. It seems from this pamphlet, that some events, which took place in that city at a later period, were not without a precedent.

=

A monumental gratitude attempted in a poetical relation of the danger and deliverance of several of the members of Yale College in passing the Sound from South-hold to New Haven, August 20, 1726. *New London, printed and sold by T. Green*, 1727.

THIS little poem begins thus;—

"Storms, whirlwinds, hurricanes, rain, thunder, fire,
Sulphurious, cataracts of vapour dire,
Artill'ry of the north, hoarse, western roar;
And myriads of nameless dreadfuls more;
Terrifick meteors rang'd in rude array,
Pregnant of darkness, and the fate of day;
Superiour transports, wonder, horrour, care,
Ye fearful simples that compound despair," &c.

This college has since produced verses of a different stamp. There is one laughable device in it, which was probably owing to the fancy of the printer.

"The rising, falling, rising, falling flood,
"O horrour! nature jarrs, ferments the blood," &c.

In the first of these lines the words *rising*, *falling*, with the aid of different sized letters, are arranged in an ascending and descending form, like the gamut in musick, and by this means paint to the eye as well as the imagination the scene they describe. The English poem is followed by a short Latin one, in which the initials of the party, consisting of ten, are given by taking the first letter of the line as follows;

D. H orrendum fragili, nullo Rectore carina,
E. S ospite per liquidos campos tetendimus iter;
G. B ruma pressum atque Hyeme, nubiferaque Procella, &c.

Italian Drama.

The following remarks are translated principally from an article in the *Biblioteca Analitica*, a periodical work of considerable merit formerly published in Naples, but suppressed on the accession of the present king to the throne. These remarks are valuable as coming from Italy, and expressing the opinions, which the Italians themselves entertain of their claims in the department of dramatick compositions. They probably place themselves too high, but it has long been our belief, that the more Italian literature is known, the more it will be found to contain worthy of our study and admiration. The article from which we take the following, is a review of the sixth volume of Ginquené's Literary history of Italy.

On the revival of letters in Italy, while the other nations of Europe still amused themselves with wretched farces, the Italian authors, yielding to the happy impulse given them in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, attempted to infuse that spirit and dignity into dramatick compositions, which had already been communicated with so much success to the lyrick and epick. The first performance of much merit was the Sophonisba of Trissino, dedicated to Leo X. Many other writers of high claims soon followed, and even Tasso was ambitious to try his fortune in the career of tragedy and produced his *Torrismond*.

We observe in the Italian tragedies of that period the same defect which had been common among the Latins;—they gave representations of the manners and customs of other countries, and not those of Italy.

Besides this capital defect, these tragedies were extremely

deficient both in style and versification. They were much more in the tone of lyrick poetry, than of the kind adapted to tragedy, and the lines were too uniform and monotonous. The verse and the style of tragedy were not yet created. Maffei began this creation, but Alfieri has brought it to perfection. Whatever may have been said by some Italian criticks and poets, who wished to transfer the lyrick style to tragedy, that of Alfieri will forever be the true style of Italian tragedy. It is sufficient to compare the productions of Alfieri with the translations of some French tragedies by Cesarotti, to be fully convinced of the correctness of these remarks. Alfieri himself discovers some slight faults, which have been the subjects of censure, but he has happily withstood the ill natured criticisms, which a few feeble versifiers have directed against him. His style is not only good, but could hardly be improved.

It must be allowed that the Italians were the restorers of tragedy among the moderns. "Without renouncing the honour which belongs to ourselves," says the French writer, "without admiring beyond measure the Italian poets, who have preceded us, and whom we have surpassed, without attempting to extenuate the defects of their ancient stage, they certainly deserve great credit, and our warmest gratitude, for what they have accomplished. To take them now for models would be to go backwards; but yet we ought not to deny the great advantage we have received by having formerly taken them." The Italians ought to be the more obliged to Ginquené for thus rendering them justice, as they have great reason to complain of the ill founded opinions of Marmontel and La Harpe.

The same justness and depth of remark, which he discovers in speaking of tragedy, are also visible through the rest of the volume, in which he treats of comedy.

The ardour, which prevailed in Italy during the fifteenth century for the study of the Greek and Latin languages, necessarily led to a knowledge of the ancient authors. The comedies of Terence and Plautus were acted at Rome, Ferrara, and Florence, both in Latin and Italian; but new plots were soon formed, new dialogues written, and modern characters and adventures brought upon the stage. The academy de' Rozzi in Siena gave the first example of this novelty. Very soon appeared the *Calandria* of Cardinal Bibiena, the *Mandragora* of Machiavel, and the *Supposiii* of Ariosto. In

all the comedies of these times, prevailing customs are little regarded, and religious persons and opinions are treated with no great civility; but we find in many of them, the wit of Plautus in all its amenity, and that inimitable comick humour, sought in vain in the Italian comedies of later times;—that wit, we mean, which, to use the expression of Horace, *quatit populum risu.*

This laughter, however, did not arise from the ridiculousness of the incidents only, but from the vivacity of the style and expressions; and it must be confessed, that single Italian authors, especially those of the last century, having wished to proscribe the common use of the Tuscan dialect, and to limit themselves to that only, which they call the general language of Italy, it has been impossible for them to write with the same force and vivacity. This is, in our opinion, a great evil. The Tuscan dialect, which contains in itself this pretended general language of Italy, abounds in many forms of expression of uncommon elegance, great delicacy, and a refinement truly Attick. It is impossible to imagine a language better adapted to comedy than this. The Italian authors of the last age have endeavoured to bring into disrepute, and even to hold up to ridicule, this admirable dialect, and the result has been, that all the Italian comedies, since then, have been cold and insipid.

But let us return to the comedy of the fourteenth century.

"The Italian comedy of this period," says Ginquené, "was without doubt imperfect, but still it was comedy. We [the French] were even worse. A man appeared in our nation, whose conception of what constituted true comedy was more correct than that of any who had preceded him. But before Moliere, and even during his time, where could be found a comedy which could be compared with the *Calandria*, *Mandragora*, or the best theatrical pieces of Ariosto, and many others? After Moliere the case is widely different; the French comedy, that is, the comedy of character and manners, prevailed. The Italians themselves have since imitated him, who, from their writers alone, had drawn the most profound secrets of his art; and that art has been brought to perfection on their theatre, as well as on our own. Let us treat them with more justice than we have hitherto done; but let them be equally just towards us. Let us confess that the Italians were the first to revive good comedy; and let them own that we have since surpassed them. Their comedies of the sixteenth century are superiour to any, which at that time existed in any part of

Europe, and approach near to the models, which they laboured to imitate; but the place, which belongs to the author of the *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*, must be assigned not only above their best comick poets, but even above those of the ancients."

Another kind of dramatick poetry arose towards the close of the sixteenth century, that glorious era of Italian resuscitation. This was the Pastoral Fable, which pourtrays, as our author justly remarks, the enchantment and the innocence of that imaginary period, which we call the golden age; the primitive, or rather the refined purity of the sentiments of love; and the romantick events arising from that tender passion. After many attempts, more or less fortunate, a great man, who had received the palm for epick poetry, also bore it away in the pastoral drama. Tasso composed his *Aminta*, and so much did he excel in this kind of writing, that he carried it at once to perfection. Guarini followed him, and even dared to contend with him for a prize; and we must confess, that, if he does not equal him in smoothness and correctness of style, he is not inferiour in some passages, where he endeavours to paint the passions, and to expose to view the mysterious working of the human heart.

An invention which also belongs to Italy, which may be referred to the same age, and which forms a great epocha in the most enchanting of the arts, is the musical drama. The union of musick and poetry is very ancient. Among the Greeks, tragedy itself was sung, and accompanied with instruments. This custom was imparted by them to the Latins, but it quickly passed away after the invasion of the barbarians. The world owes to Tuscany the revival of theatrical musick. The court of Florence, which piqued itself upon surpassing in splendour all other courts, gave the first example of those mythological representations, in which a union of all the fine arts offered to the imagination a most magnificent and alluring spectacle.

"But a great step still remained to be taken, before the musical drama should arrive at that state of perfection, to which it was soon after carried. In the narrative, and even in the dialogue of the intermediate parts, every thing was sung by many voices in the style of madrigals. These pieces succeeded each other without any connexion or transition. The singing ceased, and began again in the same strain, and the representations were conducted by various persons, in a kind of musical language, which accom-

odated itself to the rapidity of the dialogue, and supplied the place of declamation, without ceasing to be musick. Emilio 'del Cavalliere is said to have attempted in Florence, in 1590, the first play in which the action was continued, divided into scenes, and the whole set to musick. He wrote, after this manner, two pastorals, entitled, the *Despair of Filenus* and the *Satyr*."

The society, calling themselves the friends of the arts, sought with indefatigable zeal, to form that continued declamation, which the Greeks called *melopea*. The young poet, Octavius Rinuccini, James Peri, a learned writer, and Julius Caccini, a celebrated singer, after much study and various attempts, produced at last a kind of melopea, by setting the declamations to musick. They made a trial of it in the pastoral of *Daphne*, written by the first, and set to musick by the two last. After a short time they composed another piece from the fable of Eurydice and Orpheus; which was performed with great splendour in the year 1600, at the celebration of the marriage of Maria de Medici with Henry IV. The effect which it produced was beyond description. They knew not what name to give to this new species of declamation, and finally called it recitative, that is, proper for dramatick narrations. In 1608, Rinuccini wrote a third lyrick drama, entitled *Arianna*, which is now considered a model. It was set to musick by Claudius Monteverde. To the Tuscans, then, we are indebted for the invention of the regular lyrick drama, and theatrical musick, in which the musical pieces are happily united into a continued composition by the intervention of the musical declamation.

It still remained to bring forward the musical comedy, and the comick opera. Horatio Vecchi, a Modanese, at the same time a poet and musician first added this kind of performance to the others, towards the close of the sixteenth century. He published his *Anti-parnassus*, a musical comedy, in 1597. Ginquené closes his volume with the following remarks, by which it may be seen what obligations modern nations have been under to Italy, and how many sources of pleasure and refinement it has afforded.

"In the dramatick art generally," says he, "this remarkable age of Leo X, left something to be done by those which succeeded; but if we cast a glance on the picture which Italy here presents, we shall see, that without mentioning the melo drama, and its connexion with the arts, it had tragedies founded on history,

as well as fictitious, full of interesting and terrible incidents; that it had comedies of character and plot, in which vice and folly were represented as they should be; that it had, finally, pastorals abounding in delicacy, imagination, and beauty. It created and retained these treasures, and had increased them even to excess, before a single dramatick performance had appeared on any other theatre in Europe, which was in any degree distinguished for genius, reason, or sentiment.

Preamble to a letter from the Dey of Algiers to the President of the U. S. Translated from the Arabick.

[This curious specimen of the modern regal style of the East, was sent to us from the Mediterranean, by a gentleman who was at Algiers soon after the Dey's letter was written, and who was acquainted with our consul in that place. We can vouch, therefore, for its genuineness, and the accuracy of the translation.]

WITH the aid and assistance of Divinity, and in the reign of our Sovereign, the Asylum of the world, powerful and great monarch, transactor of all good actions, the best of men, the shadow of God, Director of the Good Order, king of kings, supreme ruler of the world, emperour of the earth, emulator of Alexander the Great, possessor of great forces, sovereign of the two worlds, and of the seas, king of Arabia and Persia, emperour, son of an emperour, and conqueror, *Mahmood Kan*, (may God end his life with prosperity, and his reign be everlasting and glorious,) his humble and obedient servant, actual sovereign, governour, and chief of Algiers, submitted forever to the order of his imperial Majesty's noble throne, *Omar Pasha* (may his government be happy and prosperous) ;—

To his Majesty the emperour of America, its adjacent and dependent provinces and coasts, and wherever his government may extend, our noble friend, the support of kings of the nations of Jesus, the pillar of all Christian sovereigns, the most glorious amongst the princes, elected amongst many lords and nobles, the happy, the great, the amiable James Madison, emperour of America, (may his reign be happy and glorious, and his life long and prosperous,) wishing him long possession of the seat of his blessed throne, and long life and health, amen ;—hoping that your health is in good state, I inform you that mine is excellent (thanks to the Supreme Being,)

constantly addressing my prayers to the Almighty for your felicity, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translation of the Ninth Satire of Boileau.

This Satire is perfectly in the taste of Horace, and is by far the most powerful of any which have yet been presented to our readers. Modern literature perhaps possesses nothing comparable to it; for though Byron's Satire has equal severity of invective, and occasionally the same force of antithesis, yet it is destitute of that wonderful ingenuity of plan, which is almost peculiar to the productions of the author before us. Under the pretext of censuring his own faults, M. Boileau here adroitly exposes to ridicule a crowd of authors, who had coarsely expressed their indignation at being attacked in his former Satires. From beginning to end, he carries on a sharp dialogue with his own mind, and in the midst of their mutual reproaches, repartees, and rejoinders, some how or other, every body else fares worse than the angry disputants themselves.[1]

Look ye, my mind! a lecture I *must* read,
Your faults I'll bear no more—I won't indeed!
Too long already has my bending will
Allow'd your tricks and insolence their fill;
But since you've push'd my patience to the last,
Have at you now! I'll blow a wholesome blast.
Why what! to see you in that ethic mood,
Like Cato, prating about bad and good,
Judging who writes with merit, and who not,
And teaching reverend doctors what is what,
One would suppose, that covered over quite
With darts of Satire ready wing'd for flight,

1 After writing the above introduction, we found in the Geneva quarto edition of 1716, the following encomium, which, while it justifies, at the same time far transcends our own.

"This Satire is without contradiction the finest of the whole, and exceeds all the others for art, invention, and finesse. In one word, we may boldly put it in competition with, and perhaps even in preference to every thing of the most perfect in its kind, with which antiquity has furnished us."

To you the sole prerogative was given,
To hector every mortal under heaven.
But have a care—with all that high pretence,
I know the worth of both your wit and sense.
All your defects, in all their black amount,
As easy as my fingers I can count.
Ready I am to burst with laughter—when
I see you snatch your weak and sterile pen,
And with that censor-air, sit sternly down,
To wield the scorpion and reform the town;
More rough and biting in your satires far
Than angry scolds, or Gautier[2] at the bar.
But come—a moment's parley let us hold,
Say whence you got that freak so madly bold?
How *could* you dare attempt in verse to shine,
Without one glance of favour from the Nine?
Say, if on you those inspirations roll,
Which stir the waters of the godlike soul?
Tell how that rash fool-hardy spirit grew—
Has Phoebus made Parnassus plain for you?
And have you yet the dreadful truth to learn
That on that mount, where sacred splendours burn,
He who comes short of its remotest height,
Falls to the ground in ignominious plight,
And severed far from Horace and Voiture,
Crawls round the bottom—with the Abbé Pure?[3]
Yet still, if all that I can do or say,
Can neither frighten nor persuade away
The dire approaches of that villain-sprite,
Which tempts your sad infirmity—to write—
Why make your scribbling then a gainful thing,
[4]And chaunt the glories of our conqueror-king;
So shall your whims and follies swell your purse,
And every year shall fructify your verse,
While by your thriving Muse is duly sold
An ounce of smoke, for full its weight in gold.

[2] Claude Gautier, a famous advocate, and excessively biting in his recriminations. Hence he obtained the nickname of The Scold. When a pleader wished to intimidate his opponent, he used to say, "I'll let Gautier loose upon you."

[3] To account, once for all, for the unrelenting severity, with which this person is hunted by our author, let it be observed, that the Abbé de Pure had circulated some black and unprovoked calumnies against Boileau, which deserved no less than the retaliation they received.

[4] The successes of Louis XIV, called forth a swarm of inferiour poets, who sought that celebrity from their theme, which they never could gain of themselves.

'Ah tempt me not, I hear you thus reply,
In vain such splendid tasks my hand shall try.
It is not every dabbler that can strike
So high a chord, and thunder, Orpheus-like;
Not every one can fill the glowing page,
With scenes, where Discord swells and bursts with rage,
Where hot Bellona, thundering, shrieking, calls,
[5]And frightened Belgium shrinks behind her walls,
On such high themes, without a throb of fear,
[6]Racan may chaunt—since Homer is not here.
But lack-a-day! for me and poor Cotin,[7]
Who rhyme by chance, and plunge through thick and thin,
We, who turn'd poets only on the plan
Of meanly finding all the fault we can,
By crouds of schoolboys through our praise is sung,
Our *safest* way we find—to hold our tongue.
Strains, worthy of a flatterer and a dunce
Degrade both author and the king at once.
In short, for me such subjects are the worst—
My capabilities they sure would burst.'
'Tis thus, my mind, you lazily affect
The outward semblance of a chaste respect,
While dark malignity, that pois'nous sin,
Broods, rankling, with a double pow'r within.
But grant, that if you sung such high-wrought things,
The lofty flight would melt your vent'rous wings,
Were it not better and far nobler, say,
Among the clouds to throw your life away,

[5] The king had just taken Lisle, and made himself, in the same campaign, master of several other cities in Flanders.

[6] This compliment is either too high, or posterity is very unjust to this French Homer. Racan however was "un Poete estimé"

[7] The reader may remember, that in the third Satire, the author expresses his fondness of good accommodation at the dinner-table, by declaring that he wished for

As much elbow room to indulge himself in,
As Cassagne had at church, or the Abbé Cotin.

Cassagne had the good sense to testify no resentment against the author. Not so with Cotin. He could not endure that his pulpit talents should be contested. In order to have his revenge, he wrote a bad Satire against Boileau, in which he reproaches him, as if it were a great crime, for having imitated Horace and Juvenal. He also published an essay on the Satires of the times, in which he charged our author wth having done the greatest injuries, and imputed to him imaginary crimes. This only provoked a new tissue of railleries, of which the above is one, and Moliére being made a party in the game, the reputation of Cotin at length sunk under the contest.

Than thus to sally on the king's high road,
And slash about in that unchristian mood,
Rhyming and scoffing, as you daily do,
Insulting those, who never speak to you,
Rashly endang'ring others and yourself,
And all to load your publisher with pelf?
Perhaps you think, puff'd up with senseless pride,
To march with deathless Horace, side by side.
Ev'n now you hope, that on your rhymes obscure
[8]Future Saumaises will the rack endure.
But think what numbers well receiv'd at first,
Have had their foolish expectations curst!
How many flourish for a little date,
Who see their pack'd-up verses sold by weight!
To day, your writings, gathering wide renown,
From hand to hand spread briskly through the town;
A few months hence, despite their matchless worth,
Powder'd with dust, and never nam'd on earth,
They to the grocer's swell that solemn train,
Led on by Serré,[9] and by Neuf-Germain,[10]
Or, at Port-Neuf[11] perhaps, all gnaw'd about,
Lie with their leaves defac'd and half torn out.
Ah! the fine thing, to see your works engage
A loit'ring lacquey, or an idle page,
Or make, perchance, convey'd to some dark nook,
A second volume to Savoyard's book.[12]
Should fate allow, by some goodnatur'd whim,
Your verses on the stream of time to swim,
Fulfilling, centuries hence, your spiteful vow,
To load with hisses poor Cotin, as now—
Of what avail will be the future praise
Which men may lavish in those distant days,
If in your life-time now that trick of rhyme
Blacken your conscience with repeated crime?
Where is the use to scare the publick so?
Why will you make each sorry fool your foe?

[8] Claude Saumaise, an excellent critick and commentator.

[9] This is that miserable writer, of whom, in the third Satire, the country nobleman exclaims,

"La Serré's the author of authors for me!"

[10] Neuf-Germain is described as a ridiculous and extravagant poet.

[11] This was a place in Paris, where books were exposed to sale as waste paper.

[12] Savoyard used to sing songs about the streets of Paris, and at length *he* must publish his "New Collection of the Songs of Savoyard, as sung by himself at Paris!"

Why draw down many a secret hearty curse,
Merely to show your talent at a verse?
What demon tempts you to the vain display
Of proving out how well you can inveigh?
You read a book—and if it does not strike,
Who forces you to publish your dislike?
Pray let a dunce in quiet meet his lot—
Shall not an author unmolested rot?
[13]*Jonas*, in dust, lies wither'd from our sight,
David, though printed, has not seen the light;
[14]*Moses* is stain'd with right Mosaick mould
Along the margin of each musty fold.
How can *they* harm? those who are dead are dead;
Shall not the tomb escape your hostile tread?
What poison have they pour'd within your cup,
That you should rake their slumbering ashes up,
[15]Perrin, and Bardin, Pelletiere, Hainaut,
Titreville, Coltet, Pradon, and Quinaut,
Whose names forever to some rhyme you hitch,
Like staring image in sepulchral niche?
You say you hate the nonsense they produce,
And that you're wearied out—a fine excuse!
Have they not wearied out both court and king?
Yet who indictments has presum'd to bring?
Has the least edict, to avenge their crime,
Silenc'd the authors, or suppress'd the rhyme?
Let write who will. All at this trade may lose
Freely what paper and what ink they choose.
[16]Let a romance, whose volumes number ten,
Dismiss its hero—heaven alone knows when—
Yet who can charge it with a single flaw
Against the statute or the common law?

13 The three poems, over which a requiem is sung in these three lines, were all the productions of different authors, and never had one breeze of success.

14 The line in the original is,

"La Moïse commence à moisir par les bords."

Since the pun could not be exactly translated, we have ventured to supply its place with an inferiour one, together with a reinforcement of alliterations.

15 Indifferent poets, who had at various times incurred the humour of our author in his satires.

16 The romances of Cyrus, Clelia, and Pharamond each extended to ten volumes.

Hence to this wild impunity we owe
Those tides of authors which forever flow,
Whose annual swell has never ceas'd to drown,
Time out of mind, this trash-devoted town.
Hence not a single gate-post guards a door,
With puff-advertisements not smother'd o'er.
Fastidious spirit! and will you alone
Without prerogative, with name unknown,
Presume to vindicate Apollo's cause,
Adjust his realm, and execute his laws?
But whilst their works thus roughly you chastise,
Will *yours* be view'd with quite indulgent eyes?
No living thing escapes your rude attack,
Think you no blow of vengeance shall come back?
Ah yes, e'en now methinks some injur'd wright
Exclaims, "Keep out of that mad critic's sight.
"One cannot tell what often ails his brain—
"A paradox—no shrewdness can explain—
"A very boy—an inexperienc'd fool,
"Who rashly grasps at universal rule;
"Who for a pair of well-turn'd verses' ends,
"Would run the risk of losing twenty friends.
"He gives no quarter to the godlike Maid,
"And wants his will by all the world obey'd.
"Is there a faultless pleader at the bar,
"[17] Whose eloquence he does not mock and mar?
"Is there a preacher, brilliant, chaste, and deep,
"At whose discourse he does not go to sleep?
"And who is this Parnassian monarch-lad?
"A beggar, in the spoils of Horace clad!
"[18] Did not one Juvenal, before him, teach
"How few attend Cotin, to hear him preach?
"[19] Those poets both wrote satires upon rhyme,
"And how he fathers upon them his crime!

[17] Our author possessed in a very perfect degree the talent of mimickry. Being a young advocate, his attendance at the courts of justice enabled him to catch the tone and manners of the pleaders there. He was no less an annoyance to all preachers, and all play-actors.

[18] This is the most piercing thrust in the whole Satire. Saint Pavin and the Abbè Cotin, had charged our author with stealing from Horace and Juvenal. The objection was very impertinent, but by making Juvenal talk about the Abbè Cotin, who lived sixteen or seventeen centuries after him, it fell back with tremendous force on the heads of its authors.

[19] It is necessary to remind the mere English reader, that neither Horace nor Juvenal, nor any Latin poet before the dark ages knew any thing of rhyme.

"Behind their glorious names he hides his head;
"'Tis true, those authors I have little read;
"But this I know, the world would get much good,
"If all that slanderous, satirick brood,
"Into the river, (and 'twould be but fair)
"Were headlong plung'd, to make their verses there."
See how they treat you, and the world astound;
And the world deems you as already drown'd.
In vain will some good-natur'd friend essay
To beg for grace, and wipe your doom away.
Nothing can satisfy the jealous wight,
Who reads, and trembles as he reads, in fright,
Thinks that each shaft is aim'd at him alone,
Believing every fault you paint, his own.
You're always meddling with some new affair,
Picking eternal quarrels here and there.
Why are my ears so frequently assail'd
With cries of authors and of fools impal'd?
When will your zeal some due cessation find?
Come now—I'm serious—answer me, my mind!
'My stars!' you answer, 'what a mighty fuss!'
Why do you let your spleen transport you thus?
Must I be hung, for having given once
Or twice, a passing comment on a dunce?
Where is the man, who, when a coxcomb brags,
Of having written a mere piece of rags,
Does not exclaim—you good-for-nothing fool—
You tiresome dunce! you vile translating tool!
Why should such nonsense ever see the day,
Or why such wordy nothings make display?
'Must this be slander call'd, or honest speech?
No, Slander steals more softly to the breach.
Thus, were it made a doubt, for what pretence,
M.... built a convent at his own expense—
M....? cries the slanderer, with a solemn whine,
Why, don't suspect him, he's a friend of mine.
I knew him well before his fortunes grew,
As fine a lacquey, as e'er brush'd a shoe.
His pious heart, and honourable mind
Would give to God—his filchings from mankind."
'There is a sample of your sland'rer's art,
Which stabs, with vast politeness, to the heart.
The gen'rous soul, to such intrigues unknown,
Detests the soft, back-biting, double tone.
But surely, to expose a wretched verse,
Hard as a stone, and dismal as a hearse,

To draw a line 'twixt merit and pretence,
To throttle him, who throttles common sense;
To joke a would-be wit, who wears out you,
This every reader has a right to do.
'A fool at court may every day judge wrong,
And pass unpunish'd through the tasteless throng,
Preferring (so all standards they disturb)
[20]Theophilus to Racan and Malherbe,
Or e'en pretend an equal price to hold
For Tasso's tinsel as for Maro's gold.
'Some understrapper, for a dozen sous,
Who shrinks not from the scorn of publick view,
May go and take his station at the pit,
[21]And cry down Attila with vulgar wit;
Unfit the beauties of the Hun to feel,
He chides those *Vandal* verses of Corneille.
'There's not a varlet-author in this town,
No drudge of pen and ink—no copyist clown,
Who is not ready to assume his stand,
And sternly judge all writings, scale in hand.
Soon as the anxious bard his fortune tries,
He is the slave of every dunce who buys.
He truckles low to every body's whim,
His works must combat for themselves and him.
In preface meek, he gets upon his knees,
To beg *his* candour—whom his verses tease.
In vain—no mercy let the author hope,
When even his judge stands ready with the rope.
'And must *I* only hold my peace the while?
If men *are* fools, shall I not dare to smile?
What harm have my well-meaning verses done,
That furious authors thus against me run?
So far from filching their hard-gotten fame,
I but stepp'd in, and built them up a name.
Had not my verses brought their trash to light,
It would have sunk, long since, to hopeless night.
Where'er my friendly notice had not reach'd,
Who would have known Cotin had ever preach'd?
By Satire's dashes fools are glorious made,
As pictures owe their brilliancy to shade.
In all the honest censures I have brought,
I have but freely utter'd what I thought;

[20] Theophilus, it may be remembered, was a favourite of the good entertainer in the third Satire.

[21] One of Corneille's best dramas.

And they who say I hold the rod too high,
Ev'n they in secret *think* the same as I.
'Still some will murmur—"Sure he *was* to blame,
[22]Where was the need of calling folks by name?
Attacking Chaplain too, so good a man,
[23]Whom Balzac always praises when he can!
'Tis true, had Chaplain taken my advice,
He ne'er had versified, at any price;
In rhyme, he to himself's the worst of foes,
Oh had he always been content with prose!"
"Such is the cant in which they talk away,
But is it not the very thing *I* say?
When to his works I put my pruning-knife,
Pray do I throw rank poison on his life?
My Muse, though rough, adopts the candid plan
Still to disjoin the poet from the man.
Grant him what faith and honour are his due,
Allow him to be civil, modest, true,
Complaisant, soft, obliging, and sincere,
From me not ev'n a scruple shall you hear.
But when I see him as a model shown,
And rais'd and worshipp'd on the poet's throne,
[24]Pension'd far more than wits of greater might,
My bile o'erflows, and I'm on fire to write.
If I'm forbidden what I think to say
In print—then, like the menial in the play,
I'll go and dig the earth, and whisper there,
That ev'n the reeds may publish to the air,
Till every grove, and vale, and thicket hears,
Midas, king Midas, has an ass's ears.
How have my writings done him any wrong?
His powers how frozen, or how chill'd his song?
Whene'er a book first takes the vender's shelf,
Let every comer judge it for himself.

22 One day, the Abbé Victoire met Boileau, and said to him, "Chaplain is one of my friends, and I don't like to have you call him by name in your Satires. It is true, that if he had taken my advice, he would never have written poetry. Prose is much better for his talents." "There it is, there it is!" said our poet, "what do I say more than you? Why am I reproached for saying in verse, what every body else says in prose? I am but the Secretary of the publick."

23 Balzac was a nobleman, and a very popular writer of Letters. Out of about twenty of his volumes, six were filled with letters to Chaplain, and encomiums on his works.

24 Chaplain had in different sinecures and pensions about eight thousand livres per annum.

[25]Bilaine may save it from his book-shop's dust,
Can he prevent a critick's keen disgust?
[26]A minister may plot against the Cid,
And every breath of rapture may forbid,
In vain, all Paris, more inform'd and wise
[27]Looks on Zimené with Rodrigo's eyes.
The whole Academy may run it down—
Still shall it charm and win the rebel town.
But when a work from Chaplain's mint appears,
Straitly his readers all become Linieres.[28]
In vain a thousand authors laud him high,
The book comes forth, and gives them all the lie.
Since then he lives the mark of scorn and glee
To the whole town—pray without chiding me,
Let him accuse his own unhappy verse,
Whereon Apollo has pronounced a curse;
Yes, blame that Muse, that led his steps astray,
His German Muse, trick'd out in French array.
Chaplain! farewell, forever and for aye!"
Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing;
Some smile, but most are outrag'd at its sting.
It gives its author every thing to fear,
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier;[29]
Quit then a path, whose wily power decoys
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natur'd joys.
To themes more gentle be your Muse confin'd,
[30]And leave Feuillet to reform mankind.
'What! give up Satire? thwart my darling drift?
How shall I then employ my rhyming gift?

25 Bilaine was a famous bookseller, who kept his shop in the grand hall of the palace.

26 Corneille having obtained the representation of his famous drama of the Cid, a party was formed against it, at the head of which was the great Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister of France. He obliged the French academy to criticise that play, and their strictures were printed under the title of "Sentiments of the French Academy respecting the Cid."

27 Zimene and Rodrigo—the heroine and the hero of the Cid.

28 Liniere was an author who wrote severely against Chaplain's Maid of Orleans.

29 Regnier was the first who wrote Satires in France. While very young, his verses provoked for him so many enemies, that his father was obliged to chastise him.

30 Feuillet was a preacher excessively severe in his manners, and alarming in his exhortations. He affected singularity in his publick performances.

Pray would you have me daintily explode
My inspiration in a pretty ode?
[31]And vexing Danube in his course superb
Invoke his reeds with pilf'rings from Malherbe?
[32]Save groaning Zion from th' oppressor's rod,
Make Memphis tremble, and the crescent nod?
And passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,
Snatch (undeserv'd!) the Idumean palms?
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,
And sitting, (at my desk,) beneath a beech,
Make Echo with my rustick nonsense screach?
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love
Burn to embrace some Iris from above?
Lavish upon her every brilliant name,
Sun, Moon, Aurora, to relieve my flame?
And while on good round fare I daily dine,
Die in a trope, or languish in a line?
Let whining fools such affectation keep,
Whose driv'ling minds in luscious dulness sleep.
'No, no, dame Satire, chide her as you will,
Charms by her novelties and lessons still.
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet;
And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,
Unmasks and routs the errours of the times;—
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,
And strikes injustice, vice, and pride, with dread.
Her fearless tongue deals caustick vengeance back,
When Reason suffers from a fool's attack.
Thus by Lucilius, when his Lelius bid,
The old Cotins of Italy were chid;
Thus Attick Horace, with his killing leers,
Brav'd and o'erwhelm'd the Roman Pelletieres.
Yes, Satire, boon companion of my way,
Has shewn me where the path of duty lay;
For fifteen years has taught me how to look
With due abhorrence on a foolish book.
And eager o'er Parnassus as I run,
She smiles and lingers, willing to be won,

31 These lines allude to the writings of one Perier, who borrowed and spoilt sentences from Malherbe.

32 It is possible that in these few lines, he has alluded to Tasso's Jerusalem, whose popularity at that time, being carried too far, might have roused Boileau's jealousy for the ancients, and caused in his mind a reaction, both unfavourable and unjust to the Italian poet.

Strengthens my steps, and cheers my path with light,
In short, for her—for her, I've vow'd to write.—
" Yet e'en this instant, if you say I must,
I'll quit her service, willing to be just.
And, if I can but quell these floods of foes,
Suppress the verse whence so much mischief rose.
Since you command—retracting I declare,
[33] *Quinault's* a Virgil! doubt it ye who dare.
[34] *Pradon* shines forth on these benighted times,
More like Apollo, than a thing of rhymes.
[35] To *Pelletiere* a higher palm is due
[36] Than falls to Ablancourt and his Patru;
Cotin draws all the world to hear him preach,
And through the crowds can scarce his pulpit reach;
[37] *Sofal's* the phenix of our wits of fame,
Perrin'.....Well done, my mind, pursue *that* game.
Yet do but see, how all the madden'd tribe
Your very praise to raillery ascribe.
Heaven knows what authors soon, enflam'd with rage,
What wounded rhymesters will the battle wage.
Soon will you see them dart th' envenom'd lie,
Whole storms of slander will against you fly,
Each verse you write be construed to a crime,
And treas'nous aims be charg'd on ev'ry rhyme.
Scarce will you dare to sound your monarch's fame,
Or consecrate your pages with his name;
Who slights Cotin (if we believe *Cotin*)
Has surely done th' unpardonable sin,
A traitor to his king, his faith, his God,
Fit for the hangman, or the beadle's rod.
'But what?' you say, 'can *he* do any harm?
How has Cotin the power to strike alarm?
Can he forbid, what he esteems so high,
Those pensions, which ne'er cost my heart a sigh?

[33] Alluding to the line in the third Satire;

" *Reason says Virgil, but rhyme says Quinault.*"

[34] A writer of tragedies. He affected to be the rival of Racine. He was very ignorant.

[35] See notes on the third Satire, in the N. A. Review, for January.

[36] Ablancourt and Patru were very close friends; both elegant writers.

[37] The author of a manuscript history of the antiquities of Paris, written in a very bombastick style. Some mortifications and disappointments prevented the author from exposing it to the world. Boileau has a cutting verse upon him in the seventh Satire.

No, no, my tongue waits not for sordid ore,
To laud that king, whom friends and foes adore.
Enough that I his praise may feebly speak,
No other honour or reward I seek.
My brush may seem capricious and severe,
While making vice in its own swarth appear,
Or holding up a set of fools to shame,
Who dare to arrogate an author's name.
Yet shall I ever treat with fond respect,
[38] My honoured Liege, with every virtue deck'd."
Yes, yes, you always will, that's very well,
But, think you, will it stop their threat'ning yell?
"Parnassian yells," you say, "I little count,
A fig for all the Hurons on the mount!"
Mon Dieu, take care, fear ev'ry thing, my mind,
From a bad author, furiously inclin'd,
Who, if he chuse, can...." What?"....*I* know full well,
[39] "Bless me, what is it?" .... Hush, I must not tell.
How fair a hand his tints should blend,
How mild an eye on his should bend,

On seeing a Head of Raphael, elegantly copied by a young lady.

When Raphael's genius gave with truth
The pictur'd semblance of his youth,
Had some kind Pow'r but lent his eye
The piercing glance of prophecy,
And shewn him through the mingled shade
By distant climes, and ages made,

[38] When the eighth Satire was published, it met with extraordinary success. The king himself spoke of it several times with great praise. On one of these occasions, the Sieur de St. Mauris, of the horse-guard, told the king, that Boileau had another Satire composed, (the ninth) which was still finer than that, and in which he spoke of his Majesty. The king looked up with an air of surprise and offended dignity, and replied, "a satire, in which he speaks of *me*, say you?" "Yes, Sire," answered St. Mauris, "but with all that respect which is due to your Majesty." The king then expressed a curiosity to see it, and when it was obtained, he admired it beyond measure, and shewed it to several ladies and others about court. This was contrary to Boileau's wishes; but when the poem was so much circulated, that there was danger of a defective copy getting abroad, he resolved to publish it. "Thus," says the commentator, to whom we owe this story, "it may in a manner be said, that this piece came to the publick, through the hands of the king."

[39] All the commentators have left these closing lines in the dark. Perhaps Boileau, too, meant to leave his readers as much perplexed as he did his own mind.

So gay a smile of joy had glow'd,
So rich a light had round him flow'd,
So soft a glance,—so bright a ray
To please—to dazzle—to betray—
That e'en thy pencil's magick trace
Had paus'd to catch that wild'ring grace.
And if the fabled artist fir'd
To love a form that all admir'd,
Gaz'd on the statue he had wrought
With secret pangs of raptur'd thought,
And paid the image of his art
The homage of a captive heart,
E'en thou perchance, hadst danger found,
From brows with such enchantment bound,
And by thy genius to pourtray
The nameless charm, hadst felt its sway;
And by thy work, been taught to know
A shaft like that from Cupid's bow. H.

On the Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

They have watch'd her last and quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown;
They have wrapt her in the robes of death,
And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
Upon that fallen flow'r.—
Nay, start not—'twas the gath'ring wind,
Those limbs have lost their pow'r.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
Over which the faint light plays,
'Tis only the crimson curtains glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye?
And feel the soft pulse decay?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
Which bore her soul away?

She lies on her couch all pale and hush'd,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flow'r by traveller crush'd,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
And the maid is mute and pale—
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is her stiffen'd nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,
And her head is bent in woe,
She shuts her thoughts to joys or harms,
No tear attempts to flow.

But listen! what name salutes her ear?
It comes to a heart of stone;
"Jesus," she cries, "has no power here,
My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o'er the senseless form,
Can his be *less* than a heavenly touch?
The maiden's hand is warm!

And the fresh blood comes with roseate hue,
While death's dark terrours fly,
Her form is rais'd, and her step is true,
And life beams bright in her eye!

Watertown, 1817.

[The author of the following ode has taken the liberty to anticipate a little, and to consider the distinguished scholar, to whom it is addressed, as already on his pilgrimage through those classick regions, "where not a mountain rears its head unsung."]

ODE.

Ad E. E. per Græciam iter tenentem.

O tu, beatæ sortis et arduæ!
Qui nunc fugaces persequeris choros,
Per prata, per valles Achivas,
Pieridum, timidasque Nymphas!

Quo vertis errans? Threïceïs jugis,
Visas opacis robora frondibus,
Ornosve, quæ, chordæ sequaces
Ægrii, saluêre, vatis?

Aut fontis oram Castalii premis,
Haurire tentans, nec vetitâ manu,
Undas sacratas; et Camænis,
De proprio velut amne, libans?

Lustrasve Athenis inclyta Palladis
Delubra; sanctos aut Academiæ
Lucos pererras, et Platonis
Grandiloqui venerare sedes?

Quocunque cursum, per tumidum mare,
Per grata Musis littora, per juga
Flectas, memento patriæ, nam
Te procul, atque domi tuetur.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ART. IX. *The Narrative of Robert Adams, a sailor, who was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in the year* 1810, *was detained three years in slavery by the Arabs of the great Desert, and resided several months in the city of Tombuctoo. With a map, notes, and an appendix.* pp. 200. Boston, Wells & Lilly. 1817.

IN our last number we published a notice of this book, together with a similar narrative, which was taken at Cadiz several months previously to this, expressing at the same time our suspicion, that the whole of that part, which related to the interiour, and particularly to the city of Tombuctoo, was a fabrication. We propose now to examine the subject more at large, and to bring forward such reasons as have induced us from the beginning to regard the story as a fiction, and a gross attempt to impose on the credulity of the publick. To us, indeed, this has appeared so obvious, that we should not think it worthy of any serious examination, had it not excited so much interest, and gained universal belief in England.

The narrative first appeared there in a splendid quarto form; or rather it occupied a small corner in a book of this description; by much the greater part being composed of introductory details, copious explanatory notes by various hands and on various subjects, elaborate concluding remarks in defence of the story and the notes, together with two learned and well written appendices, which have no connexion with any other part of the book. It was sent into the world, also, under the sanction of some of the most distinguished

men in England, as will be seen from the following notice, taken from the editor's Introductory Details.

"The story having come to the knowledge of Earl Bathurst, the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Major General Sir Willoughby Gordon, the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, John Barrow, Esq. George Harrison, Esq. Henry Goulburn, Esq. M. P. and other members of the government, who interest themselves in African affairs, and they having expressed a desire to see Adams, he waited upon them in person, and the Narrative was at the same time transmitted to them for perusal. It is unnecessary to give stronger evidence of the general impression derived from this investigation, than is afforded by the fact, that the Lords of the Treasury were pleased to order the poor man a handsome gratuity for his equipment and passage home;—and Sir Willoughby Gordon in a letter, which the editor had subsequently the honour to receive from him, expressed his opinion in the following words;—'The perusal of his statement, and the personal examination of Adams, have entirely satisfied me of the truth of his deposition. If he should be proved an impostor, he will be second only to Psalmanazar.'"

Thus supported, the narrative gained credit every where, and made an article in almost every periodical publication in the British dominions. It was gravely and elaborately reviewed in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and the latter in particular entered into a manful defence of its most glaring absurdities. Considered in this light, it assumes an importance, and deserves a notice, to which it would not otherwise be entitled.

In other views, also, the subject is not without claims to our attention. During these twenty years past an uncommon enthusiasm has prevailed on the other side of the Atlantick, particularly in England, on the subject of Africa. The peculiar condition of this ill fated country has called into action at the same time two of the most powerful principles of the human mind, sympathy and curiosity. The noble design of abolishing from the earth the detestable traffick in human blood, which was prompted by the philanthropy and prosecuted by the zeal of a few great men—the results of the investigations which took place in consequence of this design—the wrongs, oppressions, and cruelties, which were found to be practised on an inoffensive and unprotected race of beings—their intellectual degradation—their wretched state of exis-

tence, arising from an entire ignorance of the arts of civilized life, and of the first principles of moral and religious obligations ;—all these have operated powerfully in touching the springs of benevolent feeling, and exciting a generous wish that these unhappy people might be relieved from this burden of wretchedness—made acquainted wish the joys and comforts of social life, and the cheering hopes and influences of Christianity.

These causes have excited a desire of making more particular inquiries into the geography of the interiour, and the condition and character of the inhabitants. But such inquiries have only increased, without satisfying curiosity. All here is mysterious and uncertain. The Romans are said to have crossed the great desert, and penetrated as far as the Niger, but no European in modern times, if we except Leo Africanus, has advanced so far in this direction, or been able to bring, from the most interesting part of the interiour, any correct information. Several individuals, within a few years past, have fallen a sacrifice to the ardour of their zeal in attempting to prosecute discoveries into these unknown and inhospitable regions. Among them we have to lament our unfortunate countryman, Ledyard, who, in native love of adventure, and persevering energy of character, has probably never been surpassed. But the world has seldom united in stronger feelings of sympathy for the fate of any individual, than that of Park, "the flower of modern chivalry," and the most enthusiastick practical advocate for African emancipation. We are not more astonished at the irresistible curiosity and unabated ardour of this bold adventurer, than at his coolness and deliberation on the approach of danger, his patient endurance of suffering, and calm resignation to the most disastrous and appalling events that could await him. From him we have learned more concerning the interiour of Africa, than from every other traveller. The grand object of his first mission was to discover the direction and termination of the Niger, and to gain some definite knowledge of the great central mart of Africa. This object he accomplished but in part. After many perils and sufferings, he succeeded in discovering the Niger, and travelled several days along its banks,—but prudence prevented his proceeding as far as Tombuctoo, and all the knowledge he gained of that city was derived from the authority of others.

Nothing was known with certainty of the kingdom or city of Tombuctoo till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Leo Africanus wrote his description of Africa. He was a native of Spain, and going over to Africa during the political disasters of his country, he travelled in various parts of the interiour, and resided for some time at Tombuctoo. He gives a full and apparently honest account of this city, and represents it as a place of great importance, and the capital of an extensive and powerful empire. It was the residence of the king, who possessed vast wealth, and was surrounded with splendour and magnificence. The king's palace and a stately mosque were built of stone and lime by an artist from Spain, and many of the other buildings were also of the same materials. He speaks of merchants of great wealth residing there, and of a trade being carried on by means of caravans from Barbary, and through the port Kabra, to almost every part of Africa.

This account of Leo has always been credited, though he has sometimes been found a fallible guide in geography. It was requisite from the nature of his work, that he should relate many things on the authority of others, and he was thus occasionally led into errours;—but when he speaks from personal observation, we have no reason to doubt his veracity or suspect his honesty. Succeeding researches have generally verified his statements. What he says of the power of the king of Tombuctoo, and the consequent importance of his dominions, was confirmed fifty years afterwards by Marmol, a Spanish writer, who had been taken prisoner and carried into the interiour of Africa. "The cheriff, Mahomet," says he, "in the height of his prosperity, [1540] had thoughts of conquering this and other kingdoms of the blacks, as had been done in former ages by the Leptunes. He set forward with a thousand eight hundred horse, and an infinite number of camels, loaded with ammunition and provision; but being informed, that the king of Tombut was marching to meet him with *three hundred thousand men*, he made his way back to Tarudant." Marmol says he was himself in this expedition.

The French at Galam, a settlement on the Senegal, received similar accounts relative to Tombuctoo from the Mandingo merchants, who went annually on a trading expedition to

that city.* They spoke of the merchandize collected there from various parts as immense, and described the articles, which were commonly brought from the northern parts. This description agreed entirely with the truth, as was ascertained by M. Brue, who several times saw the caravans set out from Tripoli to cross the desert.

What we have here related, we believe, is the substance of all that was known of Tombuctoo for nearly three hundred years,—from the beginning of the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century.

This was not a period very auspicious for African improvement. The want of enterprize in Europe, resulting from the decline of ten centuries, left men without motives either of interest or curiosity sufficient for prompting them to extend their researches into a country, which was known only for its deserts, and the piracies, barbarism, and stupidity of its inhabitants. And when the mind again recovered its energies in the more civilized parts of the world, it was long occupied with objects less remote and less doubtful. The revival of letters in Europe—the resuscitation of commerce—the formation of political establishments—the new relations, which were beginning to exist between different nations,—all these afforded sufficient scope for the noblest exertions of intellect, and the grandest schemes of enterprize. When the changes, arising from these, ceased to attract by their novelty, and to awaken attention by their importance, the new world, which had lately been discovered, was a theatre amply capacious for carrying into effect any adventurous project. The tide of discovery turned wholly in this direction. To ascend the rivers and penetrate the interiour of this unknown region—to traverse its forests—explore its lakes—and clamber to the summits of its mountains, were exploits of no ordinary hazard or trifling fame. New bays, and islands, and straits were daily added to the charts of the mariner—till finally the project of a northwest passage absorbed every other. This spirit of discovery gave rise to the grand expeditions under Cook, and the valuable acquisitions of Bougainville—the disastrous fate of La Perouse, and the ill success of D'Entrecasteaux.

The commercial, scientifick and political world were equal-

* Nouvelle Relation d' Afrique, par Labat, Tom. iii, p. 661, et suiv.

ly engaged in these enterprizes, and the idle and curious gazed with admiration, because they saw nothing more wonderful to admire. But when these had lost their novelty and their motives, the active spirit, which had prompted to them, did not slumber. The accumulated ills of Africa, as well as the natural disadvantages and privations to which it is subjected, had already awakened the sympathy of the friends of humanity. It became now the object of general attention and interest. The travels of Bruce, Valiant, Barrow, Lucas, and Horneman were read with eagerness, although the knowledge they gave respecting the interiour, and the state of Africa in general, was exceedingly limited. The old account of the wealth and magnificence of Tombuctoo was revived—and various speculations were raised for the purpose of solving that great geographical problem, the course and termination of the Niger.

The first regular and well digested account of Tombuctoo, and its trade with the Barbary states, was published by Mr. Jackson in his description of Morocco. He resided many years in that country, and obtained his information respecting the interiour, as he says, by a long series of inquiries, and from sources on which he could rely. He had himself received caravans of merchandize from Tombuctoo, and seems to have succeeded in drawing information from the traders, without awakening their apprehensions, or exciting their jealousy. These people have always looked with a jealous eye on those inquisitive Europeans, who have made inquiries, which in any way affected their commercial concerns, and have been often induced for these reasons to make false representations. No one had thought of questioning the general truth of Mr. Jackson's account, till the new story of Adams made its appearance, with such high pretensions and under so imposing a form,—but then, as a thing of course, it began to be believed erroneous.

We have conversed on this subject with Mr. Court, an English gentleman, who has resided in a mercantile capacity more than twenty years at Mogadore. He speaks in the most unqualified terms of the correctness of Jackson's statements in what relates to Morocco, and assures us, that what he has said of the interiour was derived from the very best authorities, and such as might, in most cases, be relied on with confidence. Mr. Court has been frequently engaged in an intercourse

with merchants from Tombuctoo, and what he has been able to learn from them corresponds entirely with the account given by Jackson. He says there are regular trading establishments in Morocco connected with others in that city, and that caravans are passing more or less frequently every year.

From what Mr. Jackson could learn, as well as from the uniform testimony of the caravan merchants in other parts, this city is of great extent—the emporium of central Africa—the resort of traders from every part of the continent—inhabited by people from different countries, all of whom are tolerated in their religious belief and worship—the soil productive, and the climate favourable. This is a general outline, and as such it disagrees entirely with the story of Adams;—this story, in fact, has scarcely a single point of resemblance to any other discription which has been given, either ancient or modern.

We come now to a more immediate examination of the narrative under consideration. From what has been said of the present state of knowledge on the subject, our readers will be able to judge with some accuracy of the degree of credit, which ought to be attached to any novel pretensions. We take it for granted, that, as far as internal evidence is concerned, the Cadiz and London narratives are to be considered of equal value,—or if any difference exist, it will be in favour of the former, as this was taken more than a year before the other, when the recollection of the narrator must have been more vivid than at so long a time afterwards. We propose to compare these narratives in some of their more important parts, and to point out discrepancies, which we believe are alone sufficient effectually to destroy the credibility of both.

At the very outset we are presented with a difficulty, which seems incapable of solution, and which goes very far towards overthrowing the whole story. When at Cadiz, Adams represented the shipwreck to have taken place near Cape Noon, in latitude twenty eight degrees north, but at London he makes it happen at Cape Blanco, five hundred miles farther south. The London editor has consequently begun at this latter point on the map to trace the route of Adams according to his representation of courses and distances, and finds that such a route must approach near the known position of Tombuctoo, and come out near Wednoon where it ought to terminate.

But let us trace the same line from Cape Noon, and we shall not approach within four hundred miles of the city, and shall come out, not to the place where we started, as we ought, but into the Mediterranean near Algiers. If the wreck actually took place, therefore, at Cape Noon, it is obvious, that the formal detail of courses and distances, in making which Adams was so particular and so obstinate, is a mere fabrication. But, disconnected with his own statements, which are in this particular contradictory, and therefore of no weight, there is every reason for believing, that the ship was stranded at this place. It is a fact well established, that no wrecks have been known to happen on this coast much south of Cape Bajador, in latitude twenty six north. Mr. Court was very positive that during the twenty five years, in which he has resided at Mogadore, there has been no instance of a shipwreck south of this point;—wrecks had not been unfrequent, but they uniformly happened between Cape Bajador and Cape Noon. The same remark is made by Jackson, who adds, that the coast between these capes is subject to an almost perpetual haziness, which prevents mariners from seeing the land, till they are driven ashore by a strong current setting from the west. Adams mentions a haziness, and a violent surf at the place of his shipwreck. Captain Riley, whose narrative has lately interested the publick, was wrecked on this coast, and his description corresponds exactly with what is here related.

It is essential to remark, that in his first narrative at Cadiz, Adams was quite as particular in mentioning the directions, distances, and times of his different journeyings across the desert, as he was afterwards at London, but there is scarcely a single point of agreement between the two accounts. The whole distance, according to the first, would not take him but little more than half way from the sea coast to the city of Tombuctoo, if the line were traced from Cape Noon,—and if from Cape Blanco, it would extend south, instead of east, as it ought, quite across the Senegal, nearly as far as the Gambia. There is no mode of reconciling those differences, nor any way of accounting for them, except by supposing the whole of this part of the narratives to be a tissue of inventions, brought forward in this positive manner to give plausibility to the pretended intervening incidents. It seems very probable, that before he went to London, he had discovered the blunders of his first statements, and learnt to adapt his distan-

ces to his places ;*—for Mr. Storrow, the gentleman who examined him at Cadiz, assures us that while there, Adams was not the stupid, unthinking, simple being, which we are led to suppose him from the remarks of the London editor. He was shrewd, intelligent, and proud, and valued himself highly on the reputation of having been at Tombuctoo. He saw it gave him consequence, and was disposed to take advantage of it.

From the sea coast to Tombuctoo there is a general resemblance in the outlines of the two narratives, but much is added

* We shall here insert a table, which was made by the English editor, from the London narrative,—and on the next page one, which we have collected from the narrative at Cadiz. It will require but a single glance to discover that they are totally dissimilar—and few probably will desire stronger evidence of their both having been fabricated when the narratives were taken.

LONDON NARRATIVE.

	Days.	Course.	Dist in m.
Travelling to the Douar in the desert,	30	E.¼ S.	450
To *Soudenny*, - - -	17	S. S. E.	340
To a village in the interiour, -	10	E.	200
To Tombuctoo - - -	15	E. by N.	300
Distance in miles to Tombuctoo,			1290
Up the river La Mar Zarah -	10	E. N. E.	180
From the river to Taudeny -	13	N.	234
To Woled Doleim, - -	31	N. W.	464
— El Kabla, - - -	2	N. by W.	30
— Woled Abousebàh, - -	9	N. E.	162
— Woled Adrialla, - -	6	N. N. W.	150
— Aiata Mouessa Ali, - -	3	N. W.	54
— Wednoon, - - -	5		80
— Akkadia - - - - -	1	N.	30
— Mogadore, - - -	11		240
Distance from Tombuctoo to Mogadore in miles,			1624
Staid on the sea coast, - -	14		
At the town in the interiour, -	30		
In concealment near Soudenny -	11		
At Soudenny, - - - -	4		
At Taudeny, - - -	14		
At Tombuctoo—six months,			

to the last, which is not found in the first, by way of eking out and giving it an air of the marvellous. In the former he says the captain died of fatigue and exhaustion,—in the latter he gives a particular account of his having been murdered by the Arabs. A more romantick description is here found, also, of the adventurous expedition to Soudenny for the purpose of stealing negroes ;—he talks of a "remarkably ugly negro chief"—enlarges on the dress, manners, and amusements of the inhabitants, their weapons of warfare, the higher and lower orders of people, their houses and furniture, and many other things, which appear to be rather the answers to detached questions, than a continuous voluntary relation.

He tells a story of a certain tribe of negroes near Soudenny, who have large holes in the cartileges of their noses, in which they wear gold rings. He had probably seen people of this description in the south of Morocco, and learnt that they came from beyond the desert. Mr. Jackson mentions hav-

CADIZ NARRATIVE.

	Days.	Course.	Dist. in m.
From the sea coast to the town in the interiour, - - -		S.E. by E.	80
To Soudenny, - -	18	S.E. by S.	270
— Tombuctoo, - -	16	S. E.	320
Distance to Tombuctoo - -			670
Up the river La Parsire -	8	E.	100
From the river to Taudeny, -	10	N. by W.	140
—— to Heligobla [El Kabla] -	12	N. W.	168
—— to Lagossa, - -	15	N.W.byW.	150
—— Wednoon, - -	15	N.E.byN.	150
—— Mogadore,	8		120
Distance from Tombuctoo to Mogadore, - - -			828
Staid on the sea coast -	30		
At the town in the interiour, -	60		
At Soudenny, - - -	1		
At Tombuctoo—nine months, -			
At Taudeny, - - -	4		

ing seen in this part of Morocco, a number of negroes from Wargarra ornamented in this way.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into a minute examination of his description of Tombuctoo,—we can only mention some of the more important particulars, from which the merits of the whole may be easily estimated. Both narratives, in what relates to this city, have the appearance of having been extorted by a series of questions, which being necessarily on kindred topicks, often received similar answers, because it would be impossible, without direct contradiction, to answer them otherwise. But there are many striking disagreements, and such as could not have arisen from forgetfulness or want of observation.

At London he describes the king and queen as old, grey-headed personages,—but Mr. Storrow, who questioned him very particularly on this point, is confident that he told him the king was a man in middle life, robust and active. In his answers concerning the king's family and court, upon which he was closely questioned, he never mentioned a queen or any female of distinction. Had he really seen the extraordinary Fatima, dressed in the manner he describes, it is not likely he would have passed her over at that time without notice. It will be in place here to remark, that in all his answers relating to his residence at Tombuctoo, Mr. Storrow found him exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory, and was often obliged to put his questions in a variety of forms before he could collect from him any thing definite on the subject of inquiry.

There is nothing more extraordinary or improbable, perhaps, in the whole story, than what he says of the character and occupations of the king. All the mercantile concerns of the city are represented as being transacted by him individually. He is the only acting merchant, and his palace the only warehouse in his dominions. Now all this is exceedingly absurd,—and if we reflect on the immense trade which is known to be carried on here by caravans from every part of Africa—from the borders of the Red Sea—from Egypt, Barbary, and the western coast—and probably by an extensive inland navigation on the Niger, we shall not hesitate to say it is absolutely impossible. With Barbary alone the trade is sufficient to employ constantly a large number of acting merchants—and to pretend that the whole comes under the personal inspection of an individual, and he a king, who is at

the same time sole governour, law-maker, and judge, is a tax on our credulity, which we cannot conceive any one in his right mind will consent to pay. Besides, Mr. Dupuis himself, who is a very strong advocate for Adams, says he has always understood from the merchants, that there are shops in this city, in which are exposed to sale foreign and domestick commodities. At Sansanding, which we must suppose, from its vicinity to Tombuctoo, bears a strong resemblance in its general character to that city, Mr. Park saw vast numbers of shops and traders' stalls, in which various kinds of merchandise were sold or exchanged. There was, also, "a large space appropriated for the great market every Tuesday, when astonishing crowds of people came from the country to purchase articles in wholesale, which they retailed in the different villages." Finally, we believe there is no instance of a city or village of much size in any part of the world, in which there are not resident merchants engaged in purchasing and vending goods, with such privileges and under such municipal restrictions, as are deemed proper by the government under which they live.

This is a point on which it was not possible for Adams to be mistaken,—he could not be daily in the streets of a large city for nine, or even six months, without learning the occupations of its inhabitants, and being able to describe them minutely,—and if, in attempting to do this, he is inconsistent and absurd, we have the best grounds for supposing him to practise an equal imposition in such particulars as are less obvious, and of which our knowledge is too limited to detect false representation.

The people are said to give no indication of any religious belief or impressions,—they have no forms of worship or religious rites. But this is not to be credited. Great numbers of Mohammedans are constantly visiting the city, and it would be folly to suppose, that many do not live there, especially when we recollect that the place has been, till very lately, if it is not at present, under the government of Moors, or people of Moorish descent. Mr. Dupuis is convinced that Mohammedans reside there, and adds, "it is also generally believed in Barbary, that there are mosques at Tombuctoo." Mr. Park saw Mohammedan negroes on the borders of Bambarra, who read the Koran, and possessed Arabick manuscripts.

In one account, Adams speaks of circumcision as being

universal, and describes the ceremony as being performed with a good deal of pomp;—in the other he intimates, that it was not practised at all among the negroes, for he saw only a few who had been circumcised, and he supposed them to have been in possession of the Moors. These are things in which it would not be possible for him to mistake or forget. The ceremonies of marriage and divorce are also very differently described.

In regard to the occupations of the inhabitants, there are few special disagreements,—and yet there is not much similarity in the representations. The assertion, that no particular classes of people were devoted to mechanical employments of any kind, or to manufactures, wants at least the support of probability. When at London he seems to have been in more of a story telling mood, than when examined the year before—and he has accordingly embellished this last narrative with more curious relations and striking incidents, than the former. But the same want of particularity and definite statement is apparent in both.

The animals, which he describes, are such as are common in Barbary, and such as he might have seen within the confines of Morocco. We will pass over the wonderful stories of the elephant twenty feet high, with *four* enormous tusks, all growing out of the under jaw,—of the curious animal, which had "a hollow in its back like a pocket," as well as some others equally wonderful, and which came near shaking the faith of Sir Joseph Banks, as we believe they were all invented after Adams left Cadiz. Neither can we stop to examine the editor's speculations on the probability of his having mistaken a *calabash* for a *cocoa nut.*

At Cadiz, among other animals, he spoke of horses, and described them as small and weak, and as being "accoutred for riding with a rude sort of packsaddle, and a bridle made of grass rope." In the other narrative he says expressly, *there are no horses,*—and we hardly know how to understand the assertion in the Quarterly Review, in defence of this statement of Adams, that it is conformable to the account given by Leo Africanus. The fact is directly the contrary. It is certain he speaks of a large company of body guards of the king, who were mounted on horses—and also of the courtiers riding on these animals. He says the best horses were brought from Barbary, but the smaller ones were raised at

Tombuctoo.* Horses are common in this part of Africa;—Park found them abundant in Kaarta and Bambarra, and rode on horseback several days in those countries.

No part of the story has excited more speculation, than that in which a river is described as passing westerly within two hundred yards of the city. This part of the narrative, as his editor observes, is peculiarly his own,—no hint has been given any where else, of a river passing in this direction near the city. The Niger has always been mentioned, from the time of Leo Africanus himself, as not approaching within twelve miles of the town,—and it is known also to flow easterly. The editor acknowledges, "that on this fact respecting the river, the credit of Adams is completely pledged." But in our estimation, the contradictions and vagueness, which appear in his several relations at Mogadore, Cadiz, and London, are sufficient to destroy all claims to belief in this instance, even without any farther direct evidence. In his story to Mr. Dupuis at Mogadore, he did not speak of this river as flowing westerly, "but discovered some uncertainty on the subject, observing that he had not taken very particular notice,"—nor did he give it any name. Mr. Dupuis had often heard the traders mention a river near Tombuctoo—but they uniformly described it as running easterly, and he had always understood it to be the Niger. Adams told Mr. Dupuis, also, that "he had seen the natives navigate the river in fleets of from ten to twenty canoes together, that he had been informed they were absent occasionally a month or more, and frequently returned to Tombuctoo laden with slaves and merchandize." At Cadiz, he called the river *La Parsire*, and said, "its waters were clear and of good taste;"—and in speaking of the canoes, he represents them as "used merely for crossing the river, or occasionally for fishing. During my residence at Tombuctoo," he observes, "and subsequent march to the eastward, I never saw any of them ascending or descending the river, or used in any way for the conveyance of baggage or merchandize." At London, the name is transformed into *La Mar Zarah*—the water becomes brackish, and the river is made to assume a decided westerly direction.

There is no authentick account or even tradition of a river running nearer the city than the Niger. In Labat's Col-

* Description d' Afrique, Liv. 7. p. 324.

lection [vol. ii, p. 163] mention is made of a river, by the name of Guien, which is said to run in the vicinity of Tombuctoo,—but no information is given about its source or direction;—and we need only be told, that Labat adopts the opinion of Edrisi and Abulfeda in supposing the Niger to run west, and that in fact he considers it the same as the Senegal, to be convinced of the little credit, which is to be attached to his authority on this subject.

The editor, in his concluding remarks, has levied no ordinary tax on his invention, to prove that Leo Africanus has been misunderstood in what he says of the relative position of the city and the Niger. He labours this point with great parade of learning and philological criticism. He collates the various readings of the Italian, Latin, French, and English translations, and would make it appear that some of them are ambiguous, some unintelligible, and some contradictory; but in our apprehension there is not a clearer passage in the whole Description of Africa, than the one in question. We select the Italian, because this version is allowed to have been made by Leo himself from his original Arabick. Speaking of the city, he says, "Vicina a un ramo del Niger circa a dodici miglia," which in our conception has but one meaning, and that a very obvious one—the city *is about twelve miles from a branch of the Niger.* This is also confirmed afterwards where he describes the port Kabra, as situated on the Niger, *twelve miles from the city.* The editor would have it all mean, "that Tombuctoo is situated on a branch of the Niger, twelve miles from the principal stream," and on this false construction of Leo he rests the credit of Adams, relative to this important part of his narrative, and on which he considers it "completely pledged."

All accounts agree in making Kabra the grand port of trade for all merchandize brought from different countries up or down the river,—but if a navigable river pass by the city, as Adams represents, is it probable that all the commercial business would be transacted at so great a distance? Is it probable, that he would have remained several months so near this great depository of merchandize without hearing of it? Leo says the city was watered by sluices or canals running from the Niger;—would this have been necessary, if a stream of water passed within its precincts?

Park had no hints of such a river, although he was within two hundred miles of Tombuctoo, and received his informa-

tion from an intelligent trader, who had been there seven times, and on whom he seems to place reliance;—but the editor, as well as the writer in the Quarterly Review, affects to treat Park's authority in this particular with very little deference, and assigns as a principal reason, that he did not understand the language of the natives, with whom he conversed. We presume these writers had forgotten, that Park made a long speech in the Bambarra language to Modibinnie, the king's minister, explaining his motives for coming into his master's dominions. This was, to be sure, during his second mission; but it was immediately after his arrival in the country, before he could have had time to learn any thing of the language, had he been ignorant of it when he came there. He must, therefore, have acquired the language during the first mission, and there is no reason for supposing him to have been ignorant of it, when he made his inquiries about Tombuctoo at Silla. Besides, he assures us, "that he received his information from such various quarters, as induced him to believe it authentick."*

The state of government at Tombuctoo is another point in which Adams' story differs from every other account. It has always been represented to be in the hands of the Moors. Park was told at Silla, "that the king [or chief] himself, and the principal officers of state were Moors," and that the Mohammedans there were very zealous in propagating their religion. It is a well known fact in Moorish history, that Tombuctoo was for a long time subject to the emperour of Morocco previous to the death of *Muley Ishmael* in 1727.—After this event the tribute began to be irregularly transmitted, and was finally discontinued. The Moors, stationed in garrison there, had intermarried with the natives, and lost in some degree their attachment for the country of their ancestors,—but still they preserved their influence, their manners, and religion. Jackson observes, and he seems to speak with a knowledge of the fact, "that the Cadi, or chief magistrate of Tombuctoo in 1800, had been a principal trader in Mogadore, and was son in law to the governour—who being unsuccessful in his commercial affairs, crossed the desert, and soon obtained the appointment of Cadi. He was a shrewd man, about thirty five years old." Mr. Jackson had resided long at Mogadore, and it is very unlikely he would

* Last Mission, p. 244.

have made such a statement without knowing it to be true. It is not understood from Jackson, nor necessarily from Park, that Tombuctoo is at present an independent kingdom of itself, but rather a province in the dominions of the king of Bambarra ;—and this Cadi, it would seem, held his office under him.

We have not time to pursue Adams through all the improbabilities, inconsistencies, and contradictions of his story. We have mentioned some of the more important only, and such as could not possibly arise from defect of memory or observation ;—we will notice only two or three more. In the last narrative he talks a good deal about a Portuguese boy, by the name of Stevens, who accompanied him throughout his whole tour,—in the other he does not once hint at this circumstance, but gives the impression constantly that he was alone. He saw no canoes more than *ten feet* long, and according to one account, these were made of the *date tree*, and to the other, of the *fig tree*. Park bought canoes at Sansanding *forty feet* long, out of which he constructed the schooner Joliba. At Cadiz he said the natives regarded him with indifference, "and manifested no desire of knowing any thing more of him or of his country, than what he voluntarily told them,"—at London he tells of the "people coming in crowds to stare at him and his companion," and of having "afterwards understood that many persons came several days' journey on purpose." At one place he makes his residence in Tombuctoo *nine months*,—at the other, *six months*.

With regard to the size of Tombuctoo, we have no disposition to magnify it vastly beyond the dimensions, which it would be made to have from the description of Adams. Mr. Court told us it had generally been represented to him as less, than the city of Morocco. We have no doubt it has been on the decline for many years, and that Haousa, being in a more central position, may have become a place of more importance ;—but still it is certain, that Tombuctoo is yet the theatre of a very extensive commercial intercourse, and the only resort of the large caravans from the north and the west,—and as such, it would be idle to consider it any other than a place of wealth. activity, and large population. Such it would appear to be from every other account except the one before us, whose pretensions we have sufficiently examined. It may be remarked, that Sansanding contains eleven thousand inhabitants, although it has never been known as a

place of trade or importance. We put no confidence, however, in any part of Sidi Hamet's stories about his journeyings into the interiour, which occupy so large a portion of Captain Riley's book, and which make Tombuctoo contain two hundred and sixteen thousand inhabitants.

We will only observe further, that were the narratives we have been considering pursued from Tombuctoo to Mogadore, they would be scarcely recognized as describing the same events. The times and distances, which, let us repeat, were in both cases pertinaciously insisted on by the narrator, entirely disagree throughout, as may be seen by a slight inspection of them in the preceding note. The London narrative in this part is duly set off with appropriate adventures and incidents, which probably had not been thought of at Cadiz, but which serve to give effect and interest, and what was of equal importance to the editor and booksellers, to swell the book into a comely size.

We shall add here such external evidence, as we have been able to collect from different sources, in confirmation of the opinion we have advanced. The following is a letter from Mr. Storrow.

"*Boston, June* 2, 1817.

——"I first saw Robert Adams during the summer of the year 1814 in Cadiz. Mr. Simpson, the American Consul at Tangier, stated to Mr. Charles H. Hall of Cadiz, that an American sailor was with him, who had been redeemed from slavery among the Moors, and who was said, during the period of his captivity, to have been carried to a greater distance into the interiour of Africa, than any white person had before advanced. The man was represented to be in extreme wretchedness, and Mr. Hall, as well from benevolence as from the desire to learn his history, requested that he might be sent to him in Cadiz. I saw him immediately after his arrival at that place. My first impressions were not in his favour; he seemed ignorant and stupid, but on farther acquaintance I found him crafty and observing. As his general conversation was incoherent, I requested him to give me a special detail of the occurrences of his captivity in such shape as might be committed to paper. The only method of arriving at this was by a series of inquiries, embracing the whole period. In that part of his narration relating to his residence in Morocco, I had no reason to doubt him, but as soon as he represented himself to have been carried beyond the confines of that kingdom, I perceived an evident difference of manner. His answers were more

vague; there seemed a greater dependence on invention than memory; a willingness to be assisted and readiness, as I thought, to assent to any thing I suggested.

"He was irritated by the expression of any doubt of his veracity, although when it was called in question he adduced no other proof of it than a more positive assertion. When the story was completed, my doubts had so far prevailed that I affixed to it no value whatever;—partly from the meagreness of the narrative itself, and partly from the mode in which it was communicated. I assented to the leading facts of the shipwreck and captivity, and of his having been carried from place to place within the limits of Morocco, and imagined that by imputing what he saw in that kingdom to other parts of Africa, he found it easy to impose on those who had never been in either. His inducement to frame a story was apparent, as by means of it he had acquired a currency and temporary livelihood, which he had sufficient shrewdness to anticipate at the commencement. Shortly after examining Adams, I met an intelligent man by the name of Jewet, who had been in the interiour of Africa, as far as Bambarra; he rejected the story as improbable and unlike his own experience. Shortly afterwards intelligence arrived through Mr. Simpson, from one of Adams' shipwrecked comrades, stating that his story was false; that he had never been separated from his companions in captivity for a sufficient length of time to warrant his account.

"The process of acquiring information from Adams was tedious. After a short trial I found it ineffectual to depend on what might be suggested by himself unassisted. I therefore divided the whole time into small portions, making special inquiries as to the employment of each part. When on a march, I endeavoured to refresh his memory by inquiring into the occurrences of each day in regular succession. When stationary in any village or encampment, I endeavoured to elicit every thing by a minute reference to whatever I imagined might belong to such place. At the end of the inquiry on each subject, I read to him the result, and requested him to communicate whatever else might suggest itself. In relation to several topicks, on which I was doubtful, he told me repeatedly, that he had nothing more to offer—among these were the king and royal family of Tombuctoo, and the birds and beasts of that region generally.

"The times, directions, and distances of his several journies were calculated by him with care and apparent precision. In these he depended on memory solely. The courses were ascertained, as he said, by observing the sun and stars.

"It may appear singular that I made no exertion to expose what I considered to be an imposture. In the early part of the narrative I entertained no doubts; in the subsequent part after

doubts had arisen, I contented myself with my own conviction, without seeking for means of explaining it to others;—more especially as there appeared no reason for attaching any importance either to Adams or his journal. Yours,

SAMUEL A. STORROW."

We insert here also an extract from a letter which we have lately received on the subject, from a gentleman of respectability at Gibraltar, dated March 27, 1817.

"We have just returned from Tangier, where I saw Mr. Simpson, and conversed with him about Robert Adams. I wrote you sometime ago what Mr. Shaler told me of Mr Simpson's detecting the imposture. I have with me his copy of the narrative, containing his marginal notes. Adams is indeed 'second only to Psalmanazar.' The testimony of several of the crew proves, that he was never more than two or three days journey distant from Wednoon, and some of his shipmates were always with him. Mr. Hall, brother to the merchant with whom he resided thirteen months at Cadiz, and who was there at the time, is now in this place. He has read the narrative with me, and says the story is different from the one he told at Cadiz, and in many parts contradictory, especially in what relates to Tombuctoo. Mr. Samuel A. Storrow, who was then at Cadiz, questioned him repeatedly, and carried to the United States in manuscript the result of his examinations. It was unfortunate that Mr. Dupuis left his papers at Mogadore, for his memory certainly failed him, and as it respects dates, his statements in London contradict his letters now in possession of Mr. Simpson. All agree, that Adams was shrewd, observing, and of a retentive memory."

Adams said in London, that he was a native of Hudson, in the state of New York, and that he sailed from New York, June 17th, or as he said at Cadiz, May 7th, 1810. We state with confidence, on the authority of a gentleman who has resided at Hudson ever since its first settlement, that no family of this name has been known there till within twelve years, and that no person of the character and pretensions of Adams has ever been heard of in that place. We have seen a letter from the collector of New York, which certifies, that no vessel answering Adams' description of the Charles has cleared from that port.

We leave our readers to draw such inferences from these facts, as they think proper. To us they appear conclusive,

and connected with the fabulous character of the narrative, they impress a conviction of deception and bold imposition, on the part of Adams, which we think no one, who examines the subject with much interest or candour, can resist.

ART. X. *The Village; a Poem.* Portland, Edward Little & Co. pp. 180.

WE were pleased with the publication of this poem, not so much on account of its merit, for we have often read better poetry, as because it is doing something towards keeping up the practice of the art. We American geniuses have not as yet produced very brilliant specimens in this kind, but by repeating our attempts we shall, no doubt, succeed in the end.

Under this title it is natural to expect some particular scene, some stream, fields, church, school-house, tavern; of which a definite image is conveyed to the reader's mind—some quack, fiddler, pettifogger, justice, clergyman; with his peculiar manners and characteristicks so displayed that the reader may be introduced to him, and form a kind of personal acquaintance. But the author works upon a different plan; he gives a general description of mountains and their formation, without intimating that he has any particular mountain in view, except by the word "yon," which he uses after the manner of Campbell in the introduction to the Pleasures of Hope, of which an imitation is attempted in the introduction to this poem. He then introduces the aboriginal inhabitants, rattlesnakes, women, lawyers and criminal law, clergymen and superstition, scandal, party-spirit, &c. with some sensible, though rather common-place reflections, all in a very general manner. In the table of contents is put down "*the* lawyer," "*the* physician," among the items of subjects; but on looking at the pages referred to, we find that no particular lawyer or physician is meant.

We presume that we shall not be understood to require that, in a poem of this sort, the writer should inform us in what county his village is situated, and how many miles and in what direction it lies from the shire town; or on what day of what month in any particular year, the minister was ordained. We mean to say that the chief beauty and, indeed, indispensable requisite, of this sort of poetry, is the lively rep-

resentation of objects and characters to the imagination. As to essays upon liberty, slavery, law, physick, divinity, and the like, they are quite as well in plain prose, and the reason why writers make up such things into what they call poetry, is that, if they leave their thoughts to be huddled together into rectangular parallelograms by the printer, they seem quite ordinary and tame, but when they are drawn out in regular order, according to the most approved rules of prosody, and move with a jingle of rhymes, they seem to make a very pretty figure, and to be worthy of being looked at.

The following extracts afford a pretty fair specimen of the poetry, and contain less of loose and general description and common-place remark, than any other part of the poem.

"Shallow and deep, by turns, and swift and slow,
There I behold the winding Saco flow.
In early spring, when show'rs increase its tides,
And melted snows pour down the mountain's sides,
I've seen it raging, boisterous, and deep,
O'erflow its banks, and through the upland sweep.
The farmer's hopes, the lumb'rer's hard-earn'd thrift,
Logs, bridges, booms, and boats were all adrift.
Trees, fences, fields, whate'er oppos'd its course,
Were torn and scatter'd by th' o'erwhelming force.
"Along its borders, spreading far and wide,
The tall, straight pines appear on every side.
To these thick woods the hardy labourer goes,
And rears his shelt'ring tent amid the snows,
His couch the hemlock's twigs, his house-hold ware,
A jug and basket, fill'd with simplest fare.
Ye, who indulge in indolence and ease,
Whom splean invades and moody vapours seize,
To whom each day an age of trouble seems,
Whose nights are wakeful or disturb'd by dreams,
Observe the happy quiet of his rest,
And learn, like him, by labour to be bless'd.
Ye boasted epicures, disease's prey,
Who waste in vile excess your lives away,
Observe his frugal board, be wise at length,
And gain, like him, from temp'rance, health and strength.
With nervous arm, he wields the keen edg'd axe,
And plies anew, each day, untir'd attacks.
Till by his strokes the forest levell'd round,
With prostrate trunks and branches heaps the ground.
The oxen, faithful sharers of his toil,

Drag to the river's brink the heavy spoil,
Thence floated downward to the distant mart,
And chang'd from nature's form, to works of art." p. 19.

"His cumber'd land the sturdy yeoman clears;
Fell'd by his strokes, the forest prostrate lies;
Its vital sap the glowing summer dries,
And last the bonfires burn, the boughs consume,
And spreading flames the hemisphere illume.
The fresh'ning breezes fan the growing blaze,
Rear the bright sparks and cloudy columns raise,
And whirl the storm of rushing fires along
O'er lighted hills, and crackling vales among.
Swift fly the birds, as spreads the ruin round,
The frighted reptiles hide within the ground,
And all the forest tribes grow wilder at the sound." p. 21.

Neither these lines, nor any others of the poem, contain any bold strokes of genius or delicate touches of art; yet they indicate talents which the possessor might mature into very respectable poetical powers.

ART. XI. *An account of the events, that have taken place in Pernambuco since the happy and glorious revolution commenced, in the town of the Recife, on the sixth of March, in which the generous endeavours of our brave Patriots exterminated in this part of Brazil, the infernal monster of royal tyranny.* Printed at Pernambuco, March 10, 1817.

SINCE Europe has ceased to be convulsed, and its agitated surface begun to settle into peaceful smoothness, the attention of men has been drawn to South America; and that part of our continent has become the scene of the most interesting transactions, that are now taking place in the world. A grand spectacle is presented in the extent of territory, over which the contest between established authority and newly conceived rights is spread—the vindictive violence, with which the struggle is conducted—the millions of people engaged in the conflict, and the importance of the interests to be decided upon. We of the United States contemplate these transactions with a lively concern. Our example has animated the South-American provinces to declare themselves independent, and the times are fresh in our recollection, when

our own enthusiasm and courage were inflamed by the same exclamations of *liberty, rights, independence, tyranny;* and we feelingly remember with what fearful odds the ardour of striplings power wages war against the mature and practised strength of habitual authority.

In regard to the great interests of humanity, these convulsions afford no subject of regret or apprehension, for it seems to us impossible, that the result should leave the people of South America in a condition of deeper degradation and wretchedness, than that in which they have existed under the imbecile despotisms of Portugal and Spain. With respect to our particular interest, we have little to lose; our political system is not propped up by any set of prejudices, which will be endangered by the shock of this concussion, though it should be sufficiently violent to crush the decayed fabricks of Spanish and Portuguese oppression. We may suffer a little by the temptations which these contests hold out to the adventurous spirits of our young men, and also by the rash speculations of our merchants. But we ought not to grudge the loss of a few enterprising individuals, if their emigration to South America affords them the chance of imparting to the people there something of our skill in the arts of living and of government; and though mercantile enterprise may urge on some few to imprudent and disadvantageous risks, yet we shall probably be great gainers on the whole, by having free access to the resources which a revolution will throw open to our commerce.

Whatever may be our wishes concerning the future welfare of the inhabitants of those countries, we have no ground to expect that they will soon form independent governments, of sufficient strength to bind together their heterogeneous materials, and elaborate them into a uniform body by an upright administration of salutary and equal laws. The character of the people makes that of the government, and their principal difference consists in this, that the latter is commonly much the worse of the two; and this is very natural; it would be a phenomenon unprecedented and not to be explained, if a nation were found, where the people as private citizens were profligate, knavish, and weak; while as the members and instruments of the government, they were wise, economical, and honest. A government and a people, between which there has long been a mutual action and reaction, become assimilated to each other, and accordingly a

government of long standing is a pretty safe index of both national and individual character.

Judging, then, of the people of South America, by the governments under which they have long endured existence, or by what we can directly learn concerning themselves, we can form but slender hopes of any political constitutions they will be able soon to establish. The Portuguese and Spanish governments are commonly represented to be among the most degraded, feeble and corrupt, of political institutions. Now colonial governments are known to be generally, perhaps universally, the degenerate offspring of those from which they emanate. They are the clumsy imitations of humble followers, who, in aping their betters, display a union of all their faults, with only a shew of their virtues. It will appear from the account we propose to give of the revolution in Pernambuco, that the government of that province was a rotten branch of a decayed stock. The governour bought his office of the creatures of the court, and looked for remuneration through his own creatures in his captaincy. The other officers carried on the same sort of traffick. The collectors of the revenue frequently sold their connivance at the evasion of the laws. The judges often received bribes of both parties in a suit, and gave judgment in favour of him who bid the highest price upon it. It is altogether improbable, that a people, that has been long governed in this manner, should possess those exalted notions of justice and that reverence for fixed principles and the uniform and irresistible operation of laws, which are necessary to a popular government, which is, in effect, no other than political self-government.

By looking into the internal structure, and composition of society in the Spanish and Portuguese provinces for data on calculation, concerning the political institutions which it is possible for them to constitute and administer, we shall find sufficient grounds of discouragement; but there are not wanting those of hope. We may leave out of consideration the civil, military, and judicial officers of the old government; as, in case of any civil commotion, they will generally be induced by their habits, their supposed interest, and evident danger, to quit the scene; unless they are able to reduce the rebels. The secular clergy being entitled to protection by their profession, and attached to their people by the ties of duty and feeling, are likely to remain

fixed to the soil, whether it be under monarchical or republican jurisdiction. Many of them are said to be men of learning and worth, little qualified, however, by their profession, for the civil affairs of a commonwealth. If they engage in publick business, their narrow views will rather embarrass than strengthen a government. The best, and perhaps the only service they can render, is in the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions, and even here, no great reliance can be placed upon them by the government in a new order of things.

The friars are accounted an indolent, contemptible race, incapable of importance or usefulness under any government.

The landholders are an important part of every community. Those of Brazil are said to be illiterate and inactive. They commonly own an extensive tract of land, and carry on a system of cultivation not unlike that of South Carolina and Georgia. Their insular, detached situation, in respect to each other, prevents them from acting as a body, and there is accordingly little danger of their being the first movers of disturbance, under any system, new or old. They have the whole art of politicks and free citizenship to learn, and are not in a situation to make rapid progress in their new study.

There are some remnants of the original inhabitants of different tribes, and those of Pernambuco generally live in little villages, built of straw and clay. They subsist upon wild fruits in the season of them, and at other times labour merely enough to procure what is absolutely necessary to existence. Their number is small, and they are of no more political importance than the wild animals, in whose neighbourhood they commonly dwell. This is the account we receive from gentlemen of Pernambuco; but we ought not to omit to add, that Brewster's Encyclopedia represents their number to be much greater, and comprising, at least, one third of the whole population, and mentions them as entitled to more consideration. But neither the Encyclopedias, nor Gazetteers are very good authorities upon this subject.

The slaves compose between one fourth and one third part of the inhabitants, and may be considered as so much dead weight on the machinery of government.

In every considerable town, are a few Europeans, between whom and the Brazilians there is often some degree of antipathy. These generally come out from Portugal on commercial enterprises, and retain their favourable dispositions to the monarchy.

But the body and strength of the population consists of Brazilians, comprehending those descended of Europeans, as well as those who count among their ancestors both Europeans and the aborigines of the country. Among these there is a feeling of kindred and common interest, without much regard to the slight shades of distinction in complexion. It is with these and a few restless, aspiring, or generous-spirited foreigners, that the revolutionary movements commence. The instruments first used here, as every where else in similar cases, are the populace of the towns. These are put in motion by the merchants, lawyers, and soldiers, and with these three descriptions of men, originate the patriotick designs and efforts. Masonry affords them a convenient channel of communication, with the more respectable part of the community, and the Portuguese government, sensible of the facilities which the masonick art gives for projecting and communicating secret designs, prohibited it by law. But this only put them to the trouble of adding to their other secrets, that of the existence of their society, and its nominal annihilation only served to add to the number and zeal of of its members. This association may be made one of the most efficient instruments in giving strength and stability to the new governments. But, after all, it seems almost impossible that the few enlightened individuals among them, should, with the external political change, produce an internal moral revolution, in an untutored people. There is the greatest danger that the leaders themselves may not be united by any common views and principles of sufficient strength to hold them together sufficient time to go through with the process. It is doubtful whether it is possible, under any circumstances, to effect such a revolution in the space of a few years. We may not, however, despair of their being able, in some of the provinces, to bring about an order of things, which, though rude and imperfect, may yet contain in itself the principles of improvement and progression, and be finally modified and adjusted into proportion, and matured into strength and durability. This is more likely to happen in Brazil, than in the Spanish colonies; for the Portuguese are much more tractable and docile, than the Spaniards, and their intercourse with the English has given them some information and liberality of mind.

United resistance to a bad government, and its overthrow by the irresistible heavings of national feeling, are no proof

that the people are capable of a better. No people ever detested arbitrary power more heartily, or admired personal liberty and rights with more enthusiasm, than did recently the French; but when they were free to constitute whatever government they pleased, they showed that they were incapable of exercising or submitting to any other than an absolute power. They are destitute of that moral structure of character, which is the basis and indispensable requisite of a stable, free polity. So the South Americans have sufficient indignation against the corruption and arbritary interferences and exactions of their old governments; they are also warmly affected by their new love of just laws, security of property and personal liberty; but these sentiments do not give them the skill and prudence necessary to form and administer sound institutions. It is possible however that they may instruct themselves by experience, and where so little is hazarded, and so much may be gained, we are very glad that an experiment is made.

We have made these remarks with a particular view to the recent events in Pernambuco, of which we purpose to give a short account, upon the authority of respectable gentlemen, who were on the spot, and took a part in the transactions.

The captaincy, as it is called, of Pernambuco, forms the most eastern part of South America, between the latitude of five and eleven degrees south, and with the captaincies of Paraiba and Rio Grande towards the north, extends along the coast about six hundred miles, and into the interiour to the distance of six or eight hundred miles. By the returns of the parish priests, made last year, it appears that the number of inhabitants in Pernambuco is one million one hundred thousand, comprehending people of all sorts, foreigners and natives, freemen and slaves. The captaincies of Paraiba and Rio Grande are comparatively small, but of the number of inhabitants we are not informed. This population is scattered, very sparingly of course, over this extensive territory. The capital, bearing the name of the province, called also the town of the Recife, contains 32,000 inhabitants; Olinda, about four miles distant to the north, 13,000; Guiana, in the interiour, about forty miles from the capital, 15 or 20,000; Paraiba, the capital of the captaincy of the same name, 6000; and Rio Grande, 5000; there are other towns in these captaincies of one, two, and three thousand.

The remainder of the population is scattered in villages, farm-houses, and plantations, occupying patches of cultivated lands, surrounded by forests and unsubdued tracts. The climate is salubrious and temperate, the thermometer rarely rising above the eighty fourth degree; and the soil, though difficult to bring into cultivation on account of the luxuriance of spontaneous vegetation, yields in prodigious abundance. The pure atmosphere and healthful climate give tone and sensibility to the physical organs of the inhabitants, while nature spreads before them a perpetual banquet, and unceasingly regales their senses with the mingled beauty of flowers and richness of ripened fruits.

The provinces of South America were no doubt reminded, by our revolution and subsequent national importance, that they were but colonies, though they might be independent and powerful states; yet the Pernambucans, with the other inhabitants of Brazil, lived on in contented and inglorious loyalty, till Bonaparte drove their sovereign from his European capital. The news of the prince's voyage having preceded him, the governour of Pernambuco fitted out a vessel laden with provisions, to meet the royal fleet, and the people testified their loyalty and joy by voluntary contributions of all sorts of delicate refreshments, with which to welcome their sovereign. On his arrival and establishment at Rio Jeneiro, they thought that the era of the glory and happiness of the Brazilians, had commenced. These hopes were disappointed, as was to be expected, but the disappointment was not sudden, and produced little sensation among the people. They anticipated some great and glorious good, they hardly defined to themselves what, which, when they failed to realize, they felt rather the regret of parting with a pleasing illusion, than resentment at having sustained a serious wrong. They have never, like us, been in the habit of conning over their grievances till they had learned them by rote, or reiterating remonstrances and demanding redresses, with respectful, but bold and persevering importunity. But though they were not versed in the arts of resisting and controlling the administration of government, and had not made a multitude of political maxims a part of their habitual system of acting and thinking, still they were not regardless of the affairs of government, or unconscious that they had personal rights and interests. The moral and political commotions, that have been agitating society, produced some sensation in the Por-

tuguese colonies; and the increasing and steady splendour of reason, as well as the fitful and glaring coruscations of the new philosophy, emitted faint glimmerings into that distant region of mental obscurity. They had been taught by intercourse with Englishmen and Americans, that kings were, at least, made as much for their subjects, as subjects for their kings. They had learned insensibly, and by something like a new faculty of intuition, that publick prosperity is intimately connected with individual welfare. Their eyes were opened, they hardly knew how, to the weakness and corruption of their own government, and they began to entertain a conviction, that it was possible for them to be much more powerful and respected as a community, and much more free, secure, and better informed, as individuals. The contest between loyalty and republicanism in the neighbouring Spanish colonies, of which it was impossible to prevent them from obtaining some obscure, uncertain intelligence, suggested to them the thoughts of expelling a government, whose character they began now pretty well to understand, and of erecting themselves into independent commonwealths. Though there was no press, no newspaper, or other convenient channel of information at Pernambuco, yet the people had, by some means or other, universally come to an understanding that a revolution was very probable, and had accordingly made up their minds to that event. No plan of effecting it was formed, nor did those who desired it most and who expected to be the leaders, propose to take the first steps in bringing it about. They conversed with each other secretly upon the subject, and thus while they were insensibly working themselves up to meet the crisis, and by that means hastening it, they resolved patiently to wait for some measure of the government that would excite resistance, or some other favourable conjuncture, when the patriots of the city were to take up arms; upon receiving intelligence of which, their friends in the other towns, and in the country, were to come in to support them with as many followers as they could collect. But all this was rather tacitly understood, than expressly agreed upon, and it was not expected that there would so soon be an occasion of carrying their views into effect.

The governour and judge of Pernambuco were appointed by the king for three years. At the time of the revolution Caetano Pinto de Miranda Montenegro had held the office

of governour for thirteen years, and had administered the affairs of the captaincy in such a manner, as not to excite the particular dislike of the people. They made some complaints of his indolence, and love of pleasure, and inattention to their applications for his protection and interference, but they considered him, on the whole, as a pretty good sort of man. The same causes, which made the people republicans, rendered him more vigilant. On the fifth of March last, he and his council, coming to the conclusion that the republican dispositions of the principal citizens and military officers must be checked by some strong measures, made a list of proscription, containing between one and two hundred names of the most distinguished men of the province. Among these was a son of one of the council who was present. The men thus proscribed were to be arrested and imprisoned, and some of them publickly executed, some secretly poisoned, and others, perhaps, set at large, when it could be done with safety. This proceeding was kept secret, and was not made known till after the revolution, when it was disclosed by the counsellor whose son was among the proscribed, and who espoused the cause of the patriots.

On the morning of the following day, the sixth, the governour gave orders for the arrest of Domingos Joze Martins, a distinguished merchant. But to prevent alarm, the officer was ordered to direct Martins to wait upon the governour. He readily attended the messenger through the streets, and over the bridge that separates the different parts of the town, till they came to the common gaol, when he was informed that he was a prisoner, and was put into confinement. Three military officers were meantime arrested, one of whom, by name of Domingos Theotorio Jorge, understanding the cause of the arrest, exclaimed against the injustice and tyranny of the proceeding, as he was passing through the streets to the place of his confinement, and called upon the citizens to take up arms.

It was now about one o' clock, when another officer went to the quarters of the soldiers, to arrest a captain by the name of Joze de Barros Lima, who drew his sword and stabbed the officer, and being seconded by his son in law, they killed him on the spot. Intelligence of this transaction being carried to the governour, another of his officers, coveting the glory of bringing rebels to punishment, offered his services to go and fetch Barros. The governour would

have dissuaded him, but he persisted, and was accordingly dispatched on the commission. But he volunteered his services in an unfortunate enterprise, for the scene that had just been acted, and the addresses and appeals of Barros and his son-in-law, had wrought up the soldiers, about two hundred in number, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and desparation, so that on coming to their quarters, he found them under arms, and was saluted with the cries of *liberty, long live Joze de Barros Lima, long live our country;* and as soon as the soldiers saw him, they exclaimed, *another tyrant, there is our enemy,* and immediately discharged their pieces at him, and he was perforated by so many balls, that "his body was," to use the narrator's expression, "like a sieve."

This had passed in a short space of time, it being now but about two o' clock, when Pedro de Silva Pedroza, a captain of artillery, put himself at the head of the soldiers, and led them towards the prison, which they forced and set Martins, whom we have before mentioned, and about two hundred other prisoners, debtors, felons, &c. at liberty. Martins harangued the soldiers, demanded arms for the prisoners, and called upon the citizens to espouse the cause of their country. He was answered with shouts of enthusiasm and applause. A body of five hundred was instantly formed, who, with Pedroza and Martins at their head, proceeded directly to the treasury, where the marshal was already stationed with about four hundred militia hastily assembled, they hardly knew for what cause. Both parties seemed to be fully sensible of the importance of the four millions of dollars deposited there, either in promoting or obstructing a revolution. They proposed to the marshal the alternative of surrendering, with the promise of departing in safety to the fort, or resisting without the hope of quarter. He chose the former, and very prudently, as appears from the fact that his militia-men, as soon as they learned the object of these movements, flew to embrace the new patriots, and devoted themselves to the cause of republicanism.

The governour and his attendants had meantime taken shelter in the fortress of Brum, which commands the entrance of the harbour.

Only a trifling achievement now remained to give the patriots undisputed possession of the town. Pernambuco is situated on the coast, at the mouth of the rivers Bibiribe and Capivaribe. The Capivaribe comes from the south and

running through the town parallel to the coast, forms a junction with the Bibiribe; when their united waters flow through the town again towards the south, and are discharged into the harbour. The town is thus divided into three parts, which are connected to each other by two wooden bridges. The part next the ocean is called the Recife; the intermediate part, Outra Bunda; and that on the opposite bank of the Capivaribe, being the most inland, Boa Vista. About four hundred loyalist Europeans had collected, with axes and three or four pieces of cannon at the eastern end of the bridge, that connects the Recife with Outra Bunda. Some were firing the cannon, though without effect, not being very skilful engineers; while others were employed in cutting away the bridge, with the intention of interrupting all communication between those two parts of the town. They had not, however, proceeded far in their work, when a detachment of fifteen or twenty soldiers appeared on the opposite side of the river, with one piece of cannon. A discharge of one or two cartridges of powder, without ball, put the Europeans to flight, who, abandoning their cannon and axes, vanished among the inhabitants, and thus, it being now about three o' clock, the revolution was completed.

During the remainder of the day, and the following night, the town exhibited as little confusion as could be expected on so sudden an explosion. The leaders of the patriots were busy in making arrangements, giving orders, and providing for their own and the publick safety. Many of the more wealthy inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses, waiting to learn in what character it would be prudent for them to make their appearance. Others were running to and fro, in wild joy or astonishment; and shouts of "long live the patriots, long live our country, and destruction to royal tyranny," resounded from every quarter, while the bells were ringing and the drums beating in every part of the city. But no property was injured or violence committed, except that the soldiers massacred some twelve or fifteen, who refused to unite in these exclamations.

On the next day, the seventh, the governour, accepting the terms offered him, took his departure from the province, being guarded by the patriots out of the harbour, and till he was beyond the reach of danger and insult. Bands of musick were kept playing in the streets, as signals of concord and peace.

Early on the eighth, the people were assembled in the court of the treasury, to hear and approve a paper, signed by thirty or forty of their leaders, in which Jacio Ribeiro Pessoa, a priest; Mr. Martins, already mentioned, a merchant; Domingos Theotorio Jorge, a military officer, and one of those arrested; a land holder, who had also been a colonel of militia; and Joze Luiz de Mendonca, a lawyer, were proposed as the members of a provisional government. The people elected them by acclamation, after the manner of the French revolution.

During all this time and a few following days, patriots were flocking into the town from every direction, armed, some with guns, and others with pikes, or whatever other rude weapon they could hastily fabricate or procure. But, there being no service for them to perform, they returned peaceably to their homes. Many of the priests took up arms, and offered their services to the government. The students of the college of Olinda were formed into a military company, for the practice of martial exercises. Some of the planters offered all their horses to mount the cavalry that was forming, and presented great supplies of provisions for the use of the army. The vicar of the Cape of St. Augustine, a town on the coast eighteen miles south of Pernambuco, came into the hall where the new government was sitting, on the Sunday morning after the revolution, which took place on Thursday, and offered to make them a present of all his own property, and told them, that, if the publick exigencies required it, the silver candlesticks of his church should be at their service. In the afternoon of the same day he brought in a slave, the only one of which he was master, whom he declared free, that he might enter the publick service as a soldier, declaring at the same time, that he himself should be ever ready to die by the side of his manumitted slave, fighting in the cause of liberty.

Intelligence was soon received that the captaincies of Paraiba and Rio Grande of the North, had followed the example of Pernambuco. At Paraiba the women offered to the new government all their jewels and trinkets, and were even desirous to bear arms by the side of their husbands and brothers, and prove themselves worthy descendants of the heroes who drove the Dutch from Paraiba in 1640.

On the ninth, the new government published a proclama-

tion, calculated to quiet the apprehensions of the Europeans, and unite them in the patriotick cause.

This proclamation was the first thing ever printed at Pernambuco. It was fortunate for the patriots, that, about two years ago, a Mr. Catanho had imported a printing press into Pernambuco. He had spent the intermediate time and about twelve hundred dollars, in conducting a petition through the ministerial avenues to the throne, and, a few days before the revolution, had procured a royal license to print, at Pernambuco, such things as the governour and his council might approve. He had sold the privilege and the press to Mr Martins, who made a present of the press to the new government.

A second publication issued from this press on the tenth, which was an account of the revolution that had just taken place, and the translated title of which is prefixed to this article. This paper is drawn up not without ability, and is well adapted to the circumstances under which it was published. It complains of the policy of the old government in exciting animosity between the Europeans and native Brazilians, the plain meaning of which probably is, that offices and privileges were confined to the former. It speaks of the duplicity, corruptness, and enormous exactions of 'the royal tyranny;' informs the people of the abolition of titles, and inculcates upon them the importance of a unanimity of views, and the industrious pursuit of their agriculture and other occupations. It states that neither the civil or judicial officers had been displaced, and that they continued to discharge their functions, as if nothing had happened.

The new government exhibited great activity and prudence, in employing men of talents in the publick service, repairing and strengthening the fortifications, and equipping and disciplining an army. They had, by the fifth of April, five regiments, making in all about four thousand five hundred men, well equipped, and as well disciplined as the short time would permit. It was intended to increase the army to the number of fifteen thousand. That number will, they think, be sufficient to withstand any force the king can send against them. They supposed that, at any rate, though their force shall fall far short of what they propose, they can retire into the interiour, and there be invincible; and by continually harassing their assailants, and picking them off one after another, finally become conquerours.

It is a fact, worthy of remark, that one of the five regiments is composed entirely of blacks, which proves that they are now of considerable consequence, or are likely to be so, if the revolution succeeds.

Supposing this account to be somewhat favourable to the patriots, as it probably is, still it appears that they have among them no inconsiderable concert, prudence, and liberality of views. They seem to take advantage of circumstances with promptness and address, and to use every means of husbanding and multiplying their resources. But whatever be their talents or courage, it is evident that their limited resources render their fate dependent on the disposition of the other parts of Brazil.

ART. XII. *Sancho, or the Proverbialist. By J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow.* Boston, Wells & Lilly, 1817.

AUTHORS in our day have certainly very little right to complain of the patience of their readers; they meet with much of that charity that believeth all things, hopeth all things, is not easily provoked. When a man has once acquired popular favour, or even caught the popular eye, with whatever inclination it looks on him, the trade of authorship becomes immediately profitable. His first work, if it meet with success, whether from merit or caprice, is a recommendation for all that follow, however indifferent. A good beginning is like a letter of introduction, and of old it had no longer efficacy than those missions have in England, where they entitle a man to one dinner, and after that leave him to make his way by his good behaviour; but of late, readers have adopted the hospitality of our southern planters, with whom a letter operates as a consignment for the season. This readiness to be pleased, though an excellent quality of the heart, marks but an indifferent state of taste; and is one of the many proofs of an opinion which we hold, that an extensive diffusion of the elements of literature is unfavourable to its eminence. When education was hard to be obtained, and depended altogether on individual exertion, it naturally fell to the lot of the most powerful minds alone. An author had not then his choice of writing for the vulgar or the learned, for then the vulgar could not read; and if he hoped that his book

should be bought, it was necessary it should be suited to intellects of the higher order. No temptations then existed that could produce such books as half the poetry, and more than half the novels of our time; alas, there were no sentimental chamber-maids or romantick cooks; children were taught only useful trades or manly exercises, and the race of idlers, that will exist under every form of society, instead of poisoning their minds for want of employment, pursued other sports, that at least gave health to the body. But since every one can read, literature is in great demand, and like every other commodity, the greater the demand for it, the worse is its quality. An author who writes for money, which is the principal or secondary motive with most of them, can no more afford now to sell pure literature, than a farmer can to sell milk at the market price, while all his neighbours get as much for milk and water. The number of the half learned is so much increased beyond that of the scholars, that books, which must always accommodate themselves to their readers, have been kindly qualified to the taste of the lowest capacity. There are indeed, and always will be, a few gentlemen authors, who can still afford to write well, preferring the approbation of the few to the applause of the many, and content on the score of gain, if their books do not run them in debt; but of these the number will be very small, while that of the calculating class seems, under the auspices of Mr. Lancaster and Dr. Bell, to be capable of an almost indefinite extension. When all men, women, and children, Christian and heathen, shall be taught their letters, we may almost believe with St. John, "the world would not contain the books that should be written."—But though literature suffer by this process, we cannot reasonably complain, while so much is effected by it for religion, and morals, and civil liberty. The education of all classes operates like an agrarian law; and if it leaves us but a moderate share of literary wealth, it at least gives us the satisfaction of knowing, that few are very poor. While all have enough to make them free and happy, the luxuries we lose are of little moment; he must have little taste, and less benevolence, who would confine in his pleasure-grounds the streams that might give plenty and verdure to the humblest and farthest fields his eye can reach. It is our duty and pleasure as men, to do all that we can for the general diffusion of knowledge and happiness; but we fear that much which we love and admire, would necessarily be sacrificed to procure that state of things

most favourable to the views of the philanthropist. In a perfect state of society, we apprehend that mere men of letters, and even our reviewing selves, would be found almost superfluous; at least the times, when those idle callings have most flourished, were certainly not the happiest or the best. But after all, we are so well convinced of the impracticability of all the schemes of improvement which would thus reduce our value in the community, that we assure our readers we will make no attempt to prevent their being as well informed and as happy as they will.

We were led to think what we have here set down, by reading "Sancho, or the Proverbialist;" which is a very fair example of the most indifferent kind of writing, by a man confessedly of considerable talent. Mr. Cunningham gained some reputation by his first work, and really deserved it;—it was a work of feeling, simplicity, and morality, with some poetry, and no cant. His succeeding works (we speak not of his verse) have had little to recommend them, except their general moral tendency, and they have become tinged with too much of the show of religion. The author is unwearied in his encomiums on Mother Church, and though he no where breaks into open intolerance, there are abundance of covert censures of the dissenters. These occur so frequently and unnecessarily, and seem at times so inconsistent with the Catholick and tender spirit he evinces on other occasions, that we are almost inclined to suspect the motive of such an uneasy attachment to the established worship. In page 129 of this book he speaks, with a sly sort of applause, of a person, who "praised the church, though he had only a poor vicarage;" we have no doubt this was meant to remind the reader of the Vicar of Harrow, and furthermore we half suspect the fact is, that he himself praises the church, *because* he is but a poor vicar; not that the hope of spiritual preferment is the cause of his loving the church, but if he were better provided for, we really think his love would be quite as fervent, and much more quiet. But independent of all interested views, such remarks are neither useful nor becoming. Moral precepts are never thrown away, however light the occasion on which they are introduced; the most playful breeze may scatter upon good ground some of the seeds of good living. Such precepts can hardly be too often repeated, or too familiarly connected with our most ordinary and most interesting pursuits—let them be introduced in any manner,

and they may do good; they may revive a forgotten principle, or at least strengthen a good habit. But we should with more caution recommend the forms of religion on every occasion, and especially those points of belief or modes of worship, about which men may honestly differ; we cannot hope to change a settled opinion, or gain a convert to a sect by a passing encomium. Such an attempt, unless seriously and thoroughly made, will produce more doubt than conviction, more disgust on one side than attachment on the other. Mr. Cunningham therefore may be very honest in this course, but we cannot think him judicious. To his piety and morality, however, there can be no objection. They are both of the purest and most rational kind.

The "World without Souls" interested us from the novelty of the idea, and the touching simplicity with which the few characters are described by the author, and describe themselves; there was a peculiar vein of subdued melancholy, a sad good feeling in the father, and an ingenuous but shrewd simplicity in Gustavus, that took strong hold of the heart. The incidents were nothing, but the characters were such as made a romance of the most common occurrences. The "Velvet Cushion," which followed, was little more than a vindication of the tenets of the church, and looked too much like a hint to the lords spiritual, for the author's benefit, to be very interesting to others. The book now before us is, perhaps, still less attractive; there is in it little addressed to the feelings or the understanding; it is a simple story of a perverse school-boy and his two aunts; one of whom, old and ill favoured, loved proverbs; and the other, young and comely, loved the Bible and the church; and both agreed in loving little Sancho. The design of the work is, as may be conjectured from the title, to prove the fallacy of proverbs; and we should have taken it without hesitation for a good little book for children, and given the author praise for devoting his time to a humble, though very useful object, had it not contained many reflections in a manner so mature, and on subjects of such a nature, as made us suspect it might after all be meant for grown people. Mr. Cunningham has been praised for simplicity, and he seems, in endeavouring to support that reputation, to have fallen into the errour, that to be simple is to be praiseworthy without regard to the value of the subject or the matter. To a certain extent this is true, for if a man will talk or write nonsense,

it cannot be denied he had better do it as simply as possible, and the same is true when he writes sensibly, and even sublimely. But simplicity, as it is commonly understood, is only a quality of style, and can give no value to that, which has not some other recommendation; it prevents what is merely worthless from being ridiculous, and gives, or rather leaves to grand and touching thoughts, their native strength and beauty; but farther than this negative value, it is not to be sought or praised. There is indeed a simplicity of thought very different from all this, a direct communication from heart to heart, that is the effect of the most refined cultivation, and as almost independent of manner; a simplicity like that of Flaxman's exquisite drawings for sculpture, the result of consummate skill, though apparently so little laboured as to seem within the reach of all. Of this, both the former books of Mr. Cunningham contained some specimens, in the latter it was the only beauty, and in the former it was mixed with much that approached the moral sublime. But all this has evaporated before we come to Sancho; the materials of which are briefly these;—Sancho, when a little boy, was sent to school, and directed by his ugly aunt to regulate all his actions by this maxim;—"Take care of Number One"—which he obeyed to the letter, and in consequence became greedy, and for this he was plundered and beaten by his schoolmates, and physicked by the doctor; he became cruel, and was whipt; he became a thief, and was dismissed from school; after which he went to another, fortified with this auxiliary; "Do at Rome as they do at Rome"—by the help of this, he was merely hated and despised; he then with a still stronger reinforcement of proverbs, on the subjects of Religion, Character, and Friends, entered the university, where he remained with much the same success, until his aunt died, and left her fortune to his sister instead of Sancho. At this time he was deeply confirmed in habits of selfishness, infidelity, envy, and discontent; in a word, a thoroughly bad man—at home however he meets a clergyman, who tells him a story of a penitent young female, and his remaining aunt restores the fortune he had lost, when suddenly by the operation of these two marvellous facts, he becomes good, religious, and contented; loves his aunt Rachel, and amuses his old age by burning his infidel books. If our readers cannot see here materials enough for a tale of nearly two hundred pages, they have only to imagine them cruelly stretched and eked out

with old stories, and gratuitous dissertations about the Church of England and English universities, all which contain not a valuable remark or a new truth. We do not see one good purpose that can be answered by such a book—the publick certainly get nothing by it, for it is not calculated to amuse or do good to any one; it is too childish for men, and unintelligible to children. We can give the author no more credit for the design than for the execution; he could not surely suppose the world needed a refutation of proverbs like those he has set forth and abused; had he chosen more specious maxims for the object of his ridicule, some good effect might have been produced; there are, no doubt, many false rules of conduct in the form of proverbs, that may deceive the unwary, but who can fear such as "Take care of Number one"—"Do at Rome as they do at Rome"—"Never too late to repent"—"The nearer to church the farther from God, &c.?" We know not what influence such sayings may have in England, but we believe the author could hardly find a man who regulates a single action of his life by them; and certainly, if there be such a man, he will no more change his opinion by reading this book, than we should be deterred from robbing birds' nests, or playing marbles on a Sunday, by the life and death of King Pippin.

If it were worth while to remark other faults in such a book, we might mention one common to many good novels, as well as bad ones, that when the moral of the story requires a reformation in the hero, it is brought about without any sufficient cause, and in a period quite inadequate to correct rooted habits of vice.

ART. XIII. *A Narrative of Voyages and Travels in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, comprising three voyages round the world, together with a voyage of survey and discovery in the Pacifick Ocean and Oriental Islands. By Amasa Delano.* Boston, printed by E. G. House, 1817.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many obvious incitements to bookmaking, which are apparent to us, we cannot help sometimes falling into conjectures about the motives, which could have lead to the publication of many of the works that appear. To make a book of five or six hundred pages, is no small matter after all, let its subject and merits be what they may. And

the reward which should be obtained, as an adequate compensation for the labour, ought in no case to be inconsiderable. The goodness of the market is doubtless a powerful provocative to authors, as well as to labourers in every other calling; and we are inclined to the opinion, that writers of voyages and travels have their full share of encouragement from this source. A great proportion of the reading part of the community look only for amusement. To such persons, novels and books of travels have much more powerful attractions, than works of any other description. There are, besides these, a class of people belonging to the reading genus, of imaginations too sluggish to be excited by fiction, and minds not sufficiently cultivated or strong, to bring works of taste or science within their reach; and who depend therefore altogether upon the traveller and navigator, for their literary supplies.

Happily for the numerous writers of travels and their readers, this species of composition does not call for great powers of mind. He must be dull indeed, who cannot give a tolerably interesting account of very interesting places. And a man who is in the way of travelling much—more especially upon the ocean—may often chance to be thrown upon parts of the globe, a simple narration of facts relating to which, however awkwardly told, will be, in no inconsiderable degree, useful and entertaining. Whoever is so hopelessly tedious and uninviting, as to find no description of readers whatever, willing to accompany him on his expeditions, will himself have the greatest cause to lament his own folly, by being left to settle the whole fare. And should some tempest-beaten mariner, who had made three or four voyages round the world, of three or four years each, with only the success of getting safe home again, (a kind of success, perhaps, the least desirabble to himself, and it might be to his friends, of any he could have looked for,) contrive to share the loss of his luckless adventures with the publick, by publishing an account of them; we should hardly have the heart to find much fault, provided the damage to the community extended only to the immediate contribution. It is to be observed however, that this is not always the case. There are works of this denomination, properly ranking under the head of professional books, in which the writer undertakes so to describe places, and make such practical remarks on navigation, as may serve to regulate the course of any others, who have afterwards to pursue the same track. And here the responsi-

bility becomes imposing. To the reader for amusement, it were indeed of little moment, whether the advantages of a given course—the safety of a particular harbour—or the best means of obtaining supplies, are, as stated by the narrator, the results of a good judgment and sufficient experience; whether the bearing of rocks—the position of islands—and the danger and extent of shoals, be laid down with great exactness. But to the lonely navigator of a distant and unfrequented sea, to whose keeping the lives and property of others have been committed, and who in an hour of danger and doubt, when his own judgment could no longer assist him, has resorted to such a book, for its proffered guidance, the case is far different. And we should be slow to say, that a man was deserving of censure only, who, actuated either by vanity, or want, would, in this way, heedlessly put at risk the existence and interests of his fellow beings.

The book before us, a present to the community from Capt. Amasa Delano, is an octavo volume of about six hundred pages. The reader will think the size very reasonable, when he comes to find that he is carried in it three times round the world; on a voyage of survey and discovery in the Eastern Ocean; and further favoured with a biographical sketch of the author, written by a friend. Capt. Delano observes in the preface—"No seaman from the United States has enjoyed the same opportunity for observation and discovery in the Eastern Ocean, which was afforded to me by the voyage I made with Commodore M'Clure. My remarks upon the navigation along the coast of New Holland, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and round Cape Horn, will also be new to my readers, and, I am confident, of great value." And a little further on; "It was also thought expedient to introduce such information concerning the places which I visited, as might render the book interesting and instructive to lands-men, and as should give me an opportunity to offer my sentiments, as they occurred upon various topicks, in morals, condition, and character." Capt. Delano appears then to have had two things in view; first, to give such an account of the navigation of the seas he traversed, founded on personal observation and experience, as might be of great practical importance to seamen; and, secondly, a description of places and events, which, when aided by his own remarks, would afford entertaining and improving information to general readers. We shall endeavour to select such passages from this work,

as will convey to our readers some idea of its merits in the latter point of view, and then make any observations, that our scanty means of information will admit of, with regard to the other, which we deem indeed by far the most important, and should suppose must have been the principal object with the author.

The work commences with a sketch of the life, character, death, and burial of Major Samuel Shaw, one of the gentlemen who contracted for the building of the ship Massachusetts, the vessel in which Capt. Delano begins his adventures; and goes on to give the respective histories of the person who was contracted with, of the draughts-man, and of the master builder, Daniel Briggs, and his four brethren; interspersed with such judicious remarks, as the characters, occupations, and exits of the several subjects suggested to our author. We are then carried, by a very admirable division of the subject, from the contractors, builders, master-builders, and their respective relatives and friends, and their families, to the ship built; and receive a very minute and entertaining relation of the various parts of which the Massachusetts was composed; spars, beams, masts, keels, yards, decks, &c. &c. with their exact dimensions. This is followed by a comprehensive biography of every officer and seaman; and we are at length happily hauled off from Hancock's Wharf on Sunday, the 28th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1790, at precisely 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

It is to be lamented, that by a very unfortunate oversight of Capt. Delano, we are left entirely in the dark as to the names, characters, &c. of the persons who were collected on the wharves to witness our departure, although it is mentioned in a general way, that the crowd was uncommonly great. Out of justice to Capt. Delano, we would express our satisfaction at the singular benevolence he has evinced, by introducing the lives of so many of his acquaintances into this narrative. It is well known how pleasant it is to see one's name in print; and the persons noticed, with their friends, must feel highly gratified with the civility here paid them.

Capt. Delano has certainly done much more in this way, than could possibly be expected of him, considering he has made but one volume—indeed we think there can scarcely be many persons, natives of Boston, and the vicinity, who will not find some relation or other, more or less distant, handsomely mentioned in the course of this work. As Capt

Delano seems to have intended his book for something of a precedent to afterwriters, we cannot but hope they will be careful to profit by his example in this particular—it can cause but little inconvenience to the writer; answers exceedingly well for filling up; makes the book very popular—a majority of the publick being under obligations—and is certainly vastly agreeable to readers of all sorts. After arriving at Canton, the Massachusetts was sold to the Danish company there; the crew dispersed; and Capt. Delano, at Macao, a town in the province of Canton, falls in with Com. M'Clure, who had been sent out from Bombay by the English East India company, with the command of two vessels, the Panther and Endeavour, on an expedition to the Eastward, to visit the Pelew Islands, New Guinea, New Holland, the Spice Islands, and others in the Eastern Ocean. And he takes up with an offer made him by this gentleman, to join in the cruise. On their run from Canton to the Pelew Islands, they touched at the port of San Pio Quinto, one of the Babuyane islands, for the purpose of taking in wood and water; and Capt. Delano relates with great good humour an experiment that was made on his credulity by his fellow officers.

Two of them, having returned one evening from a day's duty on shore, produced a number of substances which they said they had found in the course of their rambles, and supposed to be gold ore, but very judiciously added, "that as they knew so little of minerals, and did not much like to labour for nothing, in collecting what might subject them to ridicule when they should return home, they doubted whether they should go out again to increase their specimens." Capt. Delano, whose imagination was not a little excited by the artful descriptions they had given him, and thinking them too faint-hearted in the business, determined to pursue the subject himself;—he was further encouraged to it by his friend Drummond, a Scotchman, and one of the gold discoverers, who, clapping him on the shoulder, said, "*Odds, mon*, if you are set upon this, there is my large canvass bag, which will hold two or three bushels; take that, and my Malabar boy with you for a guide; he knows the place where we found these curious ores, and you can return with a back load of gold." After a night, as he says, of South Sea dreams, he sat out upon his enterprise. The Malabar boy could speak no English, and Capt. Delano unfortunately nothing else; so, with as much communion together as such circumstances would ad-

mit of, they passed the day in the most fatiguing and gainless search for a substance, the supposed specimens of which were taken, as he afterwards discovered, from the ship's medicine chest. At the close of the day, he returned again to the shore, exhausted with fatigue and disappointment, and gives the following description of his feelings and reflections;—

"When I was seated in perfect silence on a rock in the river near its source, and could hear the echo of the waters through the awful stillness of the desert, mingled with the occasional, but unintelligible, expressions of anxiety by the poor Malabar boy; and when I remembered that I was at an almost immeasurable distance from my native country, in the service of a foreign power, the victim of an imposition, which appeared to me under various aspects, and now in a savage spot, where the natives might be every moment upon me, I confess I was not very far from that mixed mood of melancholy mortification and terrour, which required but little more to overcome me for the hour. Had I been attacked, desperation might have roused me, and made me brave; vexation and pride, however, were my friends and supporters, till better feelings regained their elasticity and force, and after leaving the rock for the shore and the ship, every step, and every new object, assisted to restore my self-controul and the consolations of hope. The feelings which I then experienced, have taught me how to judge of the sufferings and wants of men, whose spirits fail, when they are at a distance from home, and appear to themselves to be cast out from the sympathies of the human family. It is an evidence of as much folly as it is of inhumanity, to say that none but weak and dastardly minds are subject to these impressions. Good talents and lively imagination, a temperament of ingenuousness and honesty, and those qualities of the soul, which give the charm to decisive and efficient characters, serve only to add bitterness, under such circumstances, to the feeling of desolation. Whoever may have command of men abroad, let him not, when he finds any of them oppressed with these feelings, begin to despise and reproach them, as mean and pusillanimous; let him learn human nature better, and by kindness, by increased manifestations of sympathy, by diversifying their employments, and appointing such as are adapted to their condition, let him gradually raise their hearts, invigorate their resolution, and bind them to duty, virtue, and friendship forever. Many are the instances, in which generous and feeling minds have been ruined, and only relieved by death, when they were subject to the command of others, and during a period of depression were inhumanly treated without the means of redress. Sailors and all men, even of the meanest education, have the essential qualities of high minds, and are exalted and improved, at the same time that they are won, by generosity and kindness."

We think this extract does much credit to the feelings and good sense of Capt. Delano, and we are perfectly willing that our readers should consider it as a specimen of his style, but not on our authority ; we rather suspect, from a comparison of this, and a number of other passages, with the general finish of the work, that the friends, whose revision of it has been acknowledged in the preface, being possibly somewhat exhilarated by a short reprieve from the statement of latitude and longitude, the veering of winds, and delineation of harbours, must have given rather more polish to these parts, than was perhaps altogether consistent with a strict adherence to the style of the author.

On describing the island of Timor, Capt. Delano takes occasion to give a pretty long account of the remarkable facts relative to the ship Bounty and her mutinous crew ;—a very interesting notice of which many will recollect to have seen in the Quarterly Review for April and July, 1815, under the article of Porter's Cruise in the Pacifick Ocean. The facts were shortly these ;—In 1789, the British ship Bounty was employed in conveying the bread-fruit-tree from Otaheite to the British colonies in the West Indies. On her passage between these places, a part of her crew, headed by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, mutinied ; put the commander, Lieut. Bligh, and eighteen others, into the launch, set them adrift, and carried off the vessel. Lieut. Bligh by good fortune made the island of Timor, from whence he returned home. As soon as the news of this affair reached England, Capt. Edwards was dispatched with the Pandora to search for the mutineers ; fourteen, out of five and twenty, were found at Otaheite, but no traces could be discovered of Christian and the rest of them, who had left Otaheite in the ship, with the intention, as was said, of never returning to it. Nothing more was heard of them, nor were they conjectured to be still in existence, until February 1808, more than eighteen years after the mutiny took place, when Capt. Mayhew Folger of Nantucket, in this State, chanced to touch at Pitcairn's island, in the South Pacifick Ocean—before then, supposed to be uninhabited—and there very unexpectedly met with the only surviving mutineer, Alexander Smith, in the manner and situation aftermentioned. About six years later than this period, Sir Thomas Stains and Capt. Pipon, of the British ships Briton and Tagus, visited the island, and from their account of it, was made up the article referred to in the Quar-

terly Review. Capt. Delano assigns as a reason for introducing the narrative here, that from being possessed for a time, of the manuscript history of Capt. Edwards, and from repeated conversations had with Capt. Folger for the express purpose of learning the particulars of his interview with the extraordinary inhabitants of Pitcairn's island, the information he was enabled to give, was more minute, and of an earlier date, than any before published. The following extract appears to be the substance of what he learned from Capt. Folger.

"The Topaz, in which he sailed, (speaking of Folger,) was fitted and owned in this place by James and Thomas H. Perkins, Esquires, and crossed the South Pacifick Ocean in search of islands for seals. Being in the region of Pitcairn's island, according to Carteret's account, he determined to visit it, hoping that it might furnish him with the animals which were the objects of his voyage.

"As he approached the island, he was surprised to see smokes ascending from it, as Carteret had said it was uninhabited. With increased curiosity, he lowered a boat, and embarked in it for the shore. He was very soon met by a double canoe, made in the manner of the Otaheitans, and carrying several young men, who hailed him in English at a distance. They seemed not to be willing to come near to him, till they had ascertained who he was. He answered, and told them he was an American from Boston. This they did not immediately understand. With great earnestness they said, 'you are an American; you came from America; where is America? Is it in Ireland?'

"Capt. Folger thinking that he should soonest make himself intelligible to them, by finding out their origin and country, as they spoke English, inquired, 'Who are you?'—'We are Englishmen.'—'Where were you born?'—'On that island which you see.'—'How then are you Englishmen, if you were born on that island, which the English do not own, and never possessed?—'We are Englishmen, because our father was an Englishman.'—'Who is your father?' With a very interesting simplicity, they answered, 'Aleck.'—'Who is Aleck?'—'Don't you know Aleck?'—'How should I know Aleck?'—'Well then, did you know Captain Bligh of the Bounty?' At this question, Folger told me, the whole story immediately burst upon his mind, and produced a shock of mingled feelings, surprise, wonder, and pleasure, not to be described. His curiosity which had been already excited so much on this subject, was revived, and he made as many inquiries of them, as the situation in which they were, would permit.

"They informed him, that Aleck was the only one of the Bounty's crew, who remained alive on the island; they made him acquainted with some of the most important points in their history; and with every sentence, increased still more his desire to visit the establishment, and learn the whole. Not knowing whether it would be proper and safe to land without giving notice, as the fears of the surviving mutineer might be awakened in regard to the object of the visit, he requested the young men to go and tell Aleck, that the master of the ship desired very much to see him, and would supply him with any thing which he had on board. The canoe carried the message, but returned without Aleck, bringing an apology for his not appearing, and an invitation for Capt. Folger to come on shore. The invitation was not immediately accepted, but the young men were sent again for Aleck, to desire him to come on board the ship, and to give him assurances of the friendly and honest intentions of the master. They returned however again without Aleck; said that the women were fearful for his safety, and would not allow him to expose himself or them, by leaving their beloved island. The young men pledged themselves to Capt. Folger, that he had nothing to apprehend if he should land; that the islanders wanted extremely to see him, and that they would furnish him with any supplies which their village afforded.

"After this negotiation, Folger determined to go on shore, and as he landed, he was met by Aleck and all his family, and was welcomed with every demonstration of joy and good will. They escorted him from the shore to the house of their patriarch, where every luxury they had was set bofore him, and offered with the most affectionate courtesy.

"He, whom the youths in the canoe, with such juvenile and characteristick simplicity, had called Aleck, and who was Alexander Smith, now began the narrative, the most important parts of which have already been detailed. It will be sufficient for me to introduce here, such parts only as have not been mentioned, but are well fitted to give additional interest to the general outline, by a few touches upon the minute features. Smith said, and upon this point Capt. Folger was very explicit in his inquiry at the time, as well as in his account of it to me, that they lived under Christian's government several years after they landed; that during the whole period they enjoyed tolerable harmony; that Christian became sick, and died a *natural death;* and that it was after this, when the Otaheitan men joined in a conspiracy and killed the English husbands of the Otaheitan women, and were by the widows killed in turn on the following night. Smith was thus the only man left upon the island."

It seems that Sir Thomas Staines, in a letter addressed to Vice Admiral Dixon, states, that Christian "fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of an Otaheitan man, within three or four years after their arrival on the island;" and another account received from the mate of Capt. Folger's vessel, that he became insane, and threw himself from the rocks into the sea. But Capt. Delano affirms, on the authority of Folger, that the statement, above made by him with respect to this circumstance, is the correct one.

"Smith had taken great pains to educate the inhabitants of the island in the faith and principles of Christianity. They were in the uniform habit of morning and evening prayer, and were regularly assembled on Sunday for religious instruction and worship. It has been already said, that the books of the Bounty furnished them with the means of considerable learning;—Prayer books and Bibles were among them, which were used in their devotions It is probable also that Smith composed prayers and discourses particularly adapted to their circumstances. He had improved himself very much by reading and by the efforts he was obliged to make to instruct those under his care. He wrote and conversed extremely well, of which he gave many proofs in his records and his narrative. The girls and boys were made to read and write before Capt. Folger, to show him the degree of their improvement. They did themselves great credit in both, particularly the girls."

"When Smith was asked if he had ever heard of any of the great battles between the English and French fleets, in the late wars, he answered—'How could I, unless the birds of the air had been the heralds?' He was told of the victories of Lord Howe, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Duncan, and Lord Nelson. He listened with attention till the narrative was finished, and then rose from his seat, took off his hat, swung it three times round his head with three cheers, threw it on the ground sailor like, and cried out—'Old England forever!' The young people around him appeared to be almost as much exhilarated as himself, and must have looked on with surprize, having never seen their patriarchal chief so excited before."

Smith does not appear to have shown any inclination to leave the island. The houses are represented as uncommonly neat, and made after the manner of those at Otaheite. The young men were employed in the fields and gardens; and in making canoes, household furniture, implements of agriculture and fishing gear—the girls in making cloth from the cloth tree, and attending to their domestick concerns. The

aprons and shawls worn by the latter, were made of the bark of the cloth-tree. When the island was visited by Capt. Folger, Aleck did not endeavour to conceal his real name of Alexander Smith. We find however that after-visitors mention him under the name of John Adams. Capt. Delano attributes this change of name, to the fears excited in Smith, by the information he received from Capt. Folger, of the search made for the mutineers by Capt. Edwards in the Pandora, and supposes the one assumed, to be taken from that of President Adams, which was a prominent one in the account given to Smith by Folger of the federal constitution of the United States, which had gone into operation since this establishment on Pitcairn's Island. The number of the inhabitants, as mentioned by Folger in a letter to Capt. Delano, amounted at this time to thirty four, including women and children; this number was increased, when Sir Thomas Stains was there, to forty; and it is afterwards put by the Reviewers at forty six, besides infants.—We confess that we deemed this account of the Pitcairn family sufficiently interesting, fully to compensate us for the break it occasioned in our author's narrative. And we persuade ourselves that the same view of it will also avail us with our readers, as an excuse for having made so copious extracts. The portion which we have selected, appears never to have been published before, and certainly is entitled to the more consideration, for representing the appearance and conduct of these happy islanders on the first visit ever paid them; indeed, so singular and encouraging an example is presented by Smith, of the tendency of the human heart to virtue, when a removal from the deceptive and debasing pleasures and pursuits of the world has suffered the passions to become calm, that we could hardly feel ourselves blameless in neglecting to notice it, should it on that account come to the knowledge of but one person the less.

The next chapter is devoted to "reflections on the history of the Bounty, and of Pitcairn's Island." And if Capt. Delano did not receive the same friendly assistance in the construction of it, that we formerly hinted at, we do him injustice.

We ought to observe, to the credit of Capt. Delano, that through the whole of this book, he speaks of himself with the same apparent openness and impartiality, as of any third person, and shows no inclination to conceal anecdotes, that might be amusing, from a fear of the effect they would have

upon his character with the reader. During his last voyage, whilst in Bass's straights, his adventures were well nigh brought to an unfortunate conclusion, by the sudden sinking of a boat in which he, together with his brother and four others, were passing from his vessel to the main land. Only two, however, of the company were drowned. And the representation of his feelings on seeing them die, is given in so bold and undisguised a manner—is so different from the affected accounts we usually get from survivors in such cases, and at the same time so descriptive of the selfishness which always operates when great interests are at stake, that we cannot forbear extracting a small part of it. After stating the manner of the boat's sinking, their distance from the land, which was about a third of a mile, and how much he was encumbered by his dress, he says,

"I was just heading for the land, when looking to the left, I saw one of my faithful sailors, a Swede, by the name of John Fostram, making towards me with all possible exertion. I turned my head from him, and used every effort to prevent his reaching me, which I greatly apprehended he would; but the poor fellow, finding his attempts fail, relinquished the oar he had grasped in his hand, his head gradually lowering, until his strength being entirely exhausted, he gave up, and sunk. I never, until then, had experienced any satisfaction in seeing a man die; but so great is the regard we have for ourselves when in danger, that we would sooner see the whole human race perish, than die ourselves. I remember but few incidents in the course of my life, that were more gratifying to me, than that of Fostram's sinking; for I was not only relieved of the dread of his involving me in his own fate, but had likewise the oar he relinquished within my reach, which I immediately siezed, and headed again for the land. Very soon after, I observrd another of my poor distressed sailors, a native of Nova Scotia, named William Thompson, making towards me on the right hand. I pulled from him, though he did not give me so much uneasiness as the former, as he was at a greater distance. This poor fellow soon met his fate in a similar manner with Fostram. I likewise made shift to procure his oar, and placed it under me, and then once more headed for the land."

We might readily go on to make other selections sufficiently amusing, did we not think it necessary to hasten to the few words we have to say, of the merits of this work, as it relates to navigation. Although it has been but a few years since the circumnavigation of the globe was attempted, and

we should almost venture to say, that until very lately, many persons could be found somewhat undecided in their notions, as to the element in which it was performed; yet so well directed have been the efforts of the English to add to the stock of information on nautical affairs—and so well have these efforts been seconded by the enterprise and activity of our own countrymen—that a voyage round the world has now got to be quite an every day affair. Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Cook, and Vancouver have been successively sent by the English government into the North and South Pacifick Oceans, and along the Northwest Coast of America, upon voyages of survey and discovery—all of them able men, and well appointed. In addition to this, various expeditions of a similar nature have been fitted out, under the direction of private companies; and numberless individuals too, both of that country and our own, invited by a lucrative trade in skins, on the Northwest Coast, have not been backward to brave the dangers of these remote seas; nor do we mean to assert, that these enterprises have been confined to the English and Americans. The French and Russians have shared also in the honour and profit of them. After the acquaintance with these waters, which must have been obtained from so ample means of information, we may well conceive that Capt. Delano would have but a poor chance of relating any thing very novel. Whoever would wish to acquire a satisfactory knowledge of the ports and islands in these regions, the character, customs, and resources of their inhabitants, would doubtless look for it to some higher source, than this work. And the seaman, whose object it is to become a skilful navigator there, would do well to seek his instruction from the eminent men, who have been expressly selected to furnish it. All this, however, does not convince us, that a book, like the one in hand, if substantially correct and sufficiently minute, may not be of some use. In this country, where commercial enterprise is carried to a very great extent, the officers of our most valuable ships must often be young men, and not always fully experienced in the voyages they undertake—many of them too, from the nature of their early education, and their active duties, but little inclined to search for information in the voluminous and scientifick works of such men, as we have mentioned. A book of less pretension, written by one engaged in the same occupation with themselves, of the same country, possibly an acquaintance, and in

the practical style, and homely, inartificial manner, which we should expect from a man bred upon the sea, stating those facts, which he had found by his own experience to be the most useful, would be much more likely to draw their attention; and in the cabin of a merchantman, might perhaps bear some comparison with works, that in their general nature, were infinitely more valuable. We are sensible that of the correctness of the statements, and the soundness of the advice given by Capt. Delano, we are not very competent judges. We have, however, made inquiries of gentlemen, whose experience in these seas ought to give great weight to their opinions, and they inform us, that as far as their knowledge extends, the work is generally correct. In many instances the observations are very minute, and made with such an air of confidence, as would hardly be ventured upon, but by one who felt well convinced of their justness. Nor does the author hesitate to differ in many instances from very high authorities. With respect to the passage round Cape Horn, concerning the dangers of which, there has been much contrariety of opinion—he takes side with those, who represent its hazards to be generally magnified; and in speaking of the harbour of Valparaiso, he asserts that many of the remarks made by Vancouver relating to the prevailing winds there, in the winter months, and the courses and distances, are incorrect, and advances as a reason for the confidence he has in his own opinions, that he had "entered, or been in the port of Valparaiso, in nearly every month in the year," whereas Vancouver was there "but one short visit, of a month or two." Taking into view the nature of the remarks made by Capt. Delano, and relying upon the opinion we have received of his general correctness, we should think this narrative might be of some use to seamen, not experienced in the voyages he describes; and that persons who read for amusement, and whose taste is not liable to be offended by homeliness of style, may be entertained by it.

ART. XIV. *Tales of my Landlord, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, school-master and parish clerk of Gandercleugh.* Edinburgh, four volumes in two.

WE regret we cannot go more fully than our limits will allow us, into an examination of the character of the class of

compositions, to which this work belongs. We should be willing to divest ourselves of the prerogatives of our office, and engage in the inquiry with all the humility becoming learners. We are inclined to believe that it and the world have much occasion for mutual forgiveness, and that the fair neutral ground of reconciliation would be considerably nearer the half-way point than most seem willing to suppose.

In fictitious narrative, simply considered, there is doubtless not of necessity any treason; and if knowledge, of whatever kind, makes its way most surely, when it comes in such a form as to excite curiosity, and so fix attention, it should seem that moral truth could scarcely be conveyed through any other channel, with better prospect of success. The relish for works of this species is universal and keen. How unskilfully constructed soever, they never want for readers. Yet it is not their best recommendation, that they will carry instruction where, if it assumed a soberer garb, it never could have reached. It deserves always to be remembered, that the easier half is not effected, when the assent of the understanding is gained to moral truth. To be efficient, it must be conveyed with impression. It must be made to mingle itself with the feelings. It must be enabled in some sense to assume the strength, and operate with the certainty of impulse. Its capacity for enforcing its lessons with such authoritative effect, is all which gives that most thorough, though most severe of teachers, experience, so clear a superiority over injunction or example. Day after day of life, is only setting in more conspicuous light, what had always seemed indisputably plain, and from its very familiarity had lost its influence.

Novel writers profess to give copies of life and manners; to trace the ever varying modifications of temperament, and develop the springs of action;—and the knowledge of human nature is, one only excepted, the most valuable sort of knowledge. If they fall short of their engagement, if they give imperfect or distorted representations, the fault is without doubt not of the plan, but of the execution. The reputation of the writer is answerable, not the character of the class of writings. We do not allow much weight to the objection, that in order to sustain the requisite measure of interest, such representations must be overstrained;—by which we suppose is intended that the distinctions of merit and fortune must be drawn more definitively than reality ever draws them;—both because we doubt if there be produced by authentick history a

much more vivid impresssion of reality, and because, allowing all for this, which any can be disposed to claim for it, we conceive that it is more than balanced by the selection of topicks, which the nature of fictitious narrative admits. The whole territory of invention may be lawfully ranged for incidents proper to forward the design ; and nothing extraneous need be introduced to mar its symmetry, and dissipate its effect. If in real history we could be assured of the fidelity of the copy, the advantage still would be the same, which a fancy landscape has over a sketch from nature. The truth of the imitation in the one would be a separate claim on attention, notwithstanding the confusing incongruity of its parts. But the unity of effect, the distinctness of expression in the other, could not but engage a more animated interest. An occasion for the application of a generous principle may probably never present itself, similar to that by which it had been formed. But this is nothing, so that the disposition be but cherished. If we never have opportunity to sacrifice rank and fortune like Glenthorn, or love like Theodore, to duty, not a day passes that duty does not demand some effort, or the heroick spirit of self-devotion may not find room to act. And we should begin to despair of a mind, which could retain its selfishness unshaken by representations such as these.

We are not to learn that many very pernicious works have been written, which must be ranged under the head of novels ; nor do we care to task ourselves with a refutation of the stale sophism that the perversion of an instrument is reason against its use. If they have made many sentimentalists, and some libertines, it is only the more desirable that a weapon so efficient may be managed by faithful hands. It was a thing to be expected that a class of works, level to the capacities, and addressing itself to the curiosity of all, should have sought for popularity wherever it promised to be found ; that such men of abilities as were better pleased to make their gifts profitable to themselves than to society, should, in this as in other trades, have been little scrupulous as to the means of making their calling gainful ; that here, as elsewhere, it should have been made an object to suit every description of customers with the commodity which their tastes required. For a similar reason, but more perhaps, from the tincture which the earliest romances took from the existing state of manners, extravagant deference has been demanded

to the omnipotence of love, and not unfrequently there may have been ascribed to it something like a dispensing power. We do not now recollect an instance, among the higher classes of novels, of a fable constructed without its aid. But fifty years ago it would not have been thought a very prudent experiment to leave it out of a dramatick plot. Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas, and it was found that a play, and a good play, might be composed, and the heroine be a wife and mother.

We incline on the whole to believe that the question as to the character of works of fictitious history is, strictly speaking, a question of fact; and that if there are works of this description, honestly designed and executed with judgment, they form a large accession not more to the stock of harmless entertainment, than to the means of culture of the understanding and the heart. We wish the more that we had greater confidence in this belief, because, whatever be their influence, it is destined, we conceive, to do much towards determining the character of the age. If they really may work extensive good, the time appears to have come for their benefits to be realized. They have gained a circulation not paralleled by any other class of compositions in the history of letters. The saying of one who was no novice in the science of human nature, that 'he cared not what laws a people were governed by, so he had but the making of their ballads,' may at this time be applied with yet fuller significance to them. And what is very auspicious, as they have grown in popularity, they have assumed a higher character. Nature has been drawn in all its phases as variously shaded by the accidents of country, character, and rank; fidelity to the original has been made a strict condition of celebrity, and the views exhibited of life have become almost beyond comparison more philosophical and just; love has been practically admitted to form but a part, and not a very large part, of the concerns of existence; and for the most part purity of moral design is accounted a thing of moment. It is among the distinguishing glories of the age, that some of the most accomplished minds it has produced have not disdained to employ themselves, in this region of literary ground, in making the homely rules of ordinary duty intelligible and interesting to the least improved, and recommending them by the attractions in which the eloquence of simplicity and feeling is always able to array them. Romance, so to speak, has

left the castle and the forest for the cottage and the work-shop, and its path may be traced by a line of fertility and verdure. We ascribe no small part of the generally improved state of morals among the labouring classes in the mother country, to the condescending exertions of Miss Edgeworth and Miss More. The Cheap Repository Tracts, especially, of the latter most estimable person, by their influence in promoting habits of economy and industry, did as much, we apprehend, towards stemming the revolutionary torrent, when it threatened the overthrow of rational liberty in its last transatlantick retreat, as all the precautions of Pitt, and the terrours of the king's attorney-general. Strange as the scheme would have been thought a century ago, it has even been attempted in this projecting age to make fictitious history a vehicle of religious truth.* The experiment has not yet been fairly tried, and it would be but presumption to predict its failure. We think there is less danger that the union will be found impracticable, than that, with whatever success it be effected, such works will not find readers. Those who might be expected to favour them most will be disposed to resort rather to other sources of instruction; and it is not to be disguised that the mass of novel-readers are readers only for amusement. There is danger of driving them away by so grave a pretension. Their moral nutriment, to be received, must be all insinuated. They must be taught and amended, while they imagine they are only entertained.

The author of Waverley, of Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, is among the most popular novelists of this age of novels. He has reached this rank over obstacles such as would have been fatal to any but a genius of the highest order. His professed purpose has been to illustrate at different stages a state of manners formed in the conflict of causes very peculiar,—the remnant of the baronial system on the one hand, and the encroachments of a fanatical spirit of revolution on the other;—manners marked by singularities as striking as the influences under which they grew were opposite, and of which scarce a ruin remains to shew the truth of the likeness. It was further necessary that much of the business of the

* Cœlebs, Discipline, Self-Control, et al. h. m.

scene should be conducted in a barbarous dialect, familiar to but few even in the sister kingdom, and little better than heathen Greek to all beyond the limits of the empire.

These are difficulties inseparable from the design; but as if reckless of them, and disdaining to distrust his powers, this writer has wilfully heaped impediments in the way of his success, and ventured, without apology and with something like defiance, on faults such as only the most signal excellencies could redeem. He has great resources, but evidently little care in their selection. His stories interest, not generally from the nature of the incidents that compose them, still less from the skill with which they are combined, but from the spirit, the eloquence, with which they are told. The reader finds himself instantly engaged, and is hurried forward with such speed, as leaves him no time to look about him, and observe that he journeys much through by-paths, and that great part of his travel helps him but little on his way. This is less the fault of Waverley than of the other works; but in all it is more or less matter of regret, when, as we grow more familiar with the ground, we find ourselves at leisure to remark it. Another great blemish is the not unfrequent introduction of the marvellous into a plot of recent times, if not to help out the catastrophe, at any rate to multiply the instruments of interest, and so secure an additional class of admirers, not indeed of the most discriminating character;—an errour only differing in degree from that of a dramatist, who should group the furies of Euripides with the Merry Wives of Windsor, or introduce the ghost in Adelmorn into the Highland Reel. To cut short the catalogue of his ill deserts,—his dialogue, though equalling in its best estate the happiest efforts of Miss Burney or Miss Edgeworth, and throwing all others quite into the shade, yet not seldom approaches too nearly, if it does not often invade the limits of vulgarity.

These are the faults of this author, and such a load they make as only a literary Atlas could support. Abundant as they are, they scarcely qualify the praise extorted by his merits. His carelessness, while it leaves the critick much to cavil at, does not allow the reader for amusement only, to discover that he has any thing to regret. It is always the carelessness of a thoroughly accomplished man, conscious that be he negligent as he will, he cannot but be graceful. His unequalled power of giving interest, by his manner of

narrating it, to a story for the most part not skilfully contrived, is not more admirable than his fertility in illustration the vivacity of his descriptions of scenery and manners, and his philosophical insight into the mysteries of character and motives as they are mutually modified. The state of society he describes is one, of which we not only know absolutely nothing, but so widely remote from our own, or any we have read of elsewhere, that it is no easy thing to form a conception of it as really existing, when ever so happily described. Yet we cannot but observe that it supposes no ingredients, other than what actually belong to the human composition; and no room is left us to doubt of its reality, for if nature did not furnish the study, how came the picture so spirited and consistent, yet at the same time so peculiar? His descriptions of natural objects are all poetry. In this art he never had his superiour. And all these other excellencies are set off and adorned by the inimitable versatility, the strength, liveliness, humour, and pathos of his dialogue;—we use the word always not in its most restricted technical sense;—never flagging in circumstances the most unpropitious; preserving with scrupulous nicety the proprieties of situation and character, and as it 'shifts from grave to gay,' alternately convulsing the reader with laughter, and melting him to tears.

We have stated what seem to us the most prominent peculiarities of the author of these extraordinary productions. They all, blemishes and beauties, appear in so marked a manner in the work before us, that we have no hesitation in asserting its fraternal affinity with them, though no hint is given on the title page of such relationship. It consists of two tales; the first of which occupies but half of one of the volumes. The scene is laid in Scotland, a hundred years after the union of the crowns. The title of 'the black dwarf' is furnished by the principal character. We shall not give the story, both because we wish to induce all our readers, who have not already done so, to gather it for themselves, and because, as we should tell it, it would be a very unfair sample of the merit of the work. In our hands, we fear it would be likely to assume something like the attitude of the adversary at the ear of Eve, and only an enchanted touch could swell it into fair proportion. In other points it does not shame its descent, and there are touches of pathos in it, not unworthy of the author of Waverley.

The personage, who gives his name to the tale, first appears to Earnscliff and Elliot—we must speak as if they and our readers were already acquainted—as they are passing home from a hunt over a desert heath. To this spot, some popular legends were attached, which quelled the spirits of the latter, his courage being, like Ajax's, of that discreet sort, which bears itself most bravely in the day-light.

"The object which alarmed the young farmer in the middle of his valorous protestations, startled for a moment even his less prejudiced companion. The moon, which had arisen during their conversation, was, in the phrase of that country, wading or struggling with clouds, and shed only a doubtful and occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed upon the great granite column, to which they now approached, they discovered a form, apparently human, but of a size much less than ordinary, which moved slowly among the large gray stones, not like a person intending to journey onward, but with the slow, irregular, flitting movement of a being who hovers around some spot of melancholy recollection, uttering also, from time to time, a sort of indistinct muttering sound."

"The height of the object, which seemed even to decrease as they approached it, seemed to be under four feet, and its form, so far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exteriour. To the third repeated demand of 'Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?'—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones made Elliot step two paces back and startled even his companion, 'Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask nought at you.'

"'What do you do here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home?' ('God forbid,' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, involuntarily,) and I will give you a lodging.'

"'I would sooner lodge by myself in the deepest of the Tarras-flow,' again whispered Hobbie.

"'Pass on your way,' rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. 'I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, an' I trust it was for the last time.'

"'He is mad,' said Earnscliff—'He has a look of auld Humphrey Ettercap, the tinker, that perished in this very moss about five years syne,' answered his superstitious companion; 'but Humphrey was na that awfu' big in the bouk.'

"'Pass on your way,' reiterated the object of their curiosity, 'the breath of your human bodies poisons the air around me—the sound of your human voices goes through my ears like sharp bodkins.'

"'Lord safe us!' said Hobbie, 'that the dead should bear sic fearfu' ill-will to the living!—his saul maun be in a puir way, I'm jealous.'

"'Come, my friend,' said Earnscliff, 'you seem to suffer under some strong affliction; common humanity will not allow us to leave you here.'

"'Common humanity!' exclaimed the being, with a scornful laugh that sounded like a shriek, 'where got ye that catchword—that noose for woodcocks —that common disguise for man-traps—that bait which the wretched idiot who swallows, will soon find covers a hook with barbs ten times sharper than those you lay for the animals which you murder for your luxury!'

"'I tell you, my friend,' again replied Earnscliff, 'you are incapable to judge of your own situation—you will perish in this wilderness, and we must, in compassion, force you along with us.'

"'I'll hae neither hand nor foot in't,' said Hobbie; 'let the ghaist take his ain way, for God's sake.'

"'My blood be on my own head, if I perish here,' said the figure; and, observing Earnscliff meditating to lay hold on him, he added, 'and your blood be upon yours, if you touch but the skirt of my garments to infect me with the taint of mortality!'

"The moon shone more brightly as he spoke thus, and Earnscliff observed that he held out his right hand armed with some weapon of offence, which glittered in the cold ray like the blade of a long knife, or the barrel of a pistol. It would have been madness to persevere in his attempt upon a being thus armed, and holding such desperate language, especially as it was plain he would have but little aid from his companion, who had fairly left him to settle matters with the apparition as he could, and had proceeded a few paces on his way homeward. Earnscliff, therefore, turned and followed Hobbie, after looking back towards the supposed maniack, who, as if raised to frenzy by the interview, roamed wildly around the great stone, exhausting his voice in shrieks and imprecations that thrilled wildly along the waste heath."

They visit him again the following day, and his unprepossessing exteriour is described more particularly.

"The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native deformity. His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age; his eye-brows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets, that rolled with a portentous wildness, indicative of partial insanity. The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough-hewn stamp, with which a painter would equip a giant in a romance, to which was added, the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression so often seen in the countenances of those whose persons are deformed. His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress which we wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and were uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature. His clothing was a sort of coarse brown tunick, like a monk's frock, girt round him with a belt of seal-skin. On his head he had a cap made of badger's skin, or some other rough fur, which added considerably to the grotesque effect of his whole appearance, and overshadowed features, whose habitual expression seemed that of sullen malignant misanthropy."

It is hard to excite in a good mind any feelings in unison with a character like this. The attempt, from its difficulty, was worthy of the author; and if he has not fully succeeded, he has not wholly failed. The misanthropy has nothing distinguishing; it is the misanthropy of Timon and Penruddock. But Timon is repulsive; nothing reconciles us to him but his death; and Penruddock, we think, has been made inconsistent, in order to put him within the range of sympathy. No such fault is here. Injuries are accumulated, till we are forced to make allowance for reaction; and we are taught to pity till we are almost ready to forgive. The causes which bowed down, and finally crushed a proud and ardent mind, are very powerfully imagined. He was born to all the gifts of rank and fortune; with feelings keen, disinterested and confiding, and an understanding capable of any culture. The sense of his deformity, however, 'haunted him

like a phantom.' He felt more than all the severity of his destiny, and determined to unite himself with the human family, by becoming a universal benefactor. His generosity was profuse, but indiscriminating; 'the bounty which flowed from a source so capricious was often abused, and his confidence frequently betrayed;' 'the domestick whom he had bred from infancy, made mouths at him as he stood behind his chair;' 'the scoff of the rabble, and the sneer of the yet more brutal vulgar of his own rank, was to him agony and breaking on the wheel.' His wounded affections had been taught to cling about one, who appeared able to estimate, worthy to deserve, and willing to requite them; and the second place in them was held by a friend, whom assiduous kindness seemed to have rendered grateful. His marriage, for which the day had been appointed, was delayed by the death of his parents. The second period fixed on had nearly arrived, when 'in an evil hour, at the earnest request and intreaty of his friend, they joined a general party, where men of different political opinions were mingled.' A fray ensued, and he saved his friend's life at the expense of that of his antagonist. The consequence was a year's imprisonment. The irritability of a diseased imagination was now aggravated by the inflictions of remorse; and he only lived in the hope of forming, with his wife and friend, 'a society, encircled by which he might dispense with more extensive communication with the world.' Before the term of his imprisonment expired, his mistress was the wife of him, in whose defence he had incurred the punishment and the memory of murder. 'It was as if the last cable, at which the vessel rode, had suddenly parted, and left her abandoned to all the wild fury of the tempest.' A fit of insanity rendered temporary confinement necessary, but it was needlessly protracted, to retain the management of his estates. When released at length, 'freedom and wealth were unable to restore the equipoise of his mind, over which remorse and misanthropy now assumed in appearance an unbounded authority.'

This appears to us a most striking and original conception. A high, generous spirit,—courting sympathy,—living on affection,—yet pent within a covering, whose uncouthness entails on it those evils, more intolerable than any which make the stated penalty of guilt—derision and disgust; struggling to assert its claim to kindred with humanity, by acts of profuse and undistinguishing kindness, and finding atrocity

where it looked for devotedness, and desertion where it had reposed its hopes, presents an object of unmingled misery, which finds its way to the bottom of the heart.

We suppose no one reads this tale, but regrets that a larger edifice has not been raised on so noble a foundation as the leading character had furnished. Besides what we have noticed, there are parts of rare merit. The contrast between Hobbie's elation of heart as he goes home for the reward of his honest attachment, and his despair when he finds how different a reception had been prepared for him, is drawn with great effect. His generous anxiety to pacify the indignation of the Recluse, at his involuntary offence, and his pious care, when his friend had disappeared, of every thing which he had loved, are strokes of native pathos. For the characters—the Recluse, Hobbie, and the matron have monopolized the powers of the author. That of Mr. Vere, we apprehend, is a combination of qualities, which can scarcely come together in nature. Too little is seen of the heroine, and that little does not make us impatient for more. Earnscliff is a good marksman, but almost as dull a lover as De Wilton, or Malcolm Græme; and Ratcliffe, Mareschal, Sir Frederick, Miss Ilderton and the rest, are much such compositions as nature 'manufactures, when she makes a gross.'

We have only room for one extract more. It decribes the first meeting of Elliot and his family after their misfortune. The whole scene from which it is taken is perhaps the most touching in the book.

"The meeting between Hobbie and his family was in the highest degree affecting. His sisters threw themselves upon him, and almost stifled him with their caresses, as if to prevent his looking round to distinguish the absence of one yet more beloved.

"'God help thee, my son! He can help, when worldly trust is a broken reed.'—Such was the welcome of the matron to her unfortunate grandson. He looked eagerly round, holding two of his sisters by the hand, while the third hung about his neck.—'I see you: I count you: my grandmother, Lillias, Jean, and Annot; but where is ——' he hesitated, and then continued, as with an effort,—'Where is Grace? Surely this is not a time to hide herself frae me: there's nae time for daffing now.'

"'O brother!' and 'Our poor Grace!' was the only answer his questions could procure, till his grandmother rose up, and gently disengaging him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and, with the affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil sprinkled

on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said 'My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the wars, and left me with six orphans around me with scarce bread to eat, or a roof to cover us, I had strength,—not of mine own: but I had strength given me to say, the Lord's will be done! My son, our peaceful house was last night broken into by moss-troopers, armed and masked; they have taken and destroyed all, and carried off our dear Grace;—pray for strength to say, His will be done.'

"'Mother! mother! urge me not; I cannot: not now: I am a sinful man, and of a hardened race.—Masked! armed! Grace carried off! Gi'e me my sword, and my father's knapsack: I will have vengeance, if I should go to the pit of darkness to seek it!'

"'O my bairn! my bairn! be patient under the rod. Who knows when he may lift his hand off from us? Young Earnscliff, heaven bless him, has ta'en the chase, with Davie of Stenhouse, and the first comers. I cried to let house and plenishing burn, and follow the reivers to recover Grace, and Earnscliff and his men were ower the Fell within three hour after the deed. God bless him; he's a real Earnscliff: he's his father's true son: a leal friend.'

"'A true friend, indeed; God bless him!' exclaimed Hobbie; 'let's on and away, and take the chase after him.'

"'O, my child, before you run on danger, let me hear you but say, His will be done!'

"'Urge me not, mother, not now.' He was rushing out, when, looking back, he observed his grandmother make a mute attitude of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said, 'Yes, mother, I *can* say, His will be done, since it will comfort you.

"'May He go forth: may He go forth with you, my dear bairn; and O, may He give you cause to say on your return, His name be praised!'

"'Farewell, mother! farewell, my dear sisters!' exclaimed Elliot, and rushed out of the house."

The scene of the second tale also, which is called, for reasons somewhat whimsical, 'Old Mortality,' is laid in Scotland, and chiefly in the reign of Charles II. It begins with the assassination of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by a party of Covenanters, and terminates with the battle of Killiecrankie in the first year of William III. Of this period, however, of about ten years, all except two or three months is passed by the principal character on the continent, and we know nothing further of what occurs to any of the persons concerned during his absence, than they see fit mutually to

communicate at his return. Morton, the fortunate suitor of the piece, and of course by prescriptive right the hero, is the orphan son of a soldier, who had served Cromwell against the king, and afterwards the king against the rebels. He had been educated in presbyterian principles, and in little else, by a careful uncle, who loved the kirk better than the king, the king as well as the covenant, and his coffers better than either. Possessing, however, a noble spirit, and an understanding so happily constituted as to be able to neutralize the usual effects of a faulty education, the mind of young Morton had advanced with rapid, though timid steps, and he became wise and accomplished, without having suspected it. 'He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politicks or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatical zeal, and unleavened by the sourness of the puritanical spirit.' The paralyzing sense of dependence, however, and an ingenuous diffidence, the natural consequence in such a mind of limited facilities for expanding itself, had, hitherto, hung like a clog about his virtue, 'fettering though unseen, and heavy, though it clanked not.' Thus barred from the path of honour, he had turned into that of love, and found a more enlivening warmth than that of the sun of glory in the bright blue eyes of Edith Bellenden.

Returning from a *wappen-schaw*, or county muster, at which his first ambition had been gratified by winning the proud title of Captain of the popinjay, Morton falls in with Balfour of Burley, fresh from the murder of the primate. As they come to a pass, by which Burley had expected to gain the hills, and join the covenanters who had collected in some force, he is warned that the path is ambushed, and that no means of safety are left him, but in concealment for the night. Unwilling to bring danger on his uncle or form any connexions for himself with so desperate an adventurer, Morton hesitates how to act, till the stern fanatick demands his protection as due to the preserver of his father's life. In the course of a conversation, in which Burley attempts before they part to draw his host over to the discontented party, the distrust which sometimes comes over him of the reality of that influence, under which he professes to act, is thus expressed.

"'Young man,' returned Balfour, 'you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task

upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven, while we are yet in the body, and retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another? And think you, that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves? Must they not sometimes question even the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under? Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?"

Weary of wearing out a life without object, and witnessing publick miseries which he cannot redress, Morton resolves to go abroad, and win his fortune by his sword. The opposition of his uncle discourages him for the present, and the following day his motions are left still less at his own disposal. The family of Milnwood are surprised by a visit from a party of the life-guards, under the command of Sergeant Bothwell, who afterwards makes some figure in the story. Morton confesses that, ignorant of the crime of his guest, he had given shelter, unknown to his uncle, to one of the proscribed assassins of the primate. But a timely application of the guineas of the thrifty laird is about to procure his release, when the strenuous testimony raised against 'the man of sin, even the scarlet man,' by an ancient denizen of the lands of Tillietudlem,—the feudal residence of the grandmother of Edith,—who had been dismissed from that loyal house for contumacy, and found shelter under the roof-tree of Milnwood, leaves the complaisant officer no pretence for selling an indulgence, and Morton is carried away prisoner to Tillietudlem.

By the resources of her handmaid, Edith discovers the stranger, who at his own request had been disguised, to be no other than him she would least have wished it to be; and with the ready ingenuity of love, contrives without disclosing her own interest in the result to call to the castle her uncle, Major Bellenden, from whose friendship for Morton she conceived some hope. The following morning Colonel Grahame

of Claverhouse arrives at the tower, at the head of his regiment of dragoons, on his way to disperse the rebels on Loudon Hill. The description of this heroick butcher, better known in history by his title of Viscount Dundee, is in the best manner of the author.

"Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and wellformed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

"The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exteriour which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exteriour was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politicks, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre."

Mrs. Dennison's talents are again put in requisition, and Edith visits her lover in his dungeon. Claverhouse resolves to shew him no mercy. The remonstrances of Major Ballenden, and the entreaties of Lady Margaret,—who, with all her antipathy to whigs, was not so blood-thirsty as she would have it believed,—are equally unavailing, and Morton is at last with difficulty rescued by the influence of Lord E-

vandale, his rival for the favour of Miss Bellenden, exerted at her instance. He is carried away prisoner with the regiment, as well as Mause, whose testimony had brought him into thrall, and who, with her son Cuddie, and 'the precious Mr. Gabriel Kettledrummle,' had been brought off as trophies by a party employed in the dispersion of a conventicle. 'The parson and the old woman,' being in the good judgment of Serjeant Bothwell 'the fittest company for each other,' are indulged in pursuing their journey side by side. They do not go far before the full cauldron of their zeal boils over.

"At first, the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated, as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"'Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!' exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle—'Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!'

"'Ay—ay—a black cast to a' their ill-fa'ar'd faces, and the outside o'the loof to them at the last day,' echoed the shrill countertenour of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"'I tell you,' continued the divine, 'that your rankings and your ridings—your neighings and your prancings—your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties—your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, souldamning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come——hugh; hugh! hugh!'

"'And I say,' cried Mause, in the same tone, and nearly at the same time, 'that wi' this auld breath o'mine, and it's sair ta'en down wi' the asthmaticks and this rough trot'——

"'De'il gin they wad gallop,' said Cuddie, 'wad it but gar her haud her tongue.'

"'Wi' this auld and brief breath,' continued Mause, 'will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath.'

"'Peace, I pr'ythee—Peace, good woman,' said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind, 'peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar.

—I say, I uplift my voice and tell ye, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun gaes down, ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that's gone to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Serjeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, sarcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you.'

"'That shall they never, I trow,' echoed Mause; 'castaways are they ilk ane o' them—besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the temple—whips of small cords knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the de'il's brogues.'

"'Fiend hae me,' said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, 'if I dinna think our mither preaches as well as the minister!—But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too—De'il an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and than he wad hae't a' to answer for himsel—It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses feet; but an' we were anes on saft grund, we'll hear news o' a' this.'

"Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of the horses hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorland, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and green sward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, 'Also I uplift my song like that of a pelican in the wilderness'——

"'And I mine,' had issued from Mause, 'like a sparrow on the house-tops'——

"When,' 'Hollo, ho!' cried the corporal from the rear; 'rein up your tongues, or I'll clap a martingale on them.'

"'I will not peace at the commands of the profane,' said Gabriel.

"'Nor I neither,' said Mause, 'for a bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick of the Tower of Babel, and ca'itsel a corporal.'

This may serve for a specimen of the author's comick powers. The speeches of the same zealous testifier which at Milnwood lost Morton his liberty are still better, but we cannot give them entire, and a selection would be difficult.—Pursuing their march, they come in view of the position of the insurgents on Loudon Hill, and a battle ensues, in which the king's troops are totally routed. It is described with infinite spirit. We have not room for the whole but cannot forbear to extract what follows.

"Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superiour enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"'Follow me, my lads,' he called to his men; 'never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting rouud-heads.'

"With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, 'Bothwell! Bothwell!' and throwing himself into the morass, he strnggled throug it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on his point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"'You are the murdering villian, Burley,' said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—'you escaped me once, but'—(he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down) 'thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

"'Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, 'I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where

thou should'st never lift again; and God so do to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.'

"'Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

"There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp, in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

"Several horses passed over them in the meleé without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—'Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!'

"'Die, wretch!—die,' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—'Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing.'

"'And FEARING nothing!' said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken."

The result of the battle sets the prisoners at large, and gives Morton opportunity of repaying his debt to Lord Evan-

dale. The certainty that a civil struggle cannot now be avoided, the memory of his private wrongs, and the hope of being able to do something towards relieving the burden of publick distress determine him to hesitate no longer between honour and loyalty, and to join the party of the insurgents. By the influence of Burley, who has his own purposes to answer by the choice, he is appointed one of their commanders. Three preachers, Burley, and the laird of Lancaile, compose the rest of the military delegation. The council decide to rest a day to refresh their troops, and then attack the fortress of Tillietudlem, which Major Bellenden, with the aid of Lord Evandale and a small detachment of the guards, had been preparing meanwhile to hold out against them. Tillietudlem is assaulted, but without success. Burley and Morton fail in front, and a diversion attempted under the auspices of Cuddie in the rear is foiled more bloodlessly by the intrepidity of the versatile Jenny. In this conjuncture the Covenanters resolve to attempt it by blockade; and Morton, much to his chagrin, is detached with the body of the army to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross out of Glasgow, while Burley, with five hundred men, sits down before the tower. The first attack on Glasgow is repulsed; but rather than hazard the event of a second, the cavaliers evacuate the city, and, after an absence of nearly a month, Morton has time to return to the camp before Tillietudlem. He arrives most opportunely. During his absence, Burley had made prisoner of Lord Evandale in a sally, and the following morning his life was to be the forfeit, if the garrison did not surrender. Morton, with his companion, the Rev. Mr. Poundtext, constitute a majority of the military council; and he takes advantage of the authority, thus acquired, to liberate his friend, —whom he dismisses with proposals for a pacification to the duke of Monmouth,—and to persuade the gallant Major, who still held out in despite of mutiny and famine, to capitulate on honourable terms.

From the liberation of his friends of Tillietudlem, Morton returns to his camp at Hamilton upon the Clyde;* and is followed thither by Burley with a strong party of Cameronians. Here they soon learn that the duke of Monmouth is

* The scene of the fine ballad of Scott, beginning,

'When princely Hamilton's abode
'Ennobled Cadyow's gothick tow'rs.'

on his march to attack them in their position, and Morton is appointed to the dangerous duty of ascertaining on what terms they may be admitted to treat. He is denounced in his absence as a 'prelatist, an anti-covenanter, and a nullifidian;' and he returns from a fruitless mission to find the infatuated bigots instead of preparing to perform the worldly offices of vindicating their liberties, or selling them dear, engaged with all their might in searching out the causes of wrath and defection. Their fate could not be doubtful. With only three hundred followers, Burley and Morton defended the long pass of Bothwell bridge with desperate valour, till their ammunition failing, it was left open to the assailants, and the panick-struck covenanters fell an unresisting prey.

So terminated the decisive battle of Bothwell bridge, which for a time emboldened the insolence of ecclesiastical ambition, and drew the halter more closely than ever round the neck of Presbyterian Scotland.—Morton and his attendant, pursuing their retreat from the fatal field, fall in with a party of zealots, by whom his sudden appearance is regarded as no less than a divine intimation that he is to be made 'an offering to atone for the sins of the congregation.' He is directed to expect his fate as soon as the hour which terminates the Sabbath shall have transpired. Only a few moments of horrible suspense now remain to him, and the maniack Mucklewrath has risen to anticipate their passage, when Claverhouse suddenly surrounds the house with a troop. He had been interested in Morton's favour by Lord Evandale, and warned of his danger by the faithful Cuddie, who in consideration of his orthodox descent from 'that precious woman Mause Headrigg,' had been excused from sharing the fate of his Erastian master. A fray ensues, in which the troopers are of course victorious, and Morton, dizzy with such strange reverses, is rescued in his utmost peril. The interview between him and Claverhouse is interrupted by a singular occurrence. We shall quote the passage, because it illustrates a remark which we have been forced to make.

"'You would hardly believe,' said Claverhouse in reply, 'that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt, it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morn-

ing before I breakfast. But, in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care so much for death, light around us whenever it may? Men die daily—not a bell tolls the hour, but it is the death-note of some one or other, and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery—when the hour of midnight came you were to die—it has struck—you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on these fellows who were to murder you.—It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befal us on any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—*that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!'

"At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniack, so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit forever, and exclaimed with his usual wildness of ejaculation, 'Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed.'

"He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to Heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, 'How long, O Lord, holy and thue, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?'

"As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor."

Our readers will recollect that Dundee, emphatically called the last of the Scots,* actually lost his life,—and with it King James' hopes of remounting the throne of his fathers,—in winning the battle of Killiecrankie against Mackay, the general of the prince of Orange.—Morton accompanies Claverhouse to Edinburgh, is examined before the privy council, and released through the influence of that officer and Lord Evandale, on condition of leaving Scotland.

Something like ten years rolls,—or, as the author will have it, gallops,—over the heads of the subjects and the readers of the story, when a tall handsome stranger, in the uniform of a Major General rides down a winding descent on the southern bank of the Clyde, and stops at a cottage, which proves to be the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Headrigg, our old friends Cuddie and Mrs. Dennison, whose loves and adventures furnish the under-plot of the work. He inquires for the family of Tillietudlem, and is told that they had lost their estates by means of the instrument by which they held them, having fallen into the hands of Burley at the capture of the tower, and that they are now absent for a short time from a farm-house in the neighbourhood at which they usually reside, the property of Lord Evandale, to whom Edith had been betrothed. In this house, which is committed to the superintendance of the trusty Mrs. Headrigg, he takes up his quarters for the night. The next morning he undesignedly overhears a conversation between Lord Evandale and Miss Bellenden, who, at the request of the former, had met there at an early hour, in which he urges and she dissuades their immediate union. An unwilling consent is at last obtained, and while Lord Evandale retires to summon the aid of the church, Morton,—as our readers already perceive the stranger to be,—leaves his retreat, and unable to refuse himself a last sight of her 'so loved, now lost to him forever,' looks in at a window of the room. She raises her eyes at the moment, and instantly sinks into a swoon.

"Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No

* His character seems to be the Shibboleth of Scotch parties. 'The infamous' is the most respectful epithet he is indebted for to the Encyclopedists.

sooner had they left the apartment, than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and clasp his knees.

"'Forgive me, my Lord!' she exclaimed—"Forgive me!—I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!'

"'You dream, my dearest Edith!' said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree—'you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind; the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or if it could, would only diminish his happiness.'

"'You are mistaken, Lord Evandale,' said Edith solemnly. 'I am not a sleep-walker or a mad woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes.'

"'Seen *him?*—seen whom?' asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

"'Henry Morton,' replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

"'Miss Bellenden,' said Lord Evandale, 'you treat me like a fool or a child; if you repent your engagement to me,' he continued, indignantly, 'I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling.'

"He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing less than imposture was intended, and that by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unaffected awe and terrour. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavouring to sooth and extract from her the secret cause of such terrour.

"'I saw him!' she repeated—'I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him forever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillietudlem. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I.—I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My Lord, it is ended between you and me—be the

consequences what they will, she cannot marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead.'

In the meantime, Morton rushes from the house, and swims his horse over the Clyde, below Bothwell bridge. Not having been seen to cross it, nor on any of the roads, Lord Evandale finds it impossible to trace him. Mrs. Headrigg, who had recognised him, had her own deep-sighted reasons for keeping her knowledge to herself. She was one of those patterns of conjugal discretion, who make their own will the guide of their husbands', and poor Cuddie was obliged to conquer his feelings, and hold his tongue. None else in the neighbourhood knew that Morton was in being. He was supposed to have been wrecked on his passage to Holland, and the secret of his apparition in the garden remained an impenetrable mystery.

Morton, intent only on securing the happiness of his friends, now that it is all over with his own, determines to search out the retreat of Burley, and wring from him the means by which he has exercised so fatal an influence over the house of Tillietudlem. He finds him in a most picturesque and lonely retreat. The description which we should give, but that our limits are fast contracting, is admirable. Some parts of it, however, put us in mind of the cavern in Guy Mannering.

Burley attempts in vain to persuade Morton to renew his claim to the hand of Edith, by promising in the event of his success, and on condition of his joining Claverhouse and himself against the government, to put him in possession of what otherwise he destined for Basil Olifant, one of the malcontent leaders, and next heir of Tillietudlem. He then destroys the instrument by which it had been conveyed to Lady Margaret, and Morton narrowly escapes his fury by leaping over the dreadful chasm, which separates his hiding place from the opposite bank. Returning to the cottage, where he had found his guide, he overhears a party of troopers talking over a plot, which had been formed between Burley, Olifant, and themselves, to arrest or assassinate Lord Evandale, who was maturing designs against the state, and was soon to join Claverhouse in the western highlands. He dispatches a messenger to Fairy Knowe,—whose stupidity however defeats the design,—to give him notice of his danger, and hastens himself to Edinburgh to lead a party of horse to his rescue. He does not arrive till after Lord Evandale has been assaulted and mortally wounded. The conclusion must be given in the author's own words.

"A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waiving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong, muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tyger seizes his prey, and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.

"While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evandale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Emily was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until

Lord Evandale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both effectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment."

We have given thus prolix a summary of this narrative, because, with whatever loss of credit to ourselves, we wished to lead our readers to observe, how much of its attraction it owes to the manner of the writer. It will be seen that the incidents are few; but they are selected with a tact, which in a writer of fictitious history is a quality second only to invention, combined with considerable art, and narrated with an eloquence sustained in every part, and never suffering the interest of the reader to subside. The charm thus thrown over the whole, it would be impossible to describe; but it is needless, it is better felt. The connexion of the incidents with historical events* gives an air of reality, which adds greatly to the interest. The moral is obvious and unexceptionable. We do not perceive that any partiality is evinced to either of the conflicting parties, which divide the actors. We should be at a loss to decide, whether the author is whig or tory; churchman or dissenter.

If there are no detached passages so fine as the trial and execution of Fergus in Waverley, the fisher's funeral and the scene on the beach in the Antiquary, or some of those in which Meg Merrilies appears in Guy Mannering, as a whole we think it not surpassed by either, and decidedly superiour to the last. There are certainly fewer incidents superfluous; they are besides for the most part more probable, and their connexion is more intimately preserved. The perfect naturalness of all the traits of manners, is especially worthy of remark. From the obtrusive, though amiable self-complacency of Lady Margaret, describing 'his most sacred majesty's disjune at Tillietudlem,' to the little peasant girl, setting down her pitcher and parting her 'fair flaxen hair,' to answer the stranger with 'what's your wull?' all is painted to the life. Of the characters, that of Claverhouse, as far as we know, is new, and is sketched with a master's hand. Edith is a picture of consummate female loveliness; modest, affectionate, ingenu-

* Historical truth is closely observed. Instances are the circumstances of Archbishop Sharpe's murder; the details of the battles of Loudon Hill, Glasgow, and Bothwell bridge; and even the character and person of Lauderdale, Lord lieutenant. Laing's Hist. Scotland, Books 7, 8, 9, and 10.

ous, disinterested, faithful, timid in action, but intrepid in endurance;—not original, it is true; for happy is it, that any one, who has genius and feeling enough, may draw it from nature, and not have to search far for the model. Cuddie, Mrs. Dennison, Mause and Alison are all chef d'œuvres in their way. Their individuality is strictly preserved, yet through it the elements of universal human nature may all along be discerned. Morton is all that in his capacity of hero he can be required to be, brave, generous, and constant. Burley is nobly drawn. It is a character which, though it has not seldom appeared, has not, that we know, been before introduced into a work of fiction; a sample of that spirit of dark, unrelenting bigotry, which Knox left for his legacy to the persecuted presbyterians of Scotland, grafted on a mind overrun with violent passions; justifying its ferocity with the plea of being directed by special inspiration; and in the midst of that claim to ridicule or detestation, which such delusion is commonly understood to bring, still retaining by its grand severity something of 'the archangel ruined.'

As we have spoken of the moral aspect of these works, we will make an exception, though we fear we may seem precise. We find some of the characters in the habit of making compromises between convenience and truth, such as even the moralist of Carlisle, accommodating as he has been thought to be, would scarcely bear them out in. We do not speak here of the provident Mrs. Dennison, who 'followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied;' nor of the faithful Cuddie, in whose honest mind regard for his safety and his master took precedence of less obvious duties; nor of Balfour, whose scheme of morals involved higher principles than any here concerned; but of no less personages than the hero of one tale, and the heroines of both. We do not care to give examples. They are to be found by whoever may choose to look for them in vol. i. p. 57, ii. pp. 32, and 164, and iv. p. 123. There are others equally exceptionable, but we cannot now refer to them.

On the whole, we have been charmed with these works. If we have many more such, we fear we shall have done with sober history, and take to fiction for improvement no less than pleasure. Yet perhaps we should not say we fear; for we are half inclined to think we should be gainers by the change.—We hear that they are again ascribed in Edin-

burgh to Mr. Scott. Many of the same internal marks, which indicate their common origin, would lead us to believe them allied to the poems of that fine genius; though from the different nature of the compositions, a comparison cannot be so fairly instituted, nor a result so convincing formed. Some of the characteristick excellencies of the novelist he holds in common with the poet. We may instance in his power of describing natural scenery, and of narrating in an interesting manner a simple story. We should have no doubt, but that we think we have no warrant for believing Mr. Scott capable of touches of such deep subduing pathos, as are every where scattered through these works. The manner of describing battles, as they appear to a distant spectator, is common, and peculiar, to them. Morton and his fellow-prisoners overlooking the heath of Drumclog are but the counterpart of Clara and her guard surveying the field of Flodden. In some of their faults they resemble each other no less. The passion for unnecessary superhuman agency, in despite of the hoary rule which says 'dignus sit vindice nodus' appears not more in the predictions of Guy Mannering, Meg Merrilies and Habakkuk Mucklewrath, than in those of Constance de Beverly in Marmion, the 'grey-haired sire' and 'grisly priest' in the Lady of the Lake, and the Abbot of Iona in the Lord of the Isles. It is the bad fortune of both too that same intruder always gets the start of the legimate hero of the piece in the regard of the reader. De Wilton, Malcolm, perhaps Redmond, scarcely appear to a transient acquaintance to deserve their good fortune. Fergus almost monopolizes the interest in Waverley, and, poor judges as we are in such matters, had we been in the place of Edith, we are not quite sure but the day would have gone hard with Morton.

If Mr. Scott be the author of these works—and we scarcely doubt it,—he possesses a genius as prolifick and versatile as any on record. It is only about ten years since he first introduced himself to the publick. In this time he has published, besides smaller works, valuable editions of two standard authors, eight substantial volumes of poetry, of unequal but all of indisputable merit, and five of the best fictitious narrations of the age. And all this, while occupied in the duties of an active life, and in the midst of studies which have placed him,—in one department of learning, especially,—among the best scholars of his time.—If we do not err widely, he holds the tenure of his immorality most firmly by his novels.

INTELLIGENCE AND REMARKS.

Ali Bey.

The following notice is from an intelligent correspondent, who obtained his information at Tangier, and may be relied on as correct.

About seven years ago, a man came to Tangier, who called himself Ali Bey. He was well versed in the Arabick of the Levant, and the rites of the Mahometan religion. He said he was the son of a Bey of Egypt, who was, many years since, forced to escape from his country in disgrace, and take refuge in Italy. There his children were instructed in the sciences of Europe, and privately by their father in the doctrines of Islamism. On his death-bed, the old man enjoined on this son to repair to the empire of Morocco, and perfect himself in the religion of his fathers. In the pious fulfilment of this injunction he was now come.

He had the costume and manners of a mussulman, attended the mosque regularly, and approved himself an accomplished follower of the prophet. He resided in Tangier about six months, when the emperour sent for him to Mequinez, gave him a wife, and made him a favourite. Ali Bey had two sets of fine astronomical instruments, one of which he gave to the emperour, whose confidence he seemed now unreservedly to possess. But unfortunately one day, from wrong information or miscalculation of his own, he ventured to predict an eclipse. The emperour sent to Tangier to know if one would take place at the stated time. Mr. Simpson consulted the almanack, and returned a negative answer. At length the day arrived, and no eclipse happened. "You have deceived me," said the emperour, "you are an impostor. Take him—place him beyond Mount Atlas, and let him never again pass the confines of my empire." He was accordingly carried to the kingdom of Tafilet; from which, however, he contrived to escape, and in process of time he arrived in Mecca. He there made himself of some importance and repute, by means of his talents and address, and was employed in making drawings of the mosques, &c. He afterwards passed to Alexandria, and thence to Europe.

When he was sent out of Morocco, the Spanish and Portuguese consuls, with whom he had been intimate, were immediately expelled from Tangier without examination. Mr. Simpson assured me that he had positive information, that the pretended Ali Bey is a Catalan, named Bahia, (not Badia, as has been said,) and that he was employed by the Prince of Peace to undertake this adventure. The king of Spain has, until lately, always kept two young men in Tangier, to learn the Arabick language, and to collect manuscripts, which they transmitted to Spain by stealth.

Arabick Manuscripts.

A Frenchman, who has been a long time in Morocco, has found in the interiour some curious manuscripts, consisting of proclamations and addresses to the different tribes of the Moors, soon after they were driven from Spain, to induce them to unite for the purpose of reconquering the country they had lost. They are addressed to the tribes separately, characterising them by the climate, productions and genius of the different sections of the country, which they inhabited. They are said to be written in the finest style of oriental eloquence, and to be worthy the brightest period of Arabian literature under Haroun Abraschid. They are expected to be published soon with a French translation.

Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.

A new publication has been announced at Edinburgh under the title of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.* In their prospectus the editors remark, that whatever tends to illustrate the history, manners, or literature of Scotland, will be regarded with peculiar, though by no means exclusive, attention. They also intend, that their miscellany shall be characterized by a more judicious selection of original poetry, and particularly by a much more careful and comprehensive Review of new publications, than may at present be found in any similar work. They state further, that they have the satisfaction of bringing the work forward with the aid of a numerous and able body of contribu-

tors, and that they have been promised the occasional assistance of several individuals in different parts of the United Kingdom, whom the publick voice has already placed high in the ranks of literary distinction.

Klaproth, the German Chemist.

The following is from Thompson's Annals of Philosophy for March. On the first of January, 1817, Martin Henry Von Klaproth, Professor of Chemistry at Berlin, and by far the most celebrated chemist in Germany, died at a very advanced age. He had been a distinguished writer for at least forty years. Chemistry is under greater obligations to him, than to any other chemist of his time. He devoted himself entirely to analytical chemistry; and to him we are chiefly indebted for the knowledge, which we at present possess of the mineral kingdom, and for the formulas employed to develop the constituents of minerals. His labours are comprized in six octavo volumes, under the title of *Beiträge zur chemischen Kenntniss der Mineralkörper*, the first volume of which was published in 1795, and the last in 1815. He was the discoverer of uranium, and he confirmed and completed the discovery of tellurium and titanium. He likewise discovered zirconia and mellitick acid.

Law School in Harvard University.

The following are the statutes and regulations adopted by the Corporation, and approved by the Board of Overseers, June 26, 1817. The Hon. Asahel Stearns has been chosen professor, and the school will go into operation at the commencement of the college term in October.

At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, May 14, 1817—The Royall Professor of Law having represented to this Board, that in his opinion, and in that of many friends of the University, and of the improvement of our youth, the establishment of a school for the instruction of Students at Law, at Cambridge, under the patronage of the University, will tend much to the better education of young men destined to that profession, and will increase the reputation and usefulness of

this seminary; and the Corporation concurring in these views, it was voted as follows—

1. That some Counsellor, learned in the Law, be elected to be denominated University Professor of Law; who shall reside in Cambridge, and open and keep a school for the instruction of Graduates of this or any other University, and of such others, as, according to the rules of admission as attorneys, may be admitted after five years' study in the office of some Counsellor.

2. That it shall be the duty of this officer, with the advice of the Royall Professor of Law, to prescribe a course of study, to examine and confer with the students upon the subjects of their studies, and to read lectures to them appropriate to the course of their studies, and their advancement in the science, and generally to act the part of a Tutor to them in such manner as will best improve their minds and assist their acquisitions.

3. The compensation for this instruction is to be derived from the Students; and a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars a year shall be paid by each one who shall attach himself to the School; but this sum shall be subject to be reduced hereafter by the Corporation, if, in their judgment, the emoluments of the School shall make such reduction reasonable, and consistent with the interest of the establishment.

4. The Students shall have access to the College Library on such terms as the Government of the University shall prescribe; and a complete Law Library be obtained for their use, as soon as means for that purpose may be found.

5. The Students shall be permitted to board in Commons on the same terms as other members of the College; and such accommodation shall be afforded them in respect to lodging rooms as may consist with the urgent claims of the existing establishment.

6. As an excitement to diligence and good conduct, a degree of Bachelor of Laws shall he instituted at the University, to be conferred on such Students as shall have remained at least eighteen months at the University School, and passed the residue of their noviciate in the office of some Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, or who shall have remained three years, or if not graduates of any college, five years, in the School, provided the Professor having charge of the same

shall continue to be a practitioner in the Supreme Judicial Court.

7. The Students shall have the privilege of attending the Lectures of the Royall Professor of Law free of expense, and shall have access to the other Lectures of the University usually allowed to be attended by Resident Graduates, without charge, or for such reasonable compensation as the Corporation, with the assent of the Overseers, shall determine.

8. The Law Students shall give bond for the payment of the College dues, including the charge of the Professor for instruction, which shall be inserted in the Quarter Bills and collected by the College Officer, and the sums received for instruction shall, when received, be paid over by said officer to the Professor.

9. The Law Students shall be on the same footing generally in respect to privileges, duties, and observance of all College regulations, as by the laws pertain to Resident Graduates.

=

Storr's Essay.—Wells & Lilly, Boston, have published an Essay on the Historical Sense of the New Testament, by Gottlob Christian Storr, late doctor of divinity, and professor of theology in the university of Tubingen;—translated from the Latin.

We are glad to see any part of the writings of this celebrated German critick exhibited to the publick in a form more tangible to the great mass of readers in this country, than that in which they appear in the original. We have little concern, in our literary capacity, with the theological dogmas of Storr, or with those of Farmer, Semler, or Eichhorn, which the translator says Storr has successfully opposed; but we do feel an interest in any attempt, made with unprejudiced feelings, and a generous desire of promoting the important truths of the gospel, to illustrate those difficult and doubtful points, which have divided the opinions of the greatest and best men, and too often produced such agitations, as have proved pernicious to the interests of society and the happiness of the world. We cannot help hoping that the translator may not be disappointed in his prediction, "that the clergy of this country will not long refuse the advantages, which may be derived from the German theologians." To whatever results the over-earnest inquiries of a few speculative and visionary men may have led them, we feel assured, that the principles of criticism which have been

adopted, perhaps we may say invented by the Germans, within a few years past, if applied with judgment, and an ardent and humble desire of the truth, are admirably calculated to elucidate what is obscure, to reconcile what have been thought inconsistencies in the sacred scriptures, and to enforce their leading truths and essential doctrines with a weight of evidence more powerful, than could be drawn from any sources independent of the application of these principles.

We cannot stop to inquire, though perhaps we might make the inquiry, by what authority the translator has said, "that this treatise is producing a great change in the sentiments of the Germans?" We are pleased with the plain good sense, candour, and many of the critical remarks which appear in the performance, but we do not think it calculated to produce a *great change*, particularly in the sentiments of a nation. The publick are under obligations, nevertheless, to the translator for what he has done, and we sincerely hope he will persevere in ascomplishing the promise, which he has partially made, of "exhibiting his author as the opponent of the celebrated Eichhorn," or in any other character in which he can be made useful to the publick, or to the cause of Christianity.

=

Wanostrocht's Grammar.—West & Richardson, Boston, have published a Grammar of the French Language, with practical Exercises, by N. Wanostrocht, LL. D. It will probably be deemed a sufficient evidence of the merits of this grammar, that it has within a few years been through thirteen editions in London, three in this country, and been printed several times at Paris. Its peculiar excellence seems to consist in the conciseness and simplicity of its rules, and the lucid manner in which they are illustrated. It combines within a small compass a grammar, exercises, and introductory lessons, all so constructed and arranged, as to lead the student gradually and easily into a knowledge of the language. Learners are apt to be discouraged by the multiplicity of rules, exceptions to rules, and remarks on the peculiarities and intricacies of the language, which encumber Chambaud's grammar. This, in fact, seems designed for such as have already become able adepts in the language, rather than for those, who are acquiring its elements. Wanostrocht's is free from this fault, and is well adapted to beginners, at the same time that it contains every thing requisite in a grammar, for making the student critically acquainted with the language.

Hilliard & Metcalf, Cambridge, have lately published a small book, called the Horrours of Slavery, in two parts. Part first contains observations, facts, and arguments, extracted from the speeches of Wilberforce, Grenville, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Martin, Whitbread, and other distinguished members of the British Parliament. Part second consists of extracts, chiefly American, compiled from authentick sources, relating to the subject of slavery, and proposing measures for its abolition in the United States. By JOHN KENRICK.

=

Chalmers on the Christian Revelation.—The article, Christianity, in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, which has been so much read and so much admired, has at length been published by the author, Dr. Chalmers of Glasgow, in a separate volume. Two editions have already appeared in this country, and we can desire no better manifestation of the good sense and taste of the reading part of our community, than that this book meets so ready and general a reception. 'It is chiefly confined to the exposition of the historical argument for the truth of Christianity, and the aim of the author has been to prove the external testimony so sufficient, as to leave infidelity without excuse, even though the remaining important branches of the Christian defence had been less strong and satisfactory than they are.'

We feel confident it will not be allowing him too high claims to say, that no treatise on the subject has been written with nicer discrimination in the selection and arrangement of topicks, or with such force and clearness of argument. Dr. Chalmers has also given to the publick, in another volume, *a Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the modern Astronomy.* These discourses have been reprinted in this country. The author combats in them, at some length, the argument, derived from modern astronomy, against the truth of the Christian Revelation; and, in the prosecution of his reasoning, he attempts to elucidate the harmony that subsists between the doctrines of scripture, and the discoveries of modern science.

=

Signals at Sea.—Wells & Lilly, Boston, have published a system of general Signals for night and day, whereby merchant vessels can communicate at a distance by means of the common colours of the ship, and with four lanterns by night, without going out of their course. By CHARLES L. SARGENT.

The object of this pamphlet is one of considerable importance to the commercial part of the community; and as it may be carried into effect, without expense, and with very little trouble, we are induced to notice it, and recommend it to the consideration of our intelligent merchants. If they will give the plan that attention which it deserves, we think they will take some general measures to have it realized.

There is no person that has made a passage at sea, who has not felt the anxiety and importance of speaking with vessels, particularly on approaching the coast; there is no one who has made several passages, but has been placed in circumstances in which the obtaining information from other ships was essential to the safety of the vessel he was in; and there is no man who is acquainted with the risks of navigation and the history of shipwrecks, who does not know that it is the want of such information that has occasioned the loss of the greater part of lives and property which have been destroyed in this way. Sometimes a vessel will not go out of her way to speak with another, which she may perhaps consider of no consequence; and often a more obliging disposition cannot, if it would, approach a ship which wishes to communicate;—and in many cases, where they can approach, the violence of the wind and sea makes it dangerous to come near, and impossible to remain long enough to interchange a single question and answer. In all these cases this system of signals would serve all the purposes wanted, and would in almost every passage save some time, and much anxiety to a commander.

Captain Sargent is an experienced navigator, and the plan he has here proposed is so simple, that it can be easily understood, and so ample, that it will answer every purpose. Any man who can take an Observation can comprehend this system, and a very little practice would make it quite familiar. Whatever tends to the improvement of any profession, it is the particular interest of those concerned in that profession to adopt, since it is thus rendered more respectable. An adoption of signals, so as to communicate intelligence with facility, would be an acquisition highly creditable to our merchant captains. It would be honourable to them to introduce this system, which in the course of time would no doubt become universal.

The insulated efforts of individuals can, however, do but little. If our underwriters and principal merchants would reflect on the advantages, that would be derived from the general adoption of such a system, and join with the respectable masters of ships in adopting it, the example would doubtless be followed by other cities, and this very desirable improvement carried immediately into operation.

Mr. Thomas of Philadelphia has published 'Comparative views of the controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians,' by William White, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in 2 vols. 8vo. We are glad to see so bulky a theological work from an American author, especially from so distinguished a divine as Bishop White.

Patents granted by Congress.—During the last session of Congress, an enumeration of the patents granted for the year 1816 was furnished by the Secretary of State, of which the following is an abstract.

Various kinds of mills and mill work	18
Printing and its branches	9
Distillation and Stills	12
Improvements in weaving, spinning, &c.	23
Steam Engines and their accompaniments	17
Medical remedies	4
Bridges and pontoons	2
Cutting and heading nails	6
Agricultural implements	21
Stoves and fire places	9
Miscellaneous	80

The patentees belong to different states, as follows:—

District of Columbia	7
Vermont	3
New Hampshire	5
Massachusetts	36
Connecticut	18
Rhode Island	1
New York	55
New Jersey	11
Pennsylvania	28
Delaware	1
Maryland	13
Virginia	8
North Carolina	2
South Carolina	1
Tennessee	1
Kentucky	7
Ohio	3

In the miscellaneous class, is a great variety of manufacturing and economical processes; among the rest an improvement in *plaiting ruffles.*

AMERICAN ACADEMY.

Officers elected May 27, 1817.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS HOLYOKE, M. D. *President.*
JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, D.D. LL.D. *V. President.*

COUNSELLORS.

Hon. George Cabot.
Caleb Gannett, Esq.
Rev. James Freeman, D. D.
Aaron Dexter, M. D.
Hon. John Davis, LL. D.
Hon. Thomas Dawes.
Rev. Henry Ware, D. D.
Charles Bulfinch, Esq.
W. D. Peck, *Prof. Nat. Hist.*
Hon. Josiah Quincy.

John Farrar, *Prof. Math. Recording Secretary.*
Hon Josiah Quincy, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq. *Treasurer.*
Jacob Bigelow, M. D. *Vice Treasurer.*
Charles Bulfinch, Esq. *Librarian.*
John Gorham, M. D. *Cabinet Keeper.*

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Kirkland.
Rev. Dr. Freeman.
Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch.
Prof. Willard.
Prof. Farrar.

Joseph Gardner Cogswell, Esq. was elected a member of the Academy, Aug. 14th, 1816.

In 1796 the late Count Rumford made a very liberal donation to the Academy, the proceeds of which, amounting at that time to one hundred and fifty dollars a year, were to be given every two years, as a premium to the author of the most important discovery or useful improvement that might be made in any part of the Continent of America or in any of the American Islands on light or on heat. The premium has been claimed by several persons, but has never been adjudged to any one. The fund has accordingly been accumulating. It now yields between five and six hundred dollars a year. It was the wish of Count Rumford, that the premium should consist of a gold or silver medal, of the value of three hundred dollars, and in case the fund should accumulate, that the remainder of the proceeds should be given in money.

Proceedings of Foreign Philosophical Societies.

[From Thomson's Annals for March.]

On Thursday, Feb. 6, a paper by Mr. Edmond Davy, Professor of Chemistry to the Cork Institution, was read before the Royal Society, on Fulminating Platinum.

This substanse is a brown powder, varying in shade, and sometimes being very dark, according as the circumstances are varied in its preparation. It is specifically lighter than fulminating gold. It explodes violently when heated to the temperature of 400°, which is also the exploding temperature of fulminating gold. It does not explode by trituration or percussion. It is a non-conductor of electricity, which prevents it from exploding by the action of the galvanick battery. It indents a plate of metal when exploded on it in the same way as fulminating gold. When exploded between two plates, it acts most violently against the lower one. It dissolves in sulphuric acid, without giving out any gas. The solution is very dark coloured. Nitric and muriatic acids have but little action on it. Chlorine decomposes it, and converts it into muriate of ammonia and muriate of platinum. Ammoniacal gas has no action on it. When heated in muriatic acid gas, it is converted into muriate of ammonia and muriate of platinum. When exposed to the air, it absorbs a little moisture, but does not otherwise alter its properties.

The paper was terminated with a theory of the fulminating platinum, which agrees very nearly with the theory of fulminating gold, given by Bergman and Berthollet.

On Thursday, Feb. 20, a paper by Mr. Pond, the Astronomer Royal, was read, on the Parallax of the fixed Stars. It is well known that Dr. Brinkley has for several years past been observing certain fixed stars with a circular instrument at the Dublin Observatory; that he has observed a sensible parallax in several of them amounting to about 2″, that this parallex has constantly appeared in every year's observations, and that it is too great to be ascribed to errours of observation. It was desirable that these observations should be confirmed by other astronomers. The circular instru-

ment at Greenwich was considered as well adapted for the purpose; accordingly Mr. Pond made observations with it in 1812 and 1813; but he soon found that it would not answer the expected object, unless it could be wholly devoted to such observations. In consequence, he proposed at the last visitation that two ten-feet telescopes, fitted with micrometers, should be fixed to stone pillars, for the purpose of observing the parallax of the fixed stars, which proposal was approved of. Till these can be erected, two temporary telescopes have been fixed for making observations.

At the first meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society for the winter session, Nov. 23, 1816, Principal Baird communicated the copy of a letter From Lieut. Webb, dated Camp Fort, Peethora Gurh, April 2, 1816, in which that officer gives the altitudes of the principal snow peaks visible from Kumaon. He ascertained the height of 27 peaks in the Great Snowy Chain. The distances and bases were determinated trigonometrically. The *lowest peak* measured was 15,733 feet above the level of the sea; the *highest peak*, 25,669 feet above the sea; 21 of the peaks were from 20,000 to 25,000 feet above the level of the sea. Chimborazo, which has hitherto been considered the highest mountain in the world, has generally been estimated at only 20,280 feet; by Humboldt a little higher.

M. C. Dupin, Foreign Associate to the Institute of Naples, has presented to the Royal Institute of France a Memoir on the re-establisment of the Marine Academy.—M. Dupin, who in the Ionian Isles exerted all his efforts in the organization of the first academy ever founded in these celebrated countries, endeavours in this new publication to hasten the revival of an institution of this kind applied to one of the most important branches of the publick power and prosperity. He endeavours to prepare for this edifice more secure foundations, and better combined than those of the first creation. He points out the investigations necessary for completing the maritime art in its most important branches, and shows the means of facilitating these labours, and rendering them fruitful.

Abstract of meteorological observations for April and May, taken at Cambridge.

		Barometer.			Thermometer.		
		7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
April	G.	30.47	30.45	30.46	47	75	56
	M.	30.038	30.029	30.015	38.00	52.7	38.05
	L.	29.47	29.48	29.47	26	42	28
May	G.	30.42	30.39	30.40	63	78	64
	M.	30.144	30.111	30.125	49.96	64.96	50.25
	L.	29.83	29.73	29.87	37	52	39

April. Rain on the 5th, a shower on the 7th, violent storm on the 24th, in all 1.75 inch.

May. A shower with thunder and lightning on the 11th, rain on the 18th, in the night of the 25th, on the 27th, 28th, and 31st, in all 1.5; 15th, 28th, and 30th frost; on the 15th ice formed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, peas destroyed on low grounds, while in some instances beans escaped on high. On the 14th, snow fell at Chester, Vermont, 5 inches deep, and on the 6th remained in some places 3 feet deep on Lake Champlain. May poles, it is said, were erected on the ice at Montreal, not known before for 40 years. The average heat about 1° less than usual. On the 21st a considerable shock of an earthquake about 3 o'clock A. M.—continued about 20 seconds—was perceived throughout most of New England.

Abstract of Meteorological observations, taken at Brunswick.

April, 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day	42.07°
do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold	39.06
Greatest heat	65.00
Greatest cold	17.50
Mean height of the Barometer	29.777 in.
Greatest monthly range of do.	.710
Quantity of rain and snow reduced to water	2.138
Days entirely or chiefly fair	19
do. do. do. cloudy	11

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. N. W. 14.—S. W. 14.—S. E. 5.—N. E. 3.—S. 3.—N. 2.—E. 3.—W. 1. The prevailing forms of the clouds have been the *cirrus* and *cirro-cumulus*.

May, 1817.

Mean Monthly temp. from three observations each day	52.51°
do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold.	50.38

Greatest heat	78.00
Greatest cold	22.00
Mean height of the Barometer	29.948 in.
Greatest monthly range of do.	.720
Quantity of rain	.510
Days entirely or chiefly fair	18
do. do. do. cloudy	13

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. S. W. 16.—N. W. 9.—S. E. 8.—S. 7.—N. E. 3.—E. 1.—N. 1.—W. 1. The predominant form of the clouds has been the *cirrus*. Thunder on the thirty first.

=

To Correspondents.

A long review of a popular book was rejected with regret; but various reasons, which we should be willing to explain to the author, had he favoured us with his name and address, induced us to think it not suited to our purpose.

The interesting article in continuation of *the Jesuits* was received too late for this number.

We have to acknowledge the liberality of our poetical correspondents, and to assure them, that several articles, with which they have favoured us, will appear in our next.

The lines by X. are not without merit, but they want execution, and a little more of the turn of poetry.

=

Corrigenda. In our last number, p 26, for "1812," read 1813—p. 32, for "Philliberts" read Phlliberto—p. 104, for "Russia" read Rousseau—p. 145, seventh line from the top, for "France" read Rome—p. 64, line 30, after the period, insert the following sentence; 'The elder Buxtorf took up their defence.'

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

N°. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1817.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The Faery Queene of Spenser.

FANCY, though she plays her freaks in the present age, has yet unquestionably lost the spring and vivacity of her youth. She has been so roughly treated by criticks of the last two hundred years, that it is no wonder her warmth is somewhat chilled, and her gamesome mood is subdued into cautious measures. She reminds us of a declining beauty, who is less lavish than formerly of exposing the whole artillery of her charms—dresses with more preciseness, but really with less grace than before—frolicks with the greatest staidness—and appears before the world in the ambiguous character of a demure hoyden, a captivating *antique*. But what? The inspiration of our theme has betrayed us into downright allegory.

Johnson omitted Spenser in his *unaccountable* catalogue of poets; and Aikin has endeavoured, with most lamentable ill-success, to supply the defect. The present attempt will perhaps contribute only an humble offering to the furtherance of the design.

The literature of the age of Queen Elizabeth was the compound result of three united streams, which rose at distances vastly removed from each other. The classicks of antiquity—the romances of the middle age—and the translations of the Jewish scriptures—these are the ingredients whose incongruous and unassimulating mixture we behold in almost every

portion of the mass. Until within a few years, a complete ferment and incorporation had not taken place; so that almost the whole body of English poetry presents us with the discordant machinery of heathen mythology and Christian divinity—and a vain attempt at the reconciliation of feudal maxims with Christian sentiments. Genius has at length informed itself, that it is much better to adopt the *spirit* than the names and deities of antiquity; and, divesting chivalry of its more barbarous and repulsive traits, it has made use of its remaining excellencies, in order to recommend the less dazzling lustre of modern sentiments, imagery and manners. For though Scott and his followers lay their scenes in chivalrous periods, yet they can take only the skeletons of their performances from the books which treat of those periods. The life-blood and motion of the whole must be drawn from their own breasts and their own immediate experience. Ellen is a modern Scotchwoman in every thing but her shallop; and Marmion is a marshal of Bonaparte, with a helmet and a page. *Loveliness* and *bravery* are the produce of all ages; they are all we principally care about in reading Scott; and whether the latter appears in a coat of mail or a suit of regimentals, or whether the former shines beneath a hood or a straw-bonnet, makes not the difference of a jot in the pulsations and heavenly agitations which a true poetical description of them excites.

But notwithstanding the ill-assorted materials which compose the literature of the above-mentioned era, it must not be supposed that the consequences of their union were uniformly baneful. On the contrary, there was more gained from the mixture, however heterogeneous, than could have been derived from either ingredient in a separate state. It is true, taste was sometimes embarrassed; but on the whole, the higher flights of genius, the play of the loftier passions, and the expression of more godlike sentiments were the richer fruits of that triple alliance. Heathen antiquity could furnish magnificence; romance lent its enchantment, and the Bible taught the way to the heart. The first was the storehouse of reason; the second of fancy; but the last could alone impart that tender melancholy, that mysterious morality, which constitute the atmosphere of the most delightful regions of English poetry.

The *plan* of the 'Faery Queene' is the grandest and most

noble that ever entered into the constitution of a poem. It is a personification of all the virtues and vices, all the passions and affections—yes—down to the appetites, and the little propensities, and even the negative qualities, which belong to the character of man. It is a universal looking-glass; the man does not live, who will not recognize somewhere in this wonderful mirror the features of his own heart. Disdaining, like the common herd of epick poets, to make the events of history the *stamina* of his work, the author has built his castle *entirely* in the air, and has sought his materials and resources only in the repositories of abstraction. It is true, Elizabeth, and Arthur, and England are introduced; but they are perfect underpieces, which, if circumstances demanded might be removed, and the names of any other monarchs and any other country be substituted with all imaginable ease. Can the same be said of the heroes of the Iliad, the Eneid, or the Paradise Lost? This is not urged as a merit, but only as a distinctive characteristick of the work. But *cannot* it be urged as a merit? Homer takes a hero, by whose example, whether good or bad, and its consequences, he intends to convey instruction. But Spenser seizes hold of a quality; christens it with a name; (though by the way too often shockingly pedantick;) arms it cap-a-pie; and sends it forth into all the untried varieties of life. This quality we cannot help accompanying personally through its adventures; the hero, we only look after. If we sometimes sympathise with the hero, with the quality we do more; we identify it with something within our own bosoms.

We lament that there is gone abroad a deplorable aversion to allegory. When we put the question to our literary friends, 'Have you read Spenser?'—the negative reply, which generally succeeds, is not so much explained by the length of the poem,—or the obsoleteness of the diction—or the antique simplicity of the style, as by the laconick confession, 'I dont like allegory.'

The secret of this antipathy, (to be at once both a little positive and severe,) lies in the mental effort which is required to develop it. And in order both to prove and to illustrate this, we shall go someway round, though we nevertheless believe we shall come to the point.

To one who is in the habit of attentively observing the amusements and voluntary occupations of children, it will be

evident, that very few among them have the patience or the pride to disentangle those right ancient and respectable mysteries, denominated riddles. This imbecile propensity is generally aggravated by the imprudence of the proposer, who prematurely cuts the knot before any thing like a fair trial has been made to the hearer's ingenuity. The same or a worse fault is conspicuous in those little books of riddles, which preposterously announce the enigma on one side of the leaf, and its explication on the other; the consequence of which is, that the *explication* is generally the first thing examined, and then the riddle is profoundly studied, in order to ascertain how well it conforms to the answer! Now let it not be ascribed to the uneasy apprehensions of visionary speculators, if we remonstrate against the foregoing process, as detrimental to the interests of the rising generation. It has, we think, a decided tendency to contribute to the abundance, too formidable at best, of superficial readers, superficial thinkers, and we will even go so far as to say, of superficial actors. For of those who derive both profit and delight from literary pursuits, (pray let us, like Cicero, indulge a little *peripateticè*,) there are two classes. The one occupy themselves solely in gathering new facts and ideas; their minds are like a moving *camera obscura*, ranging through the infinite scenes of literature, and only catching the impressions, which fall, like rays, in right lines, from the tips of authors' pens, to the surfaces of their own minds. It is true, that amongst this class, there are very many students who do not deserve to their broadest extent the epithets of idle, or useless, or superficial. In the course of their studies, they meet with many difficulties, which, requiring time and patience, rather than thought and investigation, they dutifully solve. Nor are the subjects which they prosecute by any means deserving of contempt. They pore over the never-ending rolls of history, with as serious a gaze, as any mathematician contemplates a demonstration. Nay, they even extend their inquiries into the outward provinces of the severer sciences. They are ashamed to be ignorant of astronomy; but they take their lessons from Ferguson, rather than the Principia, and will cheerfully commit to memory the longest explanatory tables, whilst they shudder at encountering the transitory intricacies of a diagram. Happily, there are books enough in the world to supply the insatiable curiosity and unremitting industry of

these universal readers. And if we adopt the theorem of some modern metaphysician as a calculus, who asserts that the human mind, by its utmost exertions, can attend only to *seven* ideas in a second of time, (as any one may perceive by mentally counting from one to eight as rapidly as he is able,) we may safely aver, that the class of readers who have just been described, go out of the world with their full complement of ideas, and can scarcely look back with regret for having wasted in idleness the fraction of a second.

The other class of readers are they, who have as keen an appetite for information as their more voracious brethren. But how exquisite soever is the pleasure of acquisition, that of reflection they experience to be more so. And where the question lies between *gaining ten* new ideas, and *revolving* only *two* in every possible light, they hesitate not a moment in adopting the latter alternative. Now we assert, that of these two modes of occupying the intellect, the last involves, to an incalculable degree, a greater amount of profit, a higher measure of delight, and a nearer approach to the summit of literary eminence. From which our promised inference is, that all those modes of education, or even those juvenile amusements, which indulge the natural impatience, or exhaust by prevention the laudable curiosity of youth, are prejudicial to the interests of society. They train up a generation of smatterers ; they inflame an inextinguishable passion for novelty ; they dismiss the mind from its own province, and reduce it to dependence ; they replenish life with successive troops of pretty performers, who glide along with the most elegant imbecility, till a stroke of adversity confounds them ; in short, they fill our circulating libraries with restless, busy throngs, whilst they rob the profound Euclid of his deserved portion of plodders, and the mysterious Spenser of many willing and delighted devotees.

In spite, however, of the terrours, which surround that gentle knight, yclepit Allegory, we are persuaded, that if fairly encountered in the pages of Spenser, he would be found to be less formidable than timidity and indolence have fancied him. It unluckily happened, and it must not be concealed, that along with his rare powers of Allegory, Spenser was imbued with the strongest tincture of pedantry, which was the result, partly of the taste of his age, and more perhaps of his uncommon and overflowing erudition. This pedantry was the

origin of those uncouth and unintelligible names, which he has bestowed on his virtues and vices, his qualities and concretes, and by which he has needlessly darkened the dimness of his allegory. When one reads the Allegory of Criticism in the 3d number of Johnson's Rambler, or the genealogy of true and false wit in the 35th of the Spectator, his task is by no means difficult, because the titles of personification are on the level of the same language with the story. The reader's effort, at most, is no greater than that of the boy before alluded to, who picks out his riddle by the obvious clue of the answer. In this exercise, there is considerable pleasure; since one enjoys in it, not indeed the intense coruscations of wit, but its longer and milder stream. Had Johnson, however, so far forgot himself and propriety as to give to the subject of his Allegory the impenetrable denomination of Krinoia, had he called Taste, Saporetta, Justice, Jurapal, and Wit, Ingeniunculus, and shrouded his other personages behind equally mysterious veils, who could have fathomed his meaning? Apply this remark to our poet. It is not because the 'Faery Queene' is an *allegory*, that its perusal is often tedious and unimproving. Whatever it contains of genuine allegory is almost as plain as a picture. But the real knots which are scattered all over that exquisite texture consist in the mere pedantic appellations which are attached to the several characters, and which are by no means essential to the allegory. Let these appellations be interpreted, and the dragon which guards the fruit is slain. Why this task has never yet been executed amidst the multitude of annotations, explanations, and perpetuo-perpetual commentaries which for the last two centuries have been lavished on the elucidation of Shakspeare and other old English poets, it is very hard for us to conceive. One would suppose that it would long since have been demanded by an impatient and superficial age. At any rate, we will venture to assert, that nothing but this simple service is necessary to render the poem in question one of the most popular in any language. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is read and understood by every child in every nursery, although it is as outright and abstract an allegory as ever sprung from the fancy of man. The reason is, that Temperance, and Charity, and Faith, and their plain-coated companions, are known as soon as seen, and the connexion between each of their names and their several ad-

ventures and exploits is understood at once. But when young gentlemen, who have passed through the university, and young ladies, who shrink not even at Locke, and are acquainted with all Sir Humphrey's discoveries, commit themselves to the perusal of the Faery Queene, in vain do they call into exercise all their powers and resources of etymology, to elucidate certain of the characters there celebrated. To one brave knight they perhaps at first ascribe the character of Honour. By the time however that his adventures are concluded, they have found reason twenty times to change his title. Some gentle damozell too may so far at first get into the good graces of the reader, that he whispers within himself, 'This, I suppose, is Chastity.' A few stanzas onward, however, the virtuous Chastity is found in a predicament which not only disappoints the reader's expectations, but also mortifies or even puts in question his sagacity. And thus, before a struggle is made through half of the six books, the whole work is generally dismissed with something like a parting execration against allegory. Ill-fated allegory! why art thou made responsible for the accidental frailties of one of thy most illustrious votaries? Why should the pedantries and misnomers of Spenser fall upon thy head? Arise, some Tibbald, some Warburton, or Johnson, and with the ingenuity which was displayed on the *Vice* of Shakspeare, let the personages of Spenser be redeemed from that odium which they have so woefully incurred, and from that oblivion to which the lapse of time and the change of language are but already hurrying them too fast!

We are after all very willing to confess, that even this clearing up would not leave the Faery Queene so complete a piece of plain ground as the 'smooth-shaven green' of most of our modern poems. But we never will confess, till the experiment has been made, that it would not be beaten by as great a number of travellers, who would derive from the very exercise of surmounting its difficulties and eluding its perplexities, a richer aggregate of pleasure.—We are glad that the mention of pleasure leads us away from the tedious track of discussion, and suggests to us the more agreeable task of speaking directly in the praise of Spenser.

In some respects Spenser is superiour to Shakspeare. He wields the rod of enchantment with a more soothing and insinuating effect—and he throws on the colourings of his de-

scription a brighter flood of light, as well as a softer body of shade. It is true he has a smaller number of brilliant passages; but then he redeems this comparative defect by a much less abundance of trash. He wrote at leisure, and deliberately waited for inspiration; Shakspeare scribbled against time—chased the muse—won gloriously indeed—but sometimes abused her? The stanza of Spenser was too precious an encasement for nonsense; whilst the colloquial structure of Shakspeare's *materiel* admitted the baseness along with the richness of sentiment. For though somewhat paradoxical, it is nevertheless a fact, that the difficulties of rhyme (and no versification is so much involved in them as the Spenserian) keep the mind perpetually awake in pursuit of *something good;* and no poet, who has a spark of soul, ever pens a line for the sake of rhyme alone—he gives to each of his bells a tongue. Whereas the facilities of blank verse and prose, though they may not impede invention, yet by contracting the sphere of our minor associations of ideas, often lull us into the adoption of any sentiment that offers itself first.

Another and a higher merit of Spenser is the lofty and sustained tone of morality, which pervades the whole of his excellent poem. Not but there are many passages in the Faery Queene of too dangerous a tendency, if taken separate from the general order, and from their more immediate concatenation. But let him who experiences danger from a single line or a single scene, read on to the close of the adventure in which it occurs. The sequel will be sure to contain a sedative to rectify and quell the combustion of the most unhallowed imagination. Vice is never represented there without its merited and inevitable consequences. But what is better still, our poet generally prepares us to encounter his 'slippery places,' by a previous train of pure and delicate sentiment, with which he artfully excites emotions that strengthen, and moulds us into an attitude which fortifies, our fallible virtue. And this is the praise of Spenser, that whilst his subject inevitably leads his readers among scenes which are a fiery furnace to virtue, he is the only man who, like the angel of God, could guard them safely through, whilst the astonished critick exclaims with Nebuchadnezzar, 'Lo, I see four men *loose*, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have *no hurt*.' Such is the Faery Queene—a poem, which draws so nice a line of distinction between the wantonness of nature and the mysteries of

wickedness, that in its perusal the cheek of virtue scarcely knows why it blushes, whilst the rapacity of a depraved imagination seeks for its food in vain.

From the general merit and moral character of the poem, we pass to a brief consideration of its lighter graces.

The Faery Queene is a repository of all the minor beauties of poetry.—Unbounded variety in its descriptions—exact fidelity in its copies of nature—inimitable playfulness in its sallies of fancy—irresistible severity in its satire—a ravishing transport in its flights of passion—an unsparing copiousness, fertility, and richness of imagery—in short, there is not a flower of Parnassus, which is not to be gathered there.

The Jesuits.

The first conquests of Ignatius in Paris, were Lefevre and Francis Xavier, who taught philosophy in the university. He soon afterwards engaged four other disciples, Lainez, Salmeron, Bobadilla and Rodriguez. To bind his disciples to him by irrevocable ties, he led them, on the day of the assumption, to the church of Mont Martre near Paris, where Lefevre, who had lately been made a priest, read the mass and administered the sacrament to them, in the Subterranean chapel.

After the mass, they all seven together, with loud and distinct voices, took an oath, to undertake, in a certain time, a journey to Jerusalem, for the conversion of the infidels of the Levant, to renounce every thing they possessed in the world, except what was necessary for their enterprise; and in case they could not accomplish it, to throw themselves at the feet of the pope, to offer him their services, to place themselves under his orders, wherever it should please him to send them. Afterwards, three other disciples joined themselves to the first, namely, Le Jay, Codur and Brouët. For the performance of their vow, these companions agreed upon a rendezvous at Venice. On their way, though they were not yet priests, they preached publickly. At Venice these new preachers were attacked with vivacity. But Ignatius had the address to lull this storm, and he was there even elevated to the priesthood, with several of his disciples. They resorted to Rome at the close of Lent in 1538. Assembled at the

house of Quirino Garzonio, they agreed that it was necessary, as soon as possible, to erect themselves into a religious order, to prevent the company from ever dissolving, and to put themselves into a condition to multiply themselves in all places, and to continue to all ages. These were large views. Ignatius would not have his society bounded by time nor place. On his arrival at Rome, this extatick patriarch declared to his disciples, that as they combatted under the banner of Jesus Christ, the company had no other title to assume, but that of 'THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.' This name had been conceived in his head during his retirement at Manreze, in the first year of his conversion, and after the vision of the two standards, by which he had figured the plan of his order, under warlike images.

He did not, however, conduct himself by his visions, so entirely as to neglect his human means for extricating himself from difficulties and disembarrassing himself of accusations which were every where brought against him. For he was formidably attacked at Rome, as he had been at Venice, at Paris, at Salamanca, and at Alcala, for his singular conduct, his indiscretions, and his enterprises, of preaching and directing consciences. But he knew how to overcome these oppositions by insinuating himself into the grandees and by acting the courtier. By this address, notwithstanding all the obstacles in his way, he accomplished his purpose of obtaining the approbation of his order by the pope Paul III. He had presented, in 1539, the project of his institution to this Pontiff, who had committed it to three cardinals for examination.

Guidiccioni, one of these censors, a man of great merit and very learned, was very much opposed to this innovation. He even composed a book to enforce the reasons of his opposition; and his authority determined the two other cardinals.

During this examination, there arrived an event, which was the origin of the great credit which the Jesuits afterwards obtained at the court of Portugal. Jonn III. king of Portugal, wished to send missionaries to the Indies. He instructed his ambassador at Rome to procure him ten. This ambassador was Mascarenhas, intimately connected with Ignitius, who, it is said, had been his confessor. He requested of Ignatius, some of his companions. Ignatius gave him Rodriguez and Bobadilla. The last falling sick, he substituted Xavier.

Mascarenhas carried with him to Portugal these two missionaries, who departed from Rome on the 15th of March 1540, more than six months before the approbation of the institution by the pope. Rodriguez remained in Portugal. Xavier went to India. Xavier appeared to be endowed with excellent qualities, and full of zeal for the salvation of souls. This missionary, who had taken the vow of poverty, and who has been graced by the Jesuits with the title of apostle of the Indies, with a view to strike and gain the pagan princes, appeared before them, in the richest apparel, with splendid equipages, and a numerous train of lackeys. He continued this ostentation to the last days of his life, and the Jesuits have not failed to exalt, with fervid panegyricks, this ardent charity of their apostle. Some however have questioned the prudence of displaying such a contrast between the apostles of the new world, and those of the first ages of Christianity.

Ignatius, an intriguer by nature, and who had subtilty enough to insinuate himself into favour with the great, employed all sorts of means to remove the obstacles to the approbation of his institution. Perceiving that the great objection was, that the obedience promised to the pope was not absolute, he now promised an obedience without bounds, such as he had intended should be sworn to the general of his order, who should be elected. Paul III. flattered by this promise, began to be more favourable.

On this occasion, Cardinal Contarin, connected with Ignatius, served him efficaciously. After the most pressing solicitations and upon the promise of the most implicit submission to the pope, Paul III. by a bull of the twenty seventh of September 1545, approved the institution of Ignatius, restraining, however, the number of members to sixty. But this restriction was soon removed by a bull of 1548.

That which distinguishes this institution from others, is not any rule which subjects the members to any remarkable practices. The Jesuits themselves proclaim, in 'examination general,' which they have placed at the head of their constitutions, that their kind of life is common, and that they are not obliged to submit to any penitences or mortifications of any particular kind. Their institution is founded in privileges rather than rules.

In fact, if we make an extract of the privileges upon which this society is founded, and of the papal bulls to the number

of more than forty which the Jesuits have obtained, we shall see that they have procured themselves to be exempted from all jurisdiction, both ecclesiastical and civil, from all tythes and impositions for themselves and their property; that their institution is an invasion, a universal encroachment on the rights of bishops, of curates, of universities, of corporations, of princes, of magistrates, of all authorities temporal and spiritual; that these exhorbitant privileges, with which they have caused themselves to be invested, are fit only to overthrow all governments, and to spread troubles and confusion every where. They have procured it to be decided by papal bulls, that the government of their society is purely MONARCHICAL. From the origin of their establishment, the Jesuits proposed to themselves, to swallow up all orders, all powers, all authority, all property, in one word, to concentrate every thing in their society and become universal monarchs.

If such were the views of Ignatius, when, immediately after his conversation in the midst of his seraphick visions, he formed the plan of his society; it must be acknowledged, that he had a vast genius, born for great enterprises, and that he thought less of being an apostle, than a conqueror.

It appears that the Jesuits chose to paint him in this latter character. They have engraved upon this tomb, the following inscription. 'Whoever you are, represent to yourself the image of the great Pompey, of Cesar, or of Alexander. Open your eyes to the truth, and you will see upon this marble, that Ignatius was greater than all those conquerors.

Jesus Christ, in establishing his religion, has expressly excluded all domination. Far from establishing a monarchy, he willed that all should be decided by assemblies, and by the poll.

But in the houses of the Jesuits, nothing is decided by the poll. Gregory XIV, by his bull of 1591, declares that Ignatius determined that the government of his society should be monarchical, and that every thing should be decided by the single will of the general. The plan of Ignatius then, is in direct contradiction to the plan of Jesus Christ.

INQUISITOR.

Visit to the Elizabeth Islands.

[A party of gentlemen lately visited the old colony and the Elizabeth Islands. The following letter, giving an account of their journey, may amuse some of our readers.]

DEAR ——, *Boston, 2 Aug.* 1817.

I promised to relate to you the incidents of my ride; and it is my first occupation to address you, 'to tell of all I felt and all I saw,' or rather of all that I remember; for I did not see and feel so little in a week, as to promise that I will recollect it all in a day.

Monday the 21st of July we left Boston for New Bedford. Near the road side in Abington we observed a remarkable tree, one of the ancient boundaries of the Plymouth Colony, whose inhabitants, after an union of more than a century with Massachusetts Bay, are still proud of their former independence, and of the superiour antiquity of their settlement We were told that the road, on which we travelled, passed through the most fertile part of the colony. The vegetation was certainly more forward than in the immediate vicinity of Boston. The rye was abundant, and in many fields ripe for harvest. In some, the reapers were actually employed. The Indian corn was backward and unpromising. The sides of the road were, during the first part of our ride, covered with roses in full bloom, and through the whole of it decorated with the red lily. In the town of Middleborough, thirty eight miles from Boston, we stopped a few moments on the banks of Assawampset pond, a lake six miles in length and three in breadth, whose deep coves, and bold and extensive promontories, present many beautiful scenes, agreeably diversified by wildness and cultivation. It is very shallow and its bottom consists of bog iron ore, which has been an article of commerce ever since its discovery in 1747. The lake is owned in 70 undivided shares by the assignees of the original settlers of the town. Any person may dig the ore, which is sold on the banks of the lake at from four to seven dollars per ton, according to its quality. The purchaser pays the further sum of one dollar per ton to the proprietors, and the ore is then smelted, and cast into hollow ware in this and the neighbouring towns. The quantity now dug here is much less than formerly, hardly exceeding one hundred tons a year. We

rode two miles along the western bank of this lake, and before we quitted it, saw on our right Long Pond, which in one place approaches so near it as to leave only a passage for the road between them.

On Assawampset was committed the murder of Sausaman, the immediate occasion of the war between our ancestors and King Philip, professedly a war of extermination, in which the two parties, struggling for existence, displayed a foresight and sagacity in planning their military enterprises, and a rapidity, fearlessness, and perseverance in executing them, which render that age one of the most interesting periods of our history; though the occasional acts of perfidy and atrocity committed on both sides make one of the least honourable.

Now step forward again about a hundred and forty years from those scenes of blood, enter with us the peaceful dwellings of the Quakers of New Bedford, and say if humanity has not gained by the exchange. This town of New Bedford, where we arrived on Monday evening, and were detained by rain during the whole of Tuesday, is finely situated on a gentle acclivity, rising from the western bank of the Acushnet, and commands a perfect view of the town of Fairhaven and the hamlet of Oxford, which occupy lower and more level ground on the other side of the river. It contains about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, a large portion of them Friends. The remainder is divided into two societies of baptists and two of congregationalists. It contains also an academy for the instruction of both sexes, possessing a library of eight hundred volumes, the gift of Samuel Elam, Esq. and a philosophical apparatus; a charity school for the education of eighty two children, supported and superintended by young ladies;—a museum belonging to a society of gentlemen; and a social library. Many of the inhabitants are engaged in the whale fishery, and they wisely retain among themselves the profits of manufacturing, as well as of collecting the spermaceti. The plunder of the whales, pursued and destroyed in the Pacifick ocean, never quits their hands till it has gone through the whole process, which fits it for use, and is prepared to illuminate the ball room.

At seven o'clock on Wednesday morning we left New Bedford in a sloop, descended 'that stately sound,' Buzzard's bay, and anchored near the westernmost of the Elizabeth islands;

the first spot in New England occupied by Europeans, and the only one inhabited by them in the glorious days of Queen Bess.

In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold and thirty one others left England in a small bark to seek their fortunes in America. Believing that the common route by the Canary islands was unnecessarily circuitous, Gosnold steered directly west, and on the fourteenth of May, after a passage of seven weeks, came within sight of the coast of Massachusetts bay. He did not land here, but sailing along the shore towards the south, passed Cape Cod, to which he gave the name it now bears, from the number of cod fish, that he caught there. Standing out to sea to avoid the Pollock rip, he overshot in the night the eastern entrance of the Vineyard sound, and afterwards, returning toward the land, coasted along the southern shore of the island now called Martha's Vineyard, supposing it a part of the main. To Noman's Land he gave the name of Martha's Vineyard, which has been since transferred, by some strange accident, to the larger island in its vicinity. After doubling a high ledge of rocks running a mile into the sea, he anchored in a cove of the island near them; naming it Elizabeth island in honour to the Queen. This island, possessing a very fertile soil, was then covered with trees and uninhabited. In the western part of it they found a pond of fresh water two miles in circumference, separated from the sea on one side by a narrow beach; and in this pond a 'rocky islet,' of about one acre, on which they determined to fix their residence. A part of the company remained there three weeks, occupied in throwing up a fort, digging and stoning a cellar, and building a dwelling house; while the rest explored the neighbouring continent and procured a cargo of sassafras and skins. It was intended that twenty of their number should remain in their new habitation, and that the others should return to England to sell their cargo, and procure the means of establishing a permanent colony. Some difficulties however were occasioned by a dispute about the mode of dividing the profits of the voyage; and soon afterwards the discovery that they had not provisions enough to victual both the fort and the vessel, and an attack on one of their boats by the natives, who had previously appeared friendly to them, completely discouraged them, and induced them to abandon the enterprise, and set sail for England on

the eighteenth of June, three weeks after their first occupation of the island. Dr. Belknap takes some pains to justify them for relinquishing their project so soon, by dwelling on the imprudence of remaining without the means of defence or of subsistence; but it seems to me that they need no justification. They were under no obligation to remain; they had voluntarily undertaken an expedition for profit, and had a right to abandon it as soon as they were weary of the enterprise.

The name of Elizabeth was afterwards given to the whole group of islands in Buzzard's Bay, and it seems to have been doubted which of them was occupied by Gosnold, till Dr. Belknap, visiting them in 1797, found the most westerly to agree perfectly with the description given of their residence by the adventurers; and even thought that he discovered the remains of their cellar. Some young gentlemen of New Bedford had since visited the spot without finding these remains; and it was one object of our journey to ascertain whether any such existed. Having landed on the eastern shore of the Island, and walked across it, we found at the other extremity a long, triangular pond, almost in the shape of a powder-horn, with its base near the western side of the Island, and its point directed toward the north. Its banks on the west and south are high; on the north it is separated from the sea by a curving beach not thirty yards wide, across which we dragged our boat and launched it into the fresh water of the pond. I call it *fresh* only because it is not *salt*, for it is too brackish even for the palate of a Bostonian. In the western end of the pond is a high islet, surrounded by a rocky margin and covered with a very rich soil, in which were growing the wild gooseberry, the grape, elder, mallows, primrose, eglantine, yarrow, sumach, wild parsnip, beach plum, wild cherry, wild pea, Solomon's seal, the convolvulus, thoroughwort, and red clover. The stump of a red cedar stood near the shore, and we brought home a piece of it as a remembrancer of our expedition. On the northern bank of the islet about ten yards from the water, we found a small excavation overgrown with bushes and grass, on one side of which were three large stones in a row at the distance of three feet from each other, having under them other stones of the same size lying in the same direction. Between these were smaller stones, which appeared by their form and smoothness to have been taken from the beach. In another

slight excavations twenty eight yards south of the former near the centre and highest part of the islet, were similar stones, but very few in number, and not disposed in any apparent order. On digging in other parts of the islet we found none of the same kind. We conjectured that the first excavation was all that remained of Gosnold's cellar, and the latter a part of the trench dug for the purpose of forming the fort. There can be no doubt that this was the place of his residence, for there is no other pond containing an islet in any one of the Elizabeth Islands. Every feature of the scene reminded us of the narrative of its discoverers. The trees indeed have fallen and left no trace of their existence, except the term Copicut, *shady*, the appellation of a lofty promontory, extending from the centre of the island toward the north; but the soil is still fertile, the beach, the lake, the islet are unaltered, and are rendered by their natural beauties, no less than by the recollections, with which they are associated, well worthy of the attention of a poet; and the gigantick rocks near the western coast of the island, against which the waves dash with the foam, and the fury, and the deafening noise of a cataract, would form as grand a picture in an epick poem, as Acroceraunia or Charybdis. But their names ——. These rocks are the *sow* and *pigs ;*—the blooming islet is *Quawck* Island; the beautiful lake and the island, which contains it, are styled *Poocutohhunkunnoh* island and pond, which is sometimes elegantly abbreviated into *Cuttyhunk*. What words for the lips of the muses !—The delicate ears of some of our party could not endure them, and we therefore gave to the pond and islet the name of their discoverer, Gosnold, and softened down the Indian appellation of the principal island into *Cuttoona*, which you and other poets are expected always to employ hereafter, except in those cases, where it may be necessary for the sake of the rhyme, to make use of *Quawck*, *Poocutohhunkunnoh*, and *Cuttyhunk*.

We dined on Gosnold's Islet. On the beach which separates his pond from the ocean, we found the murex caniculatus, a shell confounded by the inhabitants of this part of the Commonwealth with the murex carica, under the common name of perriwinkle, which properly belongs to neither. The island of Cuttoona contains about 516 acres, and has two houses on its eastern end, occupied by three families, who hire the island for 250 dollars per annum, and keep on it 16

cows and 500 sheep. We re-embarked in the afternoon, and with a fair wind and favourable tide, coasted along the northern shore of Nashawenna, and passed through Quicks' hole between that island and Pasque Island to Tarpaulin Cove, a fine harbour on the south side of Nashaun, where we slept. A light-house 32 feet high, built of granite found in the island, is just erected on the point of land forming the southwestern side of the harbour.

The next day, Thursday, we set sail for Gay Head, the northwestern extremity of Martha's Vineyard. It was called by Gosnold *Dover Cliff*, and owes its present name to the singular beauty of its appearance, when seen from the shore. In that direction it presents to the eye a perpendicular cliff 150 feet high, principally composed of white and blue clay, in which are irregularly interspersed vast beds of red and yellow ochre, and of a black substance, which has been thought to indicate the existence of coal in its vicinity. Excavations have been made to the depth of 30 feet, in the hope of obtaining that valuable mineral, without success. The ochres are of a very bad quality. The white clay is the only useful material found here, and is sold by the Indians deliverable on board vessels for three dollars and a half, and in the cliff for one dollar per ton. The black part of the cliff seems to consist of decayed vegetable matter, and abounds with pyrites and with long, slender crystals of gypsum, called by the inhabitants Maushop's needles. On the edge of the cliff is the Devil's Den, a vast and deep basin, one side of which appears to have been washed away by the sea. Its form has induced some persons to consider it as the crater of an extinct volcano, but we saw no volcanick appearances near it. It was once the dwelling of Maushop. According to the tradition of the Indians, when their ancestors first came from the west to this island, they found it occupied by Maushop, a benevolent but capricious being, of gigantick frame and supernatural power. His daily food was broiled whales, and he threw many of them on the coast for the support of his Indian neighbours. At last, weary of the world, he sent his sons and daughter to play at ball, and while they were engaged in their sport, drew his toe across the beach, on which they were, and separated it from the island. The returning tide rising over it, the brothers crowded round their sister, careless of their own danger; and while sinking themselves, were

only anxious to keep her head above the waves. Maushop commended their fraternal affection, bade them always love and protect their sister, and preserved their lives by converting them into whale killers, a sort of grampus, whose descendants still delight to sport about the ancient dwelling of their great progenitor. The giant then hurled his wife Saconet into the air, and plunging himself beneath the waves, disappeared forever. Saconet fell on the promontory of Rhode Island, which now bears her name, and long lived there, exacting tribute from all passengers. At length she was converted into stone, still however retaining her former shape, till the white men, mistaking her probably for an idol, lopped off both her arms; but her mutilated form remains to this day on the spot where she fell, and affords lasting and unimpeachable evidence of the truth of the tradition.

The west end of Martha's Vineyard containing 3000 acres of the best land in the island, and including Gay Head, is reserved for the Indians established at this place and their descendants. The whole number of proprietors is said to be 250; only 150 reside here at present. The land is undivided; but each man cultivates as much as he pleases, and no one intrudes on the spot, which another has appropriated by his labour. They have not the power of alienating their lands, being considered as perpetual children, and their property committed to the care of guardians appointed by the government of Massachusetts. These guardians let a part of the territory to whites, and appropriate the income to the support of the Indians. Intermarriages between the members of this tribe and negroes are so common, that there now exist very few of pure Indian descent. One of these few we had the pleasure of seeing, when, tempted by curiosity, we had entered her miserable dwelling. It did not require a very powerful imagination to convert her into another Meg Merrilies. Her countenance bore the traces of extreme age, but her form, though slender, was erect, her voice firm, and her remarks shrewd and pertinent. The muscles of her face possessed a calmness and immobility, which seemed to prove that nothing agitated her feelings, while the quickness of her eye denoted that nothing escaped her observation. This cast of countenance, and the character it expresses, are not however peculiarities of the individual; they distinguish the whole race.

The Indians of Gay Head have lately sent a memorial to the General Court, stating their grievances, and a committee has been appointed to examine into the ground of their complaints. Idleness is undoubtedly the great evil that afflicts them. Can it be remedied? We should not be discouraged because the efforts hitherto made for the improvement of their characters have been ineffectual; for it is not certain that they have been properly directed. Schools have been occasionally established among them to teach them reading and writing, arts of which they know not the value. Missionaries are constantly employed to preach the gospel to them. But beings so indifferent to their fate that they will not make provision even for to day, cannot be expected to take much pains to prepare for futurity. They need some strong and direct excitement to rouse them from their torpor. It has been proposed to give them the power of alienating their property, which would soon be squandered. They would then be compelled to toil for a subsistence; and habits of industry once acquired might last longer than the necessity, in which they originated. Nor would there be any cruelty in thus permitting them to waste their property, if it were certain that the experiment would succeed. Could they obtain industrious habits in exchange for their lands, it would be a profitable bargain to them, as well as to the community. But it may be said, and I fear too truly, that the present generation, palsied by inveterate indolence and ignorant of any occupation capable of affording them immediate subsistence, would sink in despondency, and find it easier to die than to labour. Is there however no hope for their children? Might they not be collected in one seminary, where they should be taught the mechanick arts, and incited to exertion by emulation, the hope of reward, and the fear of punishment; and when their education should be completed, instead of being left here to be corrupted by their predecessors, sent forth to make their own way in the world? The Indians are not incapable of serving themselves and the publick. Many of them are employed in the whaling vessels of New Bedford, and are distinguished by their activity and expertness. Such a project would indeed be expensive, but might ultimately prove less so than the present mode of providing for their support. We ought not to despise them because they are ignorant and degraded; for perhaps they are

ignorant and degraded, only because they have already been so much despised. There is no school now at Gay Head.

We returned to pass another night at Tarpaulin cove, where we found excellent accommodations. Early on Friday morning our party set forward in a wagon, on horseback, and on foot for the northeastern end of Nashaun. This island is seven and a half miles long; and one and three quarters broad. It contains about two thousand sheep, and is in high repute for the excellence of its butter and cheese. While all the Elizabeth islands west of it have been stripped of their woods, the trees here, consisting of beech, pine, oak, and hickory, have been carefully preserved, and afford shelter to a hundred deer, one of which bounded across our path at a little distance before us. Our conductor was a lively and intelligent young farmer, who has the superintendence of the island, and resides at its northern extremity. We were quite pleased with the neatness and simplicity of his house; but imagine my surprise, on taking up a book, to find that it was the Fables of La Fontaine, which opened of itself at that exquisite, inimitable tale 'Les deux pigeons.' This was something romantick, and we began to look about us for a goddess in disguise. But on inquiry we found the sober fact to be, that our young farmer was a Frenchman, who had left his country at the age of fourteen, and acquired our language so perfectly, that even when acquainted with his origin, we could not detect the slightest foreign accent. After dinner we left Nashuan delighted with every thing that we had seen there. The Elizabeth Islands are part of Chilmark, a town on Martha's Vineyard;—their names are Cuttyhunk, Penaquese, Gull, Nashawenna, Pesque, Nashaun, Onkatomka, Nannamisset, the two Ram islands, and the three Wepeckets. They are generally stocked with sheep, the average weight of whose fleeces is full three pounds. Those brought from the main are far less likely to live here than those born on the islands themselves.

In the boat, which conveyed us from Nashaun to Falmouth, we observed the words 'O navis quæ tibi creditum &c.' written by the pencil of our friend Dr. B——, who had been on Nashaun four days before us, and knew that we should follow him. As our party consisted of seven, I considered myself entitled to a seventh part of the compliment, and was proud of my portion; but would have resigned it willingly

for the pleasure of his company. We sailed by Onkatomka, where one thousand five hundred bushels of salt are annually made by evaporation from sea water. The overseer receives, as a compensation for the whole labour, one fifth part of the produce. At Falmouth forty thousand bushels are made, valued at fifty cents a bushel. From the water remaining after this process they make Glauber's salts, worth two cents a pound, at an expense not exceeding that previously incurred by extracting the common salt. The fuel requisite for this purpose costs nothing more than the labour of cutting it. From Falmouth an excellent road led us to Sandwich, which we reached on Friday evening.

Saturday morning, after catching a mess of trout for dinner, we visited the ruined cellar of the sachem of Monumet, the neighbourhood of which was the scene of an interesting adventure in the life of Captain Standish. We also looked at the ground, through which it has been proposed to cut a canal seven miles long, connecting Buzzard's bay with that of Barnstable. It is said that their waters do not stand at the same level ; but this inconvenience would be remedied by a lock. More serious objections are, that the navigation of Buzzard's bay is neither easy nor safe ; that the force of the tides and the nature of the soil, which is pure sand, would obstruct the canal, and that in winter, when most needed, because the passage round Cape Cod is then most dangerous, it would be rendered impassable by ice. On the other hand, the advantages to be derived by our capital from such a passage are great and obvious. Even should it admit vessels of the smallest size only, it would induce those, who occupy the shores of the sound, to direct their commerce entirely to Boston, where they would find manners, and a mode of transacting business more similar to their own, than those of New York. It is by facilitating the means of intercourse between Boston and other parts of the state, that the former is to be rendered the great mart of our manufactures ; not by establishing extensive manufactories within the limits of the town ; they are always pernicious in populous places ; nor have we any reason to expect an exemption from their evils, since the same causes, that produce so much mischief elsewhere, will operate here. In such establishments crowds of both sexes are collected from all parts of the country, suddenly exposed to many new temptations, removed from their

early habits and associations; freed from the salutary restraints imposed on them by the constant presence of those, whose opinions they have been accustomed to respect; severed from all their natural connexions; torn from their native soil, from the spot where they had taken root and flourished; and thrown together to corrupt in a heap, under the heated atmosphere of the town.

Sunday we remained at Sandwich, and on Monday morning left it on a very sandy road for Plymouth. In the course of our ride we saw two large rocks, called Sacrifice rocks, from a custom, still prevalent among the Indians, of throwing sticks of wood or branches of trees on them whenever they pass. Nobody seems to know the date or motive of this practice. Near the road, seven miles south of Plymouth, is Clam Pudding pond, on whose borders the judges of the colony, when they made their pedestrian circuits in old times, were accustomed to stop, and draw forth from their wallets their homely meal, consisting of roasted clams and hard Indian pudding, the luxuries of that age of simplicity. At Plymouth we made it our first business to visit 'Forefathers' rock,' the landing place of the pilgrims of 1620, a more accessible, but far more interesting spot than Gosnold's islet. The men, who landed here, did not abandon their enterprise, though they had want and perils to contend with, as well as their predecessors. But they came with a different character and different motives; they had been inured to adversity, excited and invigorated by persecution; they knew that the hopes of their friends in Holland depended on their perseverance; and they had made a contract with the Virginia company in England, by which they were pledged to remain here. The unexpected difficulties which they encountered, the want of food, the severity of the climate, the disease which destroyed nearly half their number in the first winter, would have discouraged most men, and perhaps have justified them in returning to Europe, notwithstanding their obligations to remain. But these were not the men to urge the plea of necessity. In their estimation it was necessary to do their duty, but it was not necessary to live. And they have their reward. The evils endured by them, great as they were, are a cheap price for the blessings that they have purchased for their children. We are enjoying the recompense of their sufferings, and gathering the fruits of their labour.

The last interesting event, that I remember, was our sitting in Governour Carver's chair in the barber's shop at Plymouth.

Such are the incidents and reflections, which have pleased your friend; but the greatest of my pleasures was the society of my companions; and it was not the least of them to return.

A Retreat for the Sane.

Huc propius me
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is obvious, that in the present state of this country, when very little money can be spared from individual and national wants, even to publick institutions of the most general and acknowledged utility, none should be undertaken, but upon the surest and most permanent foundation, and of which the practicability, as well as usefulness is perfectly well ascertained. It becomes then important when a project of great and common interest is afoot, the plan and conduct of which, being once decided upon, do not readily admit of alteration, that a liberal discussion of the subject should previously be had, and the various obstacles to it freely exposed. Nor should the investigation in such cases be limited to those only, who, from their occupations and course of thought, might be supposed the most competent to decide questions of that particular nature. Many of the hints which fall, as it were by chance, from the comparatively stupid and unlettered, may, in the hands of the wise and well informed, be turned to very good account. The above remarks are made, by way of apology for offering a few thoughts upon the recent plan of an hospital for the Insane. I am well aware that in touching upon this subject, and advancing those notions about it which a most careful and thorough investigation has caused me to adopt, I have very many difficulties to contend with; difficulties the more hard to be overcome, because they take their origin in our strongest and most confirmed passions and prejudices, and are fostered and established by the usual modes of education. A deep sense, however, of the good ef-

fects to be produced by my opinions, upon the advancement of civilization, the progress of true knowledge, and the permanent happiness of mankind; and the recollection that no important revolution in publick opinion has ever been brought about, but with the greatest opposition, and by very slow degrees, has encouraged me. I shall not pretend to enter at great length into the subject;—a brief statement of some of the most prominent objections to this plan, as it now stands, together with my own theory respecting it, will comprise all I have to say.

To effect a separation between the sane and insane persons of the community, seems indeed to be a most desirable object, take it in whatever point of view we may; but the manner and means of best effecting this separation, under existing circumstances, is not so plain and obvious, I apprehend, as some may choose to think it, but will be found, on the contrary, to require no little consideration and forethought. The first, and fundamental errour of the intelligent gentlemen who have planned this institution, arises, I conceive, from an incorrect estimate of the number of insane persons in the community. Since my getting into years, and retiring from active business, I have been in the habit of devoting much of my time to works which treat of the mind. In pursuing this course, I chanced to take up, some years ago, a treatise upon mental diseases, written by a very eminent physician of this country, since deceased, in which it was stated, as a well ascertained and undeniable fact, that about two thirds of the inhabitants of this world were not in their right minds. Having never before turned my thoughts that way, I was at first greatly astonished at the doctrine, and almost questioned the sanity of the learned author himself; being induced however, from its novelty, to look further into the matter, I very soon came fully into his opinion, and have ever since been the more and more strengthened in it. In consequence of the late successful attempt at the establishment of the above institution, I was led, with the assistance of a friend who is well versed in these things, to make some calculations as to the relative numbers of the sane and insane in this country, and after a very laborious and exact estimate, we arrived at the following results.

Taking the term insane, in its most general signification, to comprehend all persons of disordered minds, we classed

them under such several heads, as their different degrees of insanity seemed to demand, and after this manner found, that the number of those totally deprived of reason, and who in vulgar language are denominated *Stark Mad*, amounted to about *one* out of every *thousand* persons ;—*Staring*, to about *one* out of every *hundred ;—Insane*, in its most confined sense, to about *twenty five* out of a *hundred*, or one quarter part ;—*Persons beside themselves*, to about *fifty* out of a *hundred ;—Insane* in *its most extensive sense*, *deranged* or *cracked*—which three terms are nearly synonymous—to about *nine hundred* out of every *thousand ;* this last class being understood to include in it all those going before. I might here easily enumerate the various symptoms by which these several species of insanity are distinguished ; point out the kinds most prevalent in particular sections of the country ; and throw in some suggestions as to the probable cuuses of this difference, founded on an investigation of the local situation, air, and soil of the different parts of America, and the laws, education, and habits of the people ; but as this is not absolutely essential to my present object, and might appear invidious, I shall omit it. Some may think this an exaggerated, or mistaken account, but we assure them, that had we not passed over unnoticed, all that immense class of persons who are deficient in *common sense*, the list would have swelled to a size surpassing credibility, and the number of sane left, been hardly worth the reckoning. We shall leave it to those who have the management of the institution, to determine, how they can accommodate, at one time, even so small a part of these, as will prevent only the continued increase of the main body.

In the next place, have we sufficient grounds for our belief in the restoration of these unfortunate persons ?

As this institution is established for the purposes of cure, and not as a place of deposit, it is supposed the patients will be selected, principally from the three last classes above mentioned, the other two presenting, for the most part, decidedly hopeless cases. Now I cannot but fear, that there are some obstacles to the cure of these last, which will be found well nigh insurmountable. One of the principal of these arises from a great unseasonableness of the necessary applications. When a person by some unlucky rap on the head, or violent internal disorder, becomes of a sudden downright mad, so as

to make chains and a straight jacket essential articles of his toilet, every one sees at once what the matter is, and he is taken in hand by the physicians, without loss of time; but these other kinds of insanity, not presenting any very violent symptoms, the disease often comes to be incurable before people are apprized of its nature. The deception is the greater in such instances, because the persons, who rank under these classes of insane, particularly the last, are generally the most stirring, noisy, prominent men in the community, and before they are found out, get the character (from those who are not too intimate with them) of being what the world calls, *devilish clever fellows.*

To come to the fact, this disease is often taken at a much earlier period of life than we are apt to imagine,

'Primaque lux vitæ prima furoris erat,'

And some think it is not unfrequently drawn in with the mother's milk. Its first indications are then naturally enough laid to the account of youthful spirit, wild oats, eccentricity, remarkable genius, &c. &c. until after a while, when the subject gets forward into life, some such unfortunate act is committed as cannot be misconstrued. Medical men, and the sane part of society, foresee indeed the issue, long before things come to this pass, but how are they to persuade the prejudiced relatives, and bulk of the community, (who, it is to be observed, are most of them in different stages of the same disorder,) that men who are in the very heart of all the bustle, and activity, and parade of the world, are fit subjects for an insane hospital?

'Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
'Maxima pars hominum morbo jactetur eodem.'

'When all are mad, where all are like opprest,
'Who can discern one mad man from the rest.'

But, Sir, supposing these difficulties not so great, as I have thought them to be, another question comes up, of deep interest to every individual, respecting the constitutionality of such an establishment. On turning over our constitution the other day with a view to this, I felt some hesitation upon the point, whether insanity could be offered in denial of the right of suffrage. It may seem somewhat strange, that I should have given in for a moment to the least doubt about a matter, so perfectly well settled in the English books; but my

idea was, that possibly the spirit of our government might vary the case. And in truth, sir, the more I canvassed the subject, the more was this notion confirmed. Upon recurrence to usage, in this particular, I could not find a single instance in which a rejection was allowed on such grounds. I have moreover since learned from several first rate politicians, that it would be considered but a poor subterfuge in these times against the acts of a majority, that the course of their conduct afforded convincing proofs of insanity.

Under these circumstances I am at a loss to know, upon what principle, the trifling minority of the sane could undertake to exercise such a power as this over the personal liberty of the *insane*, and thus deprive them of their most important rights, as citizens of a free country. It is evident, that if (as some assert to be the fact) the sane should all happen to belong to the same party in politics, the exercise of this power would become at once the most irresistible political engine ever put at work; for it being an established point of faith with the members of each party, that the leaders of the other are nothing less than *stark mad*, no sooner could a man come to any influence on the other side, than he would be accommodated with rooms in the insane hospital. I learn too, that this political mania, when once well worked into the blood, is the most incurable species of madness a person can be taken with; so that this establishment would be forthwith furnished to the full, with *governors*, *senators*, *representatives*, and *partisans*, there to remain for life, to the exclusion of patients of a less violent disorder, and much more open to cure. The foregoing objections, however, of whatever weight, may all safely be dismissed, provided the suggestion I am about to make shall be thought to carry any truth with it.

In the course of the calculations before mentioned, I was brought to revolve in my mind, whether after all, insanity would not turn out to be the natural state of man, and sanity the exception to the general rule; for upon looking back into the works of various ancient authors, I find that the sages and philosophers of all past ages entertained the same opinion concerning the majority of the people, in their respective times, as the learned gentleman above quoted does of those in the present.

It is related of *Socrates*, that after having taken great pains to find out a wise man, and consulted with every description of persons, he finally concluded that all men were fools.

Democritus, a most celebrated philosopher of Abdera, held that all were mad, and on account of this opinion was esteemed so himself, until the learned Hippocrates going to visit him was not only convinced of his wisdom, but became also a convert to his opinions.

Pliny the younger, in his panegyrick on the Emperour Trajan, says '*Omnes actiones exprobare stultitiam videntur.*'

And *Cardan*, Lib. 3d de Sap. '*Pauci ut video sanæ mentis sunt.*'

The same sentiments are advanced in the works of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, and a most erudite author of the sixteenth century observes, in a preface to one of his works, 'give me but a little leave, and you shall see by what confessions, testimonies, arguments, I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to Anticyræ, (as in Strabo's time they did,) as in our days they run to Compostella, our lady of Sichem or Lauretta, to seek help; that it is like to be as prosperous a voyage, as that of Guiana, and that there is much more need of hellebore than of tobacco.' Virgil, in speaking of the Anticyræ referred to above, two towns in Greece to which people resorted to obtain hellebore, esteemed a cure for madness, says, '*Plures olim gentes navigabant illuc sanitatis causa*,' which gives us some idea of the numbers that were afflicted with this calamity, at the time to which he refers. It would be but a waste of time to notice all the authorities that might be adduced to this point. I shall notice but two other authorities and those to show how extensive the term insane is, in the contemplation of the law. It is said by Lyttleton in his treatise on descents, 'Also if a man which is of non sane memory, that is to say in latine, *qui non est compos mentis*,' &c. And my Lord Coke remarks upon this. 'Here *Lyttleton* explaineth a man of no sound memorie to be *non compos mentis*. Many times (as here it appeareth) the Latin word explaineth the true sense, and calleth him not *amens*, *demens*, *furiosus*, *lunaticus*, *fatuus*, *stultus*, or the like, for *non compos mentis* is most sure and legall.' And *Blackstone* gives in his Commentaries the following definition of *non compos mentis*; —'A *lunatick*, or *non compos mentis*, is one who hath had understanding, but by disease, grief, or other accident, hath lost the use of his reason. A lunatick is indeed properly one that hath lucid intervals; sometimes enjoying his senses, and

sometimes not; and that frequently depending upon the change of the moon. But under the general name of *non compos mentis*, (which Sir Edward Coke says is the most legal name,) are comprised not only lunaticks, but persons under frenzies, or who lose their intellects by disease; those that *grow* deaf, dumb, and blind, not being *born* so; or such in short, as are judged by the court of chancery incapable of conducting their own affairs.' And the civil law goes still further, and considers as *non compos*, whoever is in danger of wasting his estate by prodigality, and he is accordingly committed by the prætor, to the care of tutors or curators. These authorities sufficiently prove, I think, what has been the state of the world from the earliest times, and that the opinion I entertain is not singular, nor my calculations extravagant. Indeed had I followed the strict letter of the law, it is to be feared I should hardly have found exceptions enough, to have proved my rule.

'Μανια γ' ου πασιν ὁμοια.'

They all dote, though not alike.

Having thus stated such principal objections to this establishment as relate to the *possibility* of carrying it into operation, I shall take leave to make a few observations upon the *policy* of it. Those who have paid any attention to political economy, and the government of large bodies of people, must be aware that it is often necessary to put up with many and great defects and abuses in the body politick, rather than hazard the consequences of sudden and important changes. Now let such persons judge whether it will be feasible to withdraw at once so large a number of people from the community, without bringing things into great confusion, and endangering the publick quiet. The largest portion of every people is made up of the labouring classes, who depend for subsistence upon the sale of the articles they manufacture—the produce they raise—or the call for their personal services—and it is apparent, both from the numbers and the general character and habits of the insane, that it is upon them they must principally rely. When these friends of the industrious, therefore, shall have gone into retirement, and their noble and generous mode of life given place to the meagre regimen of the hospital, who will answer for the despair of the immense number of persons thrown out of employ? Who will venture

into the market amongst the enraged venders of the best legs of mutton, the first cuts of beef, and the earliest messes of peas? Who can expect to walk the streets without being run down by your coach and chaise makers; getting a dressing from your fashionable tailors; and some hard rubs, now and then, from your most approved furniture makers? Who then but will be completely dished, in the estimation of those eminent gentlemen of colour, to whom we are indebted for our dinner parties; and liable to have the discordant clamour of those, who direct our usual evening amusement, played off upon him without measure? Nor is this all; what a vacating of seats in all your general assemblies and legislative bodies? What a desertion of important offices throughout the state and nation? Nor will the learned professions, as might be hoped, remain unaffected. How many deserted flocks will have to moan the loss of their worthy pastors? What a demand will arise for lawyers, upon the sudden falling off of the present excellent supply? How many of the sick will lay their deaths to the want of physicians, who would have died without a word, if under their hands? Such are some of the numerous evils, which would unavoidably ensue, and which surely can have no little influence upon the minds of intelligent men.

I shall not push my objections any further, by adducing the many other arguments which go to their support, lest a more general spirit of inquiry should be got up, than is perhaps to be wished for; and indeed I deem it a good reason for particular caution, and deliberation, in this business, that if the insane should happen to find out how things were going, they might forthwith take such measures, as would effectually put an end to any further discussion of the matter. Fully persuaded, as I am, that the difficulties connected with this plan are altogether insurmountable, and that this opinion does not proceed from any narrow views of the subject, but is the result of a very candid and extensive examination, aided by the observations of a long life, and much reading; and at the same time impressed with the belief that some method ought to be adopted, by which the present dissonant intermingling of the sane and insane may be avoided; I venture, after due reflection, most respectfully to propose, that the present plan be so amended, as that, instead of an

hospital for the *insane*, this establishment be exclusively appropriated to the use of the *sane*.

It would be impossible to enumerate, within the limits I have proposed to myself, all the advantages of such an arrangement. To notice a few of them only ;—we may observe, in the first place, that in this way all obstacles with regard to numbers immediately vanish; for it is apparent from the preceding statement, that let but a strict examination be had upon admission, and there will not more persons be found in the whole community, properly qualified, than would serve to people a very moderately sized establishment.

The coercion too, which upon the other system would so often be indispensable, and the exercise of it so painful, becomes altogether unnecessary. For it being one of the most prominent and unaccountable characteristicks of the sane, to indulge a lamentable fondness for noiseless retirement, and reading, and speculation, and such like, gain less employments, and so to acquire a distaste for the active pursuits and splendid shows, and fashionable amusements, which enlighten, and adorn, and give a zest to society and life ; it is to be supposed, they will not be behind hand in taking advantage of so fair an opportunity as this, for gratifying their singular propensities.

Another circumstance, not altogether unworthy of consideration, is, that the funds of the institution will be greatly benefited, every person, sane or not, thinking his own immediate interest concerned in the subscription; and we well know how good an effect such a notion has, both upon the magnitude of a donation, and the spirit in which it is bestowed.

It will be sufficient to observe, that all the various and weighty objections to the other plan, have no place in this, and that the many excellencies of the proposed amendment, are counterbalanced by no disadvantages whatever, that I can bring to mind. It will doubtless be remarked, that I have taken no notice in the foregoing remarks, of (that by far the most valuable part of the human family) the females. This did not happen from neglect or forgetfulness on my part, but from my not having the least question of their perfect sanity. I confess I was at one time a little shaken in this belief; it being suggested to me as demonstrated, by the late unparalelled running up of bonnets, from two stories to

five,—that the women must be light-headed, or they would be unable to carry so great an additional weight on the shoulders. There seemed at first to be something in this argument. I was soon, however, convinced of its fallacy, by receiving credible information of the true nature of these machines. They were constructed, it seems, to supply the place of three articles of a lady's dress, formerly much used, but now entirely laid aside, viz. a pair of pockets, back-board, and high heeled-shoes. Being of large capacity and capable of containing much air, when there is any thing of a wind stirring, they operate in the way of a balloon, and have a great tendency to rise, and by being attached to the chin, extend the neck, straighten the back, and lift the whole body so that the toes merely come to the ground, and thus afford an admirable substitute for the cumbrous back-boards, and uncouth heels, formerly in vogue, besides giving a lightness and airiness to the gait, which is exquisitely enchanting. How often have I seen these lively beings come in this style down Park street, with a fine nothwest wind in their favour, hardly touching upon the earth, and looking as if about to take their flight to those happy regions, which alone are worthy of them. That ancient and useful adjunct, the pocket, having become totally obsolete, and the indispensable, its successor, used merely for show, this new fashioned bonnet is also calculated to serve as a general reservoir, into which may occasionally be thrown an extra pocket handkerchief, a change of shoes, on walking to a party, an additional shawl, when the weather looks threatening, or any other odd articles, that are as well out of the way; these things having at the same time no bad effect as ballast, for some think the ladies are in danger of being carried away with this fashion.

I trust this explanation will be as satisfactory to every one, as it has been to me; and I never met with any thing else in the ladies, that could lead to the least suspicion of their insanity. There may be a question indeed whether they would be inclined to go with the sane into retirement; naturalists asserting that they are more gregarious than men, and have an instinctive fondness for large towns. I am sensible that there are not wanting persons of so suspicious and illnatured a turn, as to be always looking out for secret motives, in the actions of people, and casting round, for some handle of that sort, with which to oppose every useful and important

improvement. And it would not surprise me if some such were to suggest that I was not altogether serious and sincere in my proposal. I will only say, that in my estimation, this is not a subject to trifle about, and that a disinterested regard for the best interests of the community, and the advancement of this institution upon the most solid and beneficial grounds, could alone have induced me to come forward with the foregoing observations.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,

I know not that the attempt has ever been made, by any of the various translators of Horace, to give his *Sapphics* an English dress in the same metre.—I send you the following rather as a *curiosity*, than as a specimen of elegant poetry. I believe, however, the version will be found tolerably correct. If you think it worthy of putting in type, you will, by publishing it, oblige B. ——

Horace, Ode II. B. I. Translated.

Jam satis terris, nivis atque diræ, &c.

Amply, already, has the sire of thunder
Sent down his tempests, driving sleet and hailstones,
Tossed our tall towers, with flaming hand, and scatter'd
Fear through the city.

Trembled the nations, lest the times of Pyrrha,
Fraught with strange omens, should return upon them,
When hoary Proteus drove his herds to wander
O'er the tall mountains.

When to the *elm tops*, clung the scaly millions;
(Seats where the ring doves often lov'd t' assemble.)
And in the sea above them, swam the wild does,
Trembling with terror!

Driven back with fury from the Tuscan ocean
Turbid and swelling, have we seen the Tiber
Prostrate the shrine of Numa, and the temples
Sacred to Vesta.

River uxorious! proud to be th' avenger
Of the fair Illia, his complaining consort;
On his left bank he pours his whelming waters
Lawless and daring.

Thinned by paternal vices, future ages,
Wondering, shall hear of civil strife and battles;
Ah! had that ill-directed valour rather
Tamed the proud Persians!

Say, to what God, shall this our falling empire
Call for assistance?—With what invocation
Shall the chaste ear of unregarding Vesta
Bow to her Virgins?

Whom wilt thou choose, eternal sire of nations!
All our past guilt to expiate?—Be present,
Veiling thy shoulders with a cloudy mantle,
Phœbus prophetick!

Or, by the loves, and sportive mirth surrounded
Thou rather, laughter-loving queen of Eryx!—
Or, thy neglected race, at length regarding,
Mars our stern founder,

Mars, with unceasing strife, and battle sated,—
Thou whom dire tumults please, and shining helmets;
And the stern visage of the Moorish soldier,
On the foe glaring!

Or if Cyllenius, thou, to earth descending,
Change thy celestial, for a human figure,
Glowing with youth, and willing to be titled,
Cæsar's avenger!

Late mayst thou seek the skies, and long remaining
Shed thy kind blessings on the Roman nation;
Nor mayst thou soon with growing crimes offended
Leave us unaided.

Here, may it please, to gain unequalled triumphs—
Here, mayst thou love the names of *Sire* and sov'reign,
Nor the fierce Medes, to rob, unpunish'd suffer,
Thou, Cæsar, ruling!

Horace, Book I. Ode IX. Imitated.

To a discontented friend.

The hills are white with new fall'n snow,
Beneath its weight the forests bow;
The ice-clad streams can scarcely flow,
Constrained by hoary winter.
Haste, to the cheerful parlour fly,
And heap the generous fuel high,—
And then—whenever thou art dry,
Why, broach the bright decanter.

To Providence resign the rein,
Nor vex with idle care thy brain,
To know if thou shalt go to Maine,
Ohio, or Kentucky.
Nor give to moping dread thy mind;—
The man to gloomy dreams inclin'd,
The ills he fears will always find,
And always be unlucky.

Submit, if troubles cross thy way—
Smooth up thy brow—enjoy the day—
For age steals on without delay—
Repress thy wish for roving.
The man who thinks—(whate'er his case)
To cure life's ills by changing place,
Will find it but a '*wild goose chase*,'
And ever be removing.

Fortune may frown and friends desert,
Domestick sorrows wring the heart—
Yet surely 'tis the wisest part
To yield without repining.
Enjoy the good, kind heav'n bestows—
Leave sullen discontent to those,
Who fear a *thorn* in every rose,
To God thy all resigning.

Versification of a remark of Pliny—that all the elements were, in their turn, hostile to man, except the earth, who sustained him with the kindness of a mother, furnished an antidote for every poison that he might draw from her, and provided him with a couch of rest at his death.

MAN, on the mingled elements depends
For food, for warmth, for solace, and for breath,
Yet foes attack him in the garb of friends,
To work his wo, and haste his hour of death.
Air, the sweet air, his feeble frame that feeds,
Mounts with the tempest, on the whirlwind speeds,
Breaks the strong trees that o'er his mansion spread,
Strews the lov'd roof in ruins o'er his head,
Lifts the white surge, the angry ocean sweeps,
And whelms the vessel in the foaming deeps.
The limpid water, which his health sustains,
And sends new vigour through his wasted veins,
Rising in wrath, a sudden deluge pours
To waste his crops, and desolate his shores.
His tall domes sink,—his lofty fabricks float,
Where bloom'd his gardens, frowns a stagnant moat.
Slow, humid vapours from the bound arise,
And pestilential fogs obscure the skies.
The cheerful flame, his torpid blood that warms,
Blown to quick vengeance, like a fury storms,
Amid the shouts of fear, and terror's cry,
Winds its red volumes round the midnight sky,
Consumes the fabrick that his labour rear'd,
Destroys the form, by ties of love endear'd,
Blackens his beauty, lays his glory low,
Feeds on his wealth, and riots in his wo.
See where its strength by marble bonds comprest,
In earth's dark caverns, heaves her tortur'd breast,
Bursts from its vault, the trembling mountain rends,
In streams of wild, sulphureous wrath descends,
Blasts the green forests, ravages the plains,
Destroys the vineyards, cottages, and swains,
Rolls over cities vast its whelming tide,
O'er regal palaces, and tow'rs of pride,
Their sculptur'd grandeur feeds the transient blaze,
And o'er their heads the burning billow plays.
Then oh, is man, with heaven's deputed sway,
At once the sport, the victim, and the prey?
Have all the elements combin'd as foes,

His harm to compass, and his good oppose?
No; one alone, the hapless being spares,
Wages no war, and no resistance dares.
Yes, earth, kind earth, her new-born son beholds,
Spreads a soft shelter, in her robe enfolds,
Still, like a mother kind, her love retains,
Cheers by her sweetness, with her food sustains,
Paints her fair flow'rs to wake his infant smile,
Spreads out her fruits to sooth his hour of toil,
Renews her prospects, versatile and gay,
To charm his eye, and cheat his cares away,
And if her roseate buds, a thorn conceal,
If some sharp sting the roving hand should feel,
A med'cine kind, the sweet physician sends,
And where her poison wounds, her balm defends.
But, when at last, her drooping charge declines,
When the dear lamp of life no longer shines,
When o'er its broken idol, friendship mourns,
And love, in horrour, from its object turns,
E'en while affection shudders, as it grieves,
She to her arms, her mould'ring son receives,
Sings a low requiem, to her darling birth,
'Return! thou lov'd one, to thy parent earth.'
Safe in her bosom, the deposit keeps,
Until the flame that dries the watry deeps,
Spreads o'er the parching skies its quenchless blaze,
Reddens her features, on her vitals preys.
Then struggling in her last, convulsive throes,
She wakes her treasure from his deep repose,
Stays her last groan, amid dissolving fires,
Resigns him to his Maker, and expires.

Thanatopsis.

Not that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,

There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

——————— Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!———————

A Fragment.

Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery; and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kinder calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Here thou wilt nothing find
Of all that pain'd thee in the haunts of man,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
To guilt. Hence in these shades we still behold
The abodes of gladness, here from tree to tree
And through the rustling branches flit the birds
In wantonness of spirit;—theirs are strains
Of no dissembled rapture—while below
The squirrel with rais'd paws and form erect
Chirps merrily. In the warm glade the throngs
Of dancing insects sport in the mild beam
That wak'd them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds the sun from the blue sky
Peeps in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causeway rude,

O'r bridge the sunken stream, and their dark roots
With all their earth upon them, twisting high
Breathe fix'd tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips its bill in water.

Time and Pleasure.

While Time's vast car with furious force
O'er Pleasure's fields its path pursued;
She tried each art to stop his course,
And thus rebuk'd, besought, and woo'd.

'How dar'st thou o'er my garden ride,
'The haunt of beauty, youth, and love;
'Thy iron wheels crush all its pride,
'And fright the songsters from my grove.

'Look at the ruin thou hast made!
'My Paradise is half defac'd;
'Where thou hast pass'd 'tis all decay'd,
'All leafless, desolate, and waste.

'These brilliant flow'rs before thee view,
'Whose odours all the air perfume;
'For pity do not crush them too;
'Spare me these few, for thee they bloom.

'Stay then awhile, and rest thee now,
'Here in my bow'r thy dwelling keep;
'I'll twine my roses round thy brow,
'And lull thee in my lap to sleep.

'See Love and Beauty kneeling there,
'To beg, entreat thee to remain.
'Shall Beauty breathe a fruitless prayer,
'And winning Love implore in vain?

'Why thus mispend thy precious hours;
'What whim impels thy wayward mind
'To fly from Pleasure's couch of flow'rs,
'And linger when on thorns reclin'd?

'Why, why this hurry to be gone,
'When all my bliss depends on thee?
'Dear do not drive so madly on,
'O stay one moment here with me.

'What, wilt thou go?—then I'll not stay,
'Thy car shall be my blest abode;
'I'll sing to cheer thy weary way,
'And scatter flow'rs along the road.'

Pleas'd with the sweetness of her song,
Time took the Syren for his bride;
But ere a year had roll'd along,
Disgust was born and Pleasure died.

[Selected.]

The burial of Sir John Moore, who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
As we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,

But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ART. XV. *Opere di Niccolò Machiavelli, Cittadino e Segretario Florentino.* Milano, vol. 10. pp. 4083.

THEOLOGIANS and statesmen are peculiarly exposed to posthumous reverses of reputation ; they are praised and condemned as the principles, which they professed, are adopted and proscribed in the political and religious revolutions of succeeding times. But few have experienced so singular a fate as that of Nicholas Machiavel, applauded and censured by different generations, not for the same sentiments, but as the supposed champion of opinions directly contradictory. Those who had the best means of ascertaining his character, his contemporaries of all parties, considered him the resolute supporter of a republican form of government ;—as such he was employed in the most important offices during the short period of civil liberty enjoyed by Florence at the commencement of the sixteenth century ; and as such on the re-establishment of despotick power, he was degraded, and imprisoned, and tortured. Notwithstanding his violent condemnation of the abuses of the Roman court, his writings were not only tolerated during the Pontificates of Leo X, Adrian, and Clement VII ; but were published at Rome with the express sanction of the latter. A Papal Bull of Clement VIII, sixty five years after the death of Machiavel, first condemned 'the Prince,' and excommunicated all who should read it. The writer of this bull, said to be the Jesuit Possevin, had certainly never read the treatise which it censures, for it condemns the three books of the Prince, whereas that work consists of only one book ; and cites passages from it, which it

does not contain. Since that time, most good catholics have thought it their duty, like him, to condemn the work without reading it, and many good protestants have followed the example, till Machiavelism has been adopted in most European languages, as a synonym of intrigue, perfidy, and oppression, and supposed to express the true character of Machiavel. This supposition however has not been universal; now and then a man, accustomed to examine and decide for himself, has denied or doubted its justice. A statement of the opinions of distinguished writers on the works of this celebrated man may shake the confidence of our readers, in sentiments, which some of them perhaps have indulged without examination; and excite their curiosity to become acquainted with the life and writings of one, who has been so unmercifully abused, or so capriciously defended.

It is worthy of remark, that the partizans of unlimited monarchy are most violent in condemning 'The Prince,' and most earnest in dissuading its perusal; while the supporters of popular governments generally recommend the work, and vindicate the intention of the author. This circumstance seems to prove that, whatever may have been the design of the treatise, its tendency is favourable to liberty, and hostile to despotism. Such we are persuaded is the fact. It is impossible that any man could rise from the perusal of the whole work, believing it correct, without an earnest desire that it might be his lot to live in a republick. And in truth, those, who adopt a different conclusion, always deny the judgment or fidelity of the author. No man has been found hardy enough to say, 'This is indeed just, but nevertheless an absolute monarchy is a good form of government.'

We are told that Catherine De Medicis, the Emperour Charles V, and the Sultan Solyman II, seriously made 'The Prince' their guide; but this is not their own avowal or the acknowledgment of their friends; it is the accusation of their enemies.

The most violent reproaches ever uttered against Machiavel are from the pen of Paulus Jovius. But the venality of this historian and his unparalleled effrontery in publishing the most palpable falsehoods in favour of his masters and in derogation of their enemies have rendered his name infamous, and his opinions with regard to the partizans or the opponents of the Medicis unworthy of credit.

Cardinal Pole and Moreri seem to take it for granted, that 'The Prince' was designed seriously to recommend the maxims contained in it, and condemn its author without reserve or qualification.

Frederick II, of Prussia, a great general and an able monarch, but indebted for most of his literary reputation to his crown, wrote a commentary on 'The Prince,' called the Anti-Machiavel, in which he evidently supposes that treatise to contain the real sentiments of its author on the conduct which princes ought to adopt, and of course condemns it. This work of the king of Prussia was honoured with a preface by Voltaire, echoing his Majesty's sentiments, admiring his production, and asserting, that 'though Machiavelian principles were well refuted in this treatise of the king of Prussia, the world might one day see a still better refutation of them in the history of his life.' It would indeed be amusing to compare some passages of the Anti-Machiavel with some actions of its royal author. The chapter, in which he proves that a war for conquest can never be justified, and that, in which he displays the guilt of an unnecessary violation of treaties, would form an admirable commentary on the invasion of Silesia.

Miraboschi and Tenhove, while they express the highest admiration of the talents of Machiavel, consider 'The Prince' as a recommendation of the crimes which it attributes to new sovereigns, because it is written in a didactick form, without any appearance of irony, and because similar maxims are proposed to absolute sovereigns in the discourses on Livy.

Mr. Roscoe relies on the same reasons to support the same opinion of the treatise, but forms a far lower estimate of the talents of the author.

Lord Lyttleton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, bestows a high encomium on the ability and integrity displayed in the Discourses on Livy, and declares the excellence of this work to aggravate the guilt of the author in composing the Prince; which he conjectures to be written from the vanity of displaying great political sagacity. The authority of those, who have used the name of Machiavel as a popular term of reproach, without professing to express an opinion on his character or his works, will not be adduced against him, nor will that of his translators be urged in his favour.

Montesquieu and Hume speak of his talents with respect.

The latter thinks that he learned his maxims of monarchical government from the corrupt governments of Italian and ancient sovereigns, and adds that experience has proved the falsehood of every maxim in his Prince.

Guicciardini was his friend, and much of their correspondence is still preserved.

Bayle in his Dictionary, article Machiavel, has collected the opinions of many writers, without stating his own. In his note L. is an extract from Albericus Gentilis, who was born in the North of Italy in 1550, (for it is not to the ingenuity of the moderns that Machiavel is indebted for justification,) which asserts the utility of the Prince, and attributes its publication to the design of rendering usurpers odious. The same note contains the assent of Adam Rupert to this opinion.

Wicquefort* in his Ambassador, after recommending the works of Machiavel as highly useful, thus proceeds,—'I do not undertake to justify the Florentine Politician; I acknowledge that his works contain passages not very orthodox; but there are some capable of a more favourable construction than has been commonly put upon them by pedantry. We must consider them as statements of what princes do; not of what they ought to do; and if some of them seem inconsistent with the Christian religion, it is because they describe the actual conduct of tyrants and usurpers, and not the duties of lawful princes.'

Lord Bacon† remarks, that 'A grave and serious description of the crimes and artifices of men is to be considered one of the greatest securities of virtue. It is told of the Basilisk, that if it see any man first, he is destroyed; but if the man first see the Basilisk, the latter perishes. In the same manner fraud, imposture, and intrigue, if they are first discovered, lose the power to injure, and are dangerous to none but those whom they surprise. We are therefore indebted to Machiavel and such writers, who openly and undisguisedly relate what men commonly do, not what they ought to do.' This, in Mr. Stewart's opinion, is not the language of admiration; but at least it is a positive assertion, that the treatise alluded to is useful to mankind, that it is a description of tyranny, not a recommendation of it.

* Book i. Sect. 7.
† De Aug Scient, Lib. vii. Cap. 2.

To the translation of Machiavel's works, printed in London in 1675, is prefixed a letter, there ascribed to Machiavel himself, justifying his character and his writings, and defending him from the three charges brought against him of being a favourer of tyranny, a favourer of democracy, and an adversary of religion. This letter is certainly spurious, and is said, on the authority of Warburton, to have been written by the Marquis of Wharton, father of the celebrated Duke.

Rousseau in his Contrat Social* thus speaks of the Florentine Secretary;—'Under pretence of instructing sovereigns, he gives important lessons to the people. The Prince of Machiavel is the manuel of republicans.' In a note he adds, 'Machiavel was an honest man and a good citizen, but his connexion with the house of Medicis obliged him, during the oppression of his country, to conceal his love of liberty. The choice of his execrable hero sufficiently evinces his secret design; and the opposition of the maxims in the Prince to those in his Discourses on Livy and in his History of Florence, proves that this profound politician has hitherto had only superficial or corrupt readers. The Court of Rome has strictly proscribed his works. Yes indeed, because it is described in them too truly.'

Lord Clarendon, whose sagacity in penetrating, and skill in portraying the characters of men are among the most conspicuous powers of his admirable genius, has, in the tenth Book of his History of the Rebellion, the following passage—'Machiavel in this was in the right, though he got an ill name by it with those, who take what he says from the report of other men, or do not enough consider themselves what he says and his method in speaking. He was as great an enemy to tyranny and injustice in any government, as any man then was, or now is, and says, 'that a man were better be a dog than be subject to those passions and appetites, which possess all unjust and ambitious and tyrannical persons;' but he confesses, 'that they who are so transported, and have entertained such wicked designs as are void of all conscience, must not think to prosecute them by the rules of conscience, which was laid aside or subdued before they entered upon them; they must make no scruple of doing all those impious things, which are necessary to compass and support the impiety to which they have devoted themselves; and therefore he

*Book iii. Chap. 6.

commends Cesar Borgia for not being startled with breach of faith, perjuries, and murders, for the removal of those men who, he was sure, would cross and enervate the whole enterprise he had resolved and addicted himself to; and blames those usurpers, who had made themselves tyrants, for hoping to support a government by justice, which they had assumed unjustly, and which having wickedly attempted, they manifestly lost by not being wicked enough.'

M. Sismondi and Mr. Stewart endeavour to escape from this conflict of opinions by resorting to the only remaining alternative, the supposition that Machiavel wrote neither with a good design nor with a bad one, but without any design at all; that The Prince is the mere effusion of spleen and misanthropy.

On comparing these testimonies, few will deny to Machiavel the praise of distinguished talents; those who do not number authorities, but weigh them, will certainly hesitate to assert his political depravity; and those, who bow implicitly to no authority, will perhaps be disposed to examine his works and his conduct, in order to form their own opinions of his integrity. A detail of his actions will be the best clue to his character and the most instructive commentary on his writings. But it is impossible to estimate or even to understand his publick conduct, without considering the political situation of his country. It is our intention therefore to state the revolutions, which he witnessed in the government of Florence, to relate the little that we have been able to learn of his publick and private life, and to examine the general scope and design of his principal works.

From 1434 to 1492 three generations of the Medicis, successively placed by their fellow citizens at the head of the government, derived unlimited power from the affection of the people, which they obtained and merited by their talents, their virtues, and their publick spirit. Peter, to whom the administration of the government was committed on the death of his father, Lorenzo the magnificent, in 1492, unsatisfied with absolute power, if he could not display the pomp and exercise the cruelties of despotism, contrived in the short space of two years to secure the hatred of the Florentines, though their enthusiastick devotion to his family prevented any attempt to subvert his authority.

In 1494, when Charles VIII of France was preparing to

march into Italy in order to enforce his claim to the throne of Naples, then occupied by Alphonso of Arragon, Peter de Medici, in opposition to the wishes of the Florentines, who under the dominion of his ancestors had always been the confederates of the French, entered into a strict alliance with the hause of Arragon, and on the application of Charles for a free passage through Tuscany, refused it as inconsistent with the treaty between himself and the king of Naples. At the same time the Neapolitan fleet occupied the harbour of Leghorn, the officers of that crown were permitted to raise recruits throughout Tuscany, and the whole disposable force of Florence, 1000 lancers, joined the army which was posted in Romagna under the command of Ferdinand, to oppose the progress of the French. On entering the Florentine territory, Charles stormed the fortress of Favizano and put the garrison to the sword. His progress however was soon arrested by the town of Sarzana and the adjacent citadel, so strongly fortified that their reduction was supposed to be a very difficult enterprise. It was thought impossible for the French army to remain long before this city, as sufficient supplies could not be obtained there ; and both dangerous and disgraceful to leave it behind them in the hands of an enemy.

At this moment Peter de Medicis, equally presumptuous in security, and timid in danger, terrified by the approach of the French, fled to the camp of Charles, and kneeling at his feet, abandoned himself and his country to the royal mercy. To purchase an alliance with this sovereign, he surrendered to the French troops not only Sarzana, but all the principal fortified places of Tuscany, among them Pisa and Leghorn.

This degrading submission excited the wonder, contempt, and ridicule of his new allies, and roused at once the indignation of the Florentines, who immediately sent an embassy to Charles in order to obtain the restoration of the fortresses, and to conclude a more honourable treaty. Peter, on learning their displeasure, hurried back to Florence, where he found the magistrates and people, even those who had been his firmest supporters, openly condemning his conduct. On the day after his return, the 9th of Nov. he went to the palace of the government, but was denied admittance by the magistrates. The people immediately flew to arms, the more hastily because Paul Orsini was approaching the city

with a body of troops at the request of Peter, in order to support his authority; but Peter, on learning that the magistrates had declared him a rebel, escaped from his house, to which he had retreated on the beginning of the commotion, and fled to Bologna, and afterwards to Venice.

Charles, having obtained possession of the strong holds of Tuscany by the treachery of its prince, led his army to Florence and entered it in triumph. His first intention to re-establish the authority of the Medicis, was defeated by Peter's refusal to entrust himself to the hands of the French. Confident of his own strength, and determined to avail himself of the advantages, which he possessed, the king next asserted that he had acquired the absolute dominion of the city by right of conquest; but it being publickly known that the Florentines were all provided with weapons, and had resolved, if he persisted in his pretentions, to assemble in the publick square at the sound of the great bell, and not to yield their independence without a struggle, he thought it better to attempt negotiation than to appeal to force. At an interview between him and the four Florentine commissioners, he directed his secretary to read the form of a treaty, containing, as he declared, the only terms that he would grant. It still insisted on the appointment by the French king of certain civil magistrates, and on the payment of a large tribute by Florence; and was no sooner read, than Peter Capponi, one of the commissioners, starting from his seat, snatched it from the hands of the secretary, and tearing it in pieces, exclaimed to the king—'Since your terms are so degrading, sound your trumpets, and we will sound our bells;' and instantly, with the other commissioners, quitted the apartment. This resolute appeal to arms saved the liberty of Florence. The French sovereign, in whose court Capponi had once resided as ambassador, well knew his spirit and firmness, and therefore thought it prudent to recall the commissioners, and grant them terms more agreeable to their republican feelings. A treaty was immediately concluded, declaring the exile of the Medicis and providing for the restoration of the fortresses, surrendered by Peter de Medicis to the French; the Florentines, on their part, stipulating to pay the sum of 120,000 ducats under the name of a subsidy to the French king.

For four years after this period, Florence, under the form

of a democracy, was ruled and deluded by the Monk Savanarola, and for four more, distracted by domestick faction. During these eight years, the Medicis, watching for the distresses of their country, and founding their hopes on her misfortunes, four times attempted, by the aid of foreign troops, to obtain possession of the city. Their fourth attempt, made in 1502 in alliance with Cesar Borgia, was defeated by the talents and policy of Peter Soderini, who was soon after chosen Gonfaloniere for life, and whose integrity and moderation secured, for ten years, the properity of Florence.

All that we knew of Machiavel before this period is, that he was born on the 3d of May 1469, and that he wrote some comedies and tales, which were long admired, and are still preserved. On the establishent of the new form of government in 1502, he was appointed secretary of state, and retained that important office during the whole government of Soderini, though the exercise of its duties was frequently interrupted by embassies to foreign sovereigns.*

During his residence at the court of Borgia, that Prince perpetrated the massacre of Sinigaglia. Mr. Roscoe in the 1st vol. of Leo X, accuses Machiavel of having contrived the massacre, but afterwards retracts the accusation, to advance another inconsistent with it, and more plausible, because it alleges a crime less enormous, that of being an accessary before the fact, and concealing the design from the victims. As this is the only instance in which Machiavel is charged with practising any of the crimes recommended in The Prince, as the charge is first made by Mr. Roscoe, and as the evidence on which it rests is all before us, we shall submit the whole cause to our readers.

Borgia and the Orsini had for some time been secretly

* In 1502 he was sent as ambassadour to Cesar Borgia.
*1503 to Rome.
1504 to France.
1505 employed to engage Baglioni in the service of Florence.
1506 again sent to Rome.
*1507 to the Emperour Maximilian at Trente.
*1508 employed as commissioner in the Florentine camp before Pisa.
*1509 ambassador to the Duke of Mantua, and in the same year to Piombino to negotiate a treaty with the Pisan commissioners.
*1510 to France
*1511 to Lombardy and France.

His official letters during the embassies, marked with an asterisk, and some written as Secretary of State in 1510 and 1511, are published.

plotting each other's ruin, when fortune seemed to favour the designs of the latter by enabling them to surprise the city of Urbino. As soon as they had thus commenced hostilities, they sent to Florence to ask assistance, and probably expected a ready compliance with their request from the resentment of the inhabitants against Borgia for having, three months before that time, besieged the city, and plundered and wasted its environs. In this however they were disappointed. The Florentines, who had long been the enemies of the Orsini, not only refused to aid them in the design, but determined to unite with Borgia against them, and sent Machiavel as ambassadour to that prince to offer him their assistance. Machiavel found him at Imola deserted by his soldiers, and almost in despair: but the unexpected offer of the Florentines reanimated his courage, and he soon collected a sufficient army to force his adversaries to a peace. The recent enemies agreed to unite their arms for the capture of Sinigaglia, and the Orsini led their troops against that city, which was soon reduced excepting the fortress, the governour of which refused to capitulate with any one but Borgia himself. On learning this fact, that sovereign left Cesena with his army for Sinigaglia, sending frequent messages, while on the road, to persuade the Orsini to await his arrival. The Florentine ambassadour, according to the custom of the age, accompanied the court in this expedition; or rather followed it, for he avoided making the same stages in order to obtain more comfortable lodgings. On the 30th of December, however, he overtook Borgia at Fano, where they passed the night. Early the next morning, Borgia left that place for Sinigaglia, whither he seems to have been followed in the course of the day by Machiavel; who there wrote to his government a short note, the substance of which is as follows.

'The day before yesterday I wrote from Pesaro what I had heard of Sinigaglia. I reached Fano yesterday. The Duke (Borgia) left that place early this morning with all his army and came here to Sinigaglia, where were the Orsini and Vitellozzo. They went out to meet him, and *as soon as he had entered the city with them, he turned to his guards and had them taken prisoners.* The troops are sacking the city. It is about sunset. I am in the greatest anxiety. I know not how to send this letter. I shall write more fully. I think they will not be alive tomorrow. The proclamations, which are circulating, say that the traitors are taken,' &c.

Another letter written on the same day, giving a more particular statement of the circumstances, is lost, and appears never to have been received. In a letter dated the next day, containing a general account of the transaction, are the words cited by Mr. Roscoe.

'The Duke called me at two hours after sunset, and with the calmest countenance in the world congratulated me on this success, saying that he had spoken to me of it the day before, but without disclosing the whole; as was true.'——'He desired me to congratulate you on this success.' In a letter of 8th of January he writes, 'Every one here begins to wonder that you have not written to congratulate Borgia on what he has so lately done for your benefit, by which he thinks he has imposed an obligation on the whole city.'

These passages seem to evince that insensibility to crimes which is too apt to result from witnessing their frequent repetition; but do they support the charge of Mr. Roscoe? Do they prove a participation in this crime? Does it appear from all the circumstances that Machiavel had any opportunity of warning the Orsini of their danger; or even that he understood the hints of Borgia before they were explained by the event? On the contrary, does not that Prince seem to refer to them on the next day for the very purpose of making them intelligible? It has also been remarked, that Machiavel no where laments the fate of the victims. But how could he? It was a struggle between assassins; and the only cause of regret is, that both parties did not fall in the contest.

Mr. Roscoe repeatedly calls Machiavel the friend of Borgia. But we know no authority for the assertion. Machiavel's letters during this embassy are full of jealousy and suspicion with regard to Borgia's designs; they frequently intimate that his professions of friendship for Florence are insincere, and that there is danger of his uniting with the Orsini to attack that city; and often complain of the difficulty, which the writer finds in obtaining an audience. The mode, in which the Florentine ambassadour's despatches were conveyed, rendered it imprudent for him to speak too freely of the sovereign, at whose court he resided. But his official letters, while at the court of Rome in 1503, (within a year after the massacre of Sinigaglia,) mention Borgia in terms very different from the language of friendship. One passage

is quite explicit. Perhaps the letter, which I sent your lordships on the 26th, (containing a report that Borgia was assassinated by the Pope,) may be completely verified. It is manifest that his crimes have been conducting him, step by step, to punishment.'

In 1512, the Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Leo X, who became, on the death of Peter in 1504, the head of the family, persuaded the *Holy League*, consisting of the Pope, the Emperour, the Venetians and Ferdinand of Arragon, to undertake the expulsion of Soderini and the restoration of the Medicis. In pursuance of his design, the Viceroy of Naples led his army against the city, accompanied by the Cardinal and his adherents. His first demands were unanimously rejected by the Florentines, who however consented to the return of the Medicis as private citizens. The Viceroy accepted this concession, and promised to withdraw his troops, if the Florentines would also stipulate to pay him 30,000 ducats and supply his army with provisions. To this proposition the principal citizens assented, but the departure of the ambassadours was delayed one day, probably by the unwillingness of the Gonfaloniere to readmit the Medicis on any terms, and during this interval the army of the Viceroy stormed the Prato, a fortress within a few miles of Florence, and put the whole garrison to the sword. The knowledge of this event filling the city with consternation, thirty young men, partizans of the Medicis, availed themselves of the publick tumult, entered the palace of the Gonfaloniere armed, and threatened him with instant death if he attempted resistance. By the same threat they forced the magistrates to pass an unwilling vote for his deposition, and in the subsequent night sent him under a guard to Siena.

A treaty was immediately concluded between the Viceroy and Cardinal and the Florentines. The Medicis asked only their restoration as private citizens, without any share in the government, and the right of redeeming their former estates by paying the sums which had been given for them by the actual possessors. Hardly, however, were they readmitted to the city, a new Gonfaloniere appointed, and the citizens returned to their peaceful occupations, when the Cardinal, having privately introduced a body of Italian soldiers, surrounded the assembly of the people, and occupied the palace of the magistracy with armed men, declared the government

at an end, usurped the supreme authority, and appointed a council of sixty six of his adherents to administer it under his direction.

This revolution took place early in September 1512. In the February following, it was discovered that some of the most distinguished young men of Florence, thinking probably that they were under no obligation to obey a government established by perfidy and force, and desirous of restoring liberty to their country, had formed a conspiracy for the expulsion of the Medicis.

The principal conspirators were immediately executed. Machiavel, on suspicion of being connected with them, was deprived of the office of Secretary of State, and stretched on the rack to extort from him an acknowledgment of guilt; but his firmness resisted the severity of the torture, and he was remanded to prison, from which he was soon after released on the accession of the Cardinal de Medicis to the papal throne. A letter of Machiavel to his friend Vernaccia on this occasion contains the following words.

'It is almost a miracle that I am alive; I have been deprived of my office and almost of life. God and my innocence alone preserved me. Imprisonment and every other suffering I have endured, but now by the grace of God I am well, and live as I can, looking to heaven for better days.'

Here the official labours of Machiavel terminate, and his literary life commences. The Discourses on Livy could not have been written before this time, for they are full of allusions to the recent revolution. The Prince is said by Bayle to have been composed in 1515, and by Moreri to be a continuation of the Discourses on Livy. It is remarkable that a writer so laboriously correct as Mr. Gibbon, should assert that The Prince was written before the usurpation of the Medicis, when the work itself is dedicated to Lorenzo de Medicis, as head of the Florentine government, and repeatedly mentions the elevation of Leo X to the papal throne, the very Leo, who, while yet a Cardinal, usurped the government of his country, and who was chosen Pope on the 15th of March 1513. The more common errour of supposing the Prince one of its author's last productions is also refuted by the treatise itself; for in the commencement of the twenty first chapter is the following phrase, '*Ferdinand of Arragon, the present*

king of Spain;' and Ferdinand of Arragon died in Italy in January 1516. The works themselves afford reason to believe that The Prince and the Discourses were written at the same time. In the first chapter of The Prince, the author states, that he shall not notice republican governments in that work, because he had fully treated of them elsewhere, meaning in his Discourses; and in one of the last chapters* of the Discourses, declines the discussion of another question, because it had already been examined in The Prince. In the second book of the Discourses he mentions his treatise of principalities, probably the same work as The Prince, and not then completed; certainly not published, since it was never known by any other title than that which it now bears. These works will therefore illustrate each other, and should be examined together. But as the reputation of Machiavel seems to depend principally on the motives ascribed to him for the composition of The Prince, this examination will be delayed till the subsequent incidents of his life are related, and the objects of some of his other works noticed with the hope that an acquaintance with these may assist us to put a right construction on his earlier productions.

From September 1513 till 1519, Florence was governed, under the direction of the Pope, by the younger Lorenzo, on whose death in 1519 the only legitimate princes of the house of Medicis were Leo, and his cousin Cardinal Julio. His holiness, feeling or pretending to feel desirous of establishing a constitution agreeable to his fellow citizens, required of Machiavel a project for the improvement of the Florentine government. This project is still extant. It proposes a constitution perfectly republican, but confers on Leo and the Cardinal almost absolute authority during their lives, in order to induce them to adopt it. The author strongly urges every motive that could excite the personal ambition or awaken the patriotick feelings of the pontiff, and dwells on the glory of the founders of the ancient republicks, proposing their example for his imitation. But the features of the system were too democratick for Leo, and he committed the supreme power to Julio to be exercised under his own absolute control.

Immediately after the death of Leo, in 1521, another conspiracy for the recovery of liberty was detected among the

* B. 3. Ch. 42.

Florentines. Machiavel was suspected of participating in it, without any other evidence than his known character, and the praises bestowed on Brutus and Cassius in his writings. It does not appear that he suffered any thing further on this occasion than a short imprisonment.

In 1523, the Cardinal Julio de Medicis became supreme pontiff with the name of Clement VII. The government of Florence was by him entrusted to his nephews, Hippolitus and Alexander de Medicis, under the superintendence and direction of the Cardinal of Cortona. In 1526, an unsuccessful attempt was made to expel them, but the news of the sack of Rome, in April 1527, so terrified Cortona, that he abandoned the city, and the people recovered their liberty, which they retained, though distracted by faction, till 1530, when they were finally subjected to the yoke of the Medicis by the arms of Charles V.

To Clement VII, Machiavel dedicated the History of Florence, undertaken at his command. It commences with the foundation of the city, and terminates with the death of Lorenzo the magnificent, in 1492. Lord Bolingbroke says of the first book, that 'it is an historical map of the period, which the author intends to describe, of great utility, and superiour to any thing of the kind among the ancient historians.' Nor is the rest of the work unworthy of its commencement.

The Art of War was probably written in the latter part of its author's life. It must have been undertaken after the 17th of December 1517, since in a letter of that date, Machiavel mentions Cosimo Rucellai, as being then at Rome; and the Art of War commences with a lamentation for his death, and a high eulogium of his character, and is professedly composed as a monument of affection to his memory. Count Algarotti has written a critique, or rather a panegyrick on this production, in which he complains that Puy Segur, Follard, and marshal Saxe often copy ideas from it without acknowledgment. Some criticks attempt to decry the work, by repeating a story of Bandello; 'That Machiavel undertook one morning, at the request of the duke of Urbino, to teach a regiment the discipline recommended in his Art of War, and laboured two hours without success.' Surely no one but a literary recluse would estimate the merit of a treatise on the Art of War by the ability of its author to perform the duties of a drilling ser-

geant, or even condemn a drilling sergeant for incapacity, because he could not render a regiment expert in a new system of discipline in a single morning. Probably the whole story is only an exaggeration of the statement of Cardan, that the duke invited Machiavel to discipline a company according to the mode recommended in his treatise, and that he declined undertaking it.*

On the 22d of June 1527, soon after the flight of Cortona, Machiavel died in extreme poverty. Boundelmonte, Alamanni, and Rucellai, men of unimpeached integrity, the leaders of the republican party in Florence, the champions and the hope of the people, were his constant companions, his unwavering friends, and his political pupils. The partizans of the Medicis always considered him one of the most zealous of the libertines, for so they styled the advocates of liberty; and the princes of that house never entrusted him with any more important office than that of historiographer, that of carrying messages to Guicciardini, then governour of Modena, and that of negotiating with a society of monks at Carpi. On the last occasion Guicciardini begins one of his letters with these words.

'Dearest Machiavel, when I read your title of ambassadour to the monks of Carpi, and consider to what kings, dukes, and princes you have formerly been deputed, it reminds me of Lysander, after so many victories and trophies, employed in his old age to deal out the daily food of the same troops, whom he had so often led to victory.

Such were the life and the writings of Machiavel. Yet notwithstanding his conduct, the conduct of his contemporaries towards him, and the manifest design of the greater part of his voluminous works, he has been accused as the partizan and teacher of despotism. The evidence adduced in support of this accusation is derived from The Prince, and a few passages in the Discourses on Livy. The former treatise occupies about a hundred and thirty pages, and constitutes not one thirtieth part of his writings now extant. It professes to be a manuel for the instruction of *new princes*,

* In addition to the works above mentioned, Machiavel wrote short accounts of France and Germany, a narrative of the massacre of Sinigaglia, in which he relates it with the same coolness and indifference observed in his letters, and a biography of Castruccio Castracani, who lived about two centuries before him, very entertaining, but said to be very incorrect.

(which is explained by the author to mean those who acquire their dominions by conquest or by usurpation,) and is a tissue of the most perfidious and oppressive maxims, accompanied by instances of their practice, quite as enormous as the precepts themselves One chapter only, the ninth, considers the duties of a sovereign whose authority is derived from the will of his subjects, and recommends to him the good of the people as the great security of his government.

The Prince, as we have already stated, was probably written at the same time with the Discourses, and there is strong internal evidence that it was written, as is asserted by Moreri, in pursuance of the same general design. There are several references from each of these works to the other; together they constitute a complete treatise on all the forms of government known to their author; the style and conduct of both are remarkably similar; above all, the Discourses, though professedly a treatise on republicks, sometimes refer to monarchical governments, and recommend to conquerors and usurpers maxims precisely similar to those in The Prince. Do not all these circumstances authorize us to believe, that they are parts of the same plan, and designed to promote the same object? The evident and undoubted design of Machiavel in his Discourses was to recommend a republican form of government, and probably to aid its establishment in Florence, for he earnestly insists on its superiority to others, and declares that all governments are dependant on the will of the people; that a nation, determined to be free, cannot long be oppressed, while one which is willing to be enslaved will never want a master. This work is so extensive, so uniform, and so explicit, that it cannot be misunderstood, and on the manifest tendency of this, is probably founded the opinion, that The Prince was composed not for the corruption of sovereigns, but for the warning of the people, and designed to *disclose* the maxims of despotism, not to *recommend* them. The whole tenour of the treatise itself is favourable to this opinion; the rules of conduct which it proposes are such as no tyrant would ever practise without some strong impulse of interest or ambition, and such as no man under any circumstances would avow. A serious avowal of them is inconsistent with the great maxim attributed to Machiavel by his enemies. 'Wear the countenance and assume the language of virtue, but never be deterred from the pursuit of in-

terest by any scruple of conscience or of honour.' But Machiavel passed his life in determined opposition to a despotick government, yet assumes the language of a teacher of despotism; and that without any apparent motive.

The characters and fate of the individuals, whose conduct is proposed in this treatise for the imitation of others, deserve particular notice. If it was the main object of Machiavel to shew that the principles, which he displays, were in fact adopted, his examples are admirably selected; for they go the full length of the doctrine, and prove that these principles were practised in all their enormity. On this supposition their ultimate consequences have nothing to do with the subject. But if he designed to recommend their adoption as the means of prosperity, his heroes are wonderfully ill chosen. The most conspicuous is Cesar Borgia, who received from his father, Pope Alexander VI, the territory of Romagna, and extended it by his arms and his perfidy; but was frequently distressed and endangered by the intrigues, conspiracies, and desertions of his allies and his subjects. He narrowly escaped death in consequence of accidentally drinking with his father poison, which they had prepared for one of their guests. He was soon after successively stripped of all his dominions, betrayed by Gonsalvo of Spain, and imprisoned for two years in a Spanish fortress, from which he escaped to live two years more a pensioner on the bounty of his brother in law, Jean d' Albret of Navarre, and was at length killed a volunteer in his army, before the neighbouring castle of a petty prince, leaving his name for the abhorrence and the ridicule of mankind. And all this eight years before The Prince was written.*

Another model for sovereigns is Pope Alexander himself, who was destroyed by the poison, which so nearly proved fatal to his son, and left a still more infamous reputation. Oliverotto da Fermo is another. In order to obtain the sovereignty of his native city, he assassinated all the principal citizens, among them his own uncle; and a year after fell himself one of the victims at Sinigaglia.

Had it been the object of Machiavel really to recommend the monstrous principles contained in this treatise, they would have been hinted at, rather than distinctly stated;

* For Machiavel's real opinion of Borgia, see the 355th page.

covered with a decent veil of qualifications and apologies, not exposed in their naked deformity; they would have been supported by the examples of men, whose success or celebrity might give some countenance to guilt, whose political crimes were excused by pretended necessity, or redeemed by their private virtues, or lost in the splendour of their glory. Surely they would not have been connected with the names of those, who had lost their dominions, their reputations, and their lives by adopting them; least of all, those, who had fallen into the very pit which they had digged for others.

On these authorities, on this external and internal evidence rests the opinion, that The Prince was intended to oppose, not to support despotick governments, and that its author anticipated and designed the effects which it has actually produced. The great objection to this opinion is, that the language of The Prince is didactick, not descriptive; that in terms it recommends the principles, which it contains, and this without any appearance of irony or censure. To this it is replied, that The Prince, written in pursuance of the same design as the Discourses on Livy, naturally assumed the same form; that though its maxims are recommended, yet they are recommended for the express purpose of supporting the sovereign, not of contributing to the happiness of the people; and therefore this recommendation could have no tendency to induce the people to endure such maxims or such a government; and it must be recollected that Machiavel again and again asserts, that the form of the government always depends on the will of the people. But it may have been his design to prove not only that *new princes* had in fact practised these crimes, but that from the very nature of the government, they would always practise them, leaving his readers to draw for themselves the necessary conclusion, that such a government can never be tolerable, whatever be the character of the prince, who administers it. And this was perhaps his real opinion. Should it be an errour, it is one very naturally accounted for by his political experience, and perfectly consistent with his conduct and his feelings. If this conjecture be correct, if it was his design not to write a satire for the amusement of his fellow citizens, but to induce them to consider seriously the evils of a despotick government, and if he believed that he had truly represented them, there was no room for irony and no need of censure. Besides, it is not at

all improbable that his experience on the rack had taught him to speak cautiously of despots.

We know not how far we have obviated the objection generally urged against the integrity of Machiavel; but in its full strength and without any answer, it seems far less conclusive and insurmountable, than those which oppose the popular opinion. Is it creditable that he, who had made it the labour of his life, and no idle life, to support a republick, who had connected with that form of government his fortune and his reputation, who had fallen with it, and had hazarded his life for its re-establishment, should, without any apparent aim of interest or ambition, become the open advocate of tyranny; and that after this he should still be courted by the friends of liberty as an associate and a confidant, and still persecuted by its adversaries as an enemy? Is it credible that a man, who was forming a complete and elegant representation of the peculiar excellencies of popular governments which he might expect to endure as a lasting memorial of his genius, should at the same time, without a hope or a motive, unravel by night the beautiful tissue, that he was weaving in the day? Is it credible that one, whose talents, and political sagacity, and knowledge of human nature are universally admired, should compose in *favour* of despotism a treatise, which has in fact been more injurious to it than any other work ever written? Is it credible that the same individual should commit all these absurdities, in times of civil discord, and yet not even the watchfulness of party spirit once accuse him of inconsistency? Suppose it however the object of Machiavel to make such a description of tyranny, as should excite resistance rather than submission, and the riddle of his life is solved; his writings, his conduct, the conduct of his friends, and that of his enemies are all consistent and intelligible.

The opinion of M. Sismondi and Mr. Stewart, that The Prince is merely the effusion of spleen, excited by age, and poverty, and suffering, has their names and its novelty to recommend it. Its probability is diminished by the establishment of the fact, that this treatise, instead of being the last, was one of the first of its author's productions, and was succeeded by others, bearing no traces of such a temper; for the continuance of want and oppression would hardly tend to reconcile him with mankind. Admitting, however, that disappointment and distress had disgusted him for a time with

humanity, and that he poured forth the bitterness of his spirit in this little treatise, there is nothing very criminal in that. It is a human infirmity which should excite pity rather than detestation. The supposition acquits him entirely of the horrid design of sitting down deliberately and gratuitously, to corrupt the characters and destroy the happiness of subsequent generations. Mr. Stewart thinks that none of his writings display sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, or zeal for the interests of truth and justice. In opposition to this opinion, we refer our readers to the History of Florence, particularly to those passages, which relate to the death and characters of the elder branches of the Medicis, of John, Cosmo, the first Peter, and Lorenzo the magnificent; to his treatise on the reform of the Florentine government; to the tenth chapter of the first book of the Discourses; to his letters, as secretary of state; and to the beginning of the Art of War.

We would not be understood to recommend all the writings of Machiavel, as perfect lessons of political integrity. But though they may not claim the praise of singular purity, they do not deserve the reproach of singular corruption. Some of the most exceptionable passages are expressly quoted from the works of the ancients, and many more may be found in them. It has indeed often been said, that The Prince is an imitation of the Fifth Book of Aristotle's politicks. This statement, if correct, would completely justify the author; but we are compelled to acknowledge, that it rests on no better authority than the following remark of Conringius;—'Nicholas Machiavel could teach his prince no secret spring of government, which Aristotle had not long ago observed for the preservation of power, in the Fifth Book of his Politicks. Nay, perhaps this cunning doctor of iniquity transcribed his whole doctrine from Aristotle, without confessing the theft.' A comparison of the works themselves does not justify this conjecture. Their plans are totally dissimilar; it is only the conclusion of that book of Aristotle, which bears any resemblance to The Prince; and this resemblance is so slight and general, that we dare not appeal to it as satisfactory evidence, that Machiavel had even seen the treatise of the Stagyrite. The assertion of some of the apologists for The Prince, that its maxims are all derived from the works of Tacitus, is equally unfounded.

After yielding for two centuries and a half to the clamours of the Jesuits and of the partizans of the Medicis, his countrymen became at last sensible of his merit, and blushed for their long neglect of this illustrious man. The Chevalier Baldelli was appointed by the Florentine academy, to pronounce an eulogy on his character; and in 1787 a splendid monument was erected to his memory, in the church of the Holy Cross, with the following inscription.

Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.

Nicholaus Machiavelli.

Obiit anno A. P. V. MDXXVII.

Art. XVI. *The Sylphs of the Seasons, with other poems. By W. Allston.* First American from the London Edition. Boston, Cummings and Hilliard.

It will, perhaps, appear to our readers a late hour in the day for us to take up this volume. But we should be sorry to have it said of us, a few years hence, when these poems shall be more generally read and understood, that we were so wanting in good taste as to pass them by without notice; and that while we were joining in the common lamentation over the lack of American poetick genius, we were too dull to discern the almost single exception from the cause of our mortification and grief. Though we are not of those, who wear home-spun, however coarse, because it is patriotick so to do, yet we trust that we have the common sense to look at the quality of our garb without caring much whence it came. We think that some good thing may come out from us; and with that confidence, with which all reviewers are, or should be blessed, we are content to venture an opinion upon the works of our own country, without waiting till they have forced their way into notice through the cold indifference of a foreign land.

English in our origin, and owing to the character of our birth-place, almost all that we have cause to be proud of in our natures; speaking her language, and reading her literature with the same commonness as if it were our own; boasting of her works of genius in the entire forgetfulness

that they are not ours; and defending them with the same earnestness of partiality as if our own reputation were at stake; we seem to have been unmindful that it was possible for us to have a literary character at home, and writers of our own to read and admire. We look to England for almost all our learning and entertainment; our metaphysicks and morals are drawn from her; and for poetry, the common reading of all countries, we enter into the assembly of her bards alone. This continued dependance upon England has not only turned us away from the observation of what is well done here, but has begotten a distrust of our own judgment and taste. We hesitate at pronouncing an opinion on what has not received judgment there; and dare not confess where we have been offended or pleased, lest her tribunals of criticism should, by and by, come down upon us and tell us we were wrong.

Further than this neglect of our own productions, and timidity of opinion upon their merits, the rank of our authors in society is humbling to minds rightly proud of their powers, and quick and sensitive from culture and native feeling. One generation goes on after another, as if we were here for no other purpose than to do business as the phrase is. The spirit of gain has taught us to hold all other pursuits as amusements, and to associate something unmanly and trivial with the character of their followers. If a work of taste comes out, it is made a cause of lament that so much talent should be thus thrown away; and the bright and ever-during glory in which it is, in mercy, hiding our dull commonness, is neither seen nor felt. We hold every thing lightly, which is not instantly perceived to go immediately to some practical good; to lessen labour, increase wealth, or add to some homely comfort. It must have an active, business-like air, or it is dreaded as a dangerous symptom of the decay of industry amongst us. To be sure, we read English poetry; but for the same reason that we take a drive out of town, because we are tired down by business, and must amuse ourselves a little, to be refreshed and strengthened for work tomorrow. And, besides, the English, we say, can afford to furnish us with poetry. They are an old, wealthy people, and have a good deal of waste material on hand. And so it comes about, naturally enough, that poets are set down as a sort of intellectual idlers, and sober citizens speak of them

with a desponding shake of the head, as they talk of some smart rake of the town, who might be a useful member of society, did he not, unhappily, waste his mind in dissipation. Little do such men see, that out-o'-door industry, which leads to wealth and importance, owes much to the poet for its thriving existence; that the poetry of a people elevates their character by making them proud of themselves; quickens the growth of the nicer feelings and tones the higher virtues; that it causes blessings to shoot up round our homes; smooths down the petty roughnesses of domestick life, and softens and lays open the heart to all the better affections; that it calls the mind off from the pursuits of the tainted and wearing pleasures of the world, and teaches it to find its amusements in the exercise of its highest and purest powers; that it makes the intellect vivacious, and gives an interest and stir to the society of the wise; shames us from our follies and crimes, turns us to the love and study of what is good, gives health to the moral system, and brings about, what must always go along with virtue, the beauty of order and security in society. Little, too, do they know of the poet's incessant toil. His eyes and thoughts are ever busy amidst all the forms of things. He looks into the intricate machinery of the heart and mind of man, and sees all its workings, and tells us to what end it moves. He goes forth with the sun over the whole earth, and looks upon its vastness and sublimity with him, and searches out with him every lesser thing. His studies end not with the day; but when the splendour of the west has died away, and a sleepy and dusky twilight throws a thin and shadowy veil over all things, and he feels that the spirit which lifted him up and expanded his whole frame, as he looked forward on the bright glories of the setting sun, has sunk slowly and silently down with them, and that the contemplative light about him has entered into his heart and the gladness of the day left him, he turns and watches the lighting up of the religious stars, by which he studies in soberer and more intent thought the things that God has made.

The present age has been abundant in poets, and those of a kind that show that true taste is reviving, and the natural feelings coming fast into full and free play again; and it is grateful to consider, that close descriptions of mind and heart, which grow up and intertangle with them, are relished and understood. For to love nature, and to have an eye

that sees her truly, shows that there is a moral tone in chord with her sounding at the heart, and some pure spots in the mind, on which her images play, like young leaves, on calm and clear waters. It is well for the mind, that the gates are burst open, and the walls levelled with the ground, and that we are let out from exactly cut hedges, artificial mounds, and straight canals, nicely sloped and sodded to the very brink, to the free and careless sweep of hills, and winding run of the stream, to which God seems to have given instinct enough to work its way, through a strange country, to its home in the ocean. It is pleasant to be set at large once more among varied and irregular creations, and the abundant and wide wealth of the earth; for there we find enough, and even more than the mind can fold in; so that we are ever eager to learn, and associations are continually crowding upon us and shifting, to give growth to our sentiment, and breadth and thought to our minds. Nature is suggestive, and makes him that studies her, work with her. She is always active, and out of the very decay of things comes life. When the mind is in this way left to its own pursuits, it gains vigour and quickness, and truth of observation from its independence, and the factitious and false, which had crusted it over in the confused and hot stir of pent society, loosens, and breaks up, and falls off, and it becomes sensible to fair impressions, and has a clear and calm expanse, like the heavens over our heads.

But poetry has not only been set free from its narrow views of material nature, and given us a feeling of kindred with the very pebbles on the shore; but has thrown aside the distinctions of society, and treats of us all in common, as creatures of like passions, sensible to like impressions, and capable of like thoughts—has made us heart-sick with grief at the low-breathed sorrows of Wordsworth's weaver's wife, or the humble Ellen Orford of Crabbe, and shudder at the intenseness of the evil passions in Peter Grimes. With an enlarged philosophy, it teaches us that there is nothing vulgar but vice, and that there is scarce an object through the whole of existence, that is not in some way poetical to a truly poetical mind. We have thrown out these few thoughts, because we think them essential to a right understanding of what poetry is; and feel anxious for the knowledge of the truth on all subjects, as it not only leads us to a right under-

standing of the particular object of our contemplations, but makes us better acquainted with something else; for there is nothing lonely in nature, but each thing is connected with many others, by more ties than those which hold a tree in the ground. We hope soon to have an opportunity of entering more fully into this subject.

But enough of this; and now to our author. He must excuse us, for even reviewers, like the ladies, must follow the fashion; and a review, now a days, without a dissertation at its head, would look about as singular, as a slender maid of sixteen, in close wrapt muslin and simple smoothly-parted hair, amidst expanded hoops and storied head dresses, on a St. James' Court-day.

As every body knows every body, in this country, and what every body has done, is doing, and, we might almost say, intends to do, it is hardly necessary to state that most of the volume before us was written during Mr. Allston's short residence in Boston, a few years since, and was read in manuscript by a goodly number, and talked about and admired. But, unfortunately, the book was put out in a country in which our author was a stranger, and which has never been in haste to search out our merits, or give them deserved praise, and, so the work passed unnoticed. And we, here, seemed to have come to the resolution to forget our former praises, and not risk our reputation by the declaration of an opinion upon the merits of a production, which came upon us in all the formality of print.*

This volume is made up of several poems, the longest of which contains between six and seven hundred lines. It was written, we believe, in what were Mr. Allston's moments of rest from his professional pursuits, at odd times, and with great rapidity. We would not set up for the author the old and impudent apology of 'leisure hours;' nor urge the quickness, with which it was written, as an excuse for negligence in the finish. Indeed, we do not think that it discovers such negligence; but hold it as one among many instances of powerful and tasteful minds, working surest and to most effect the more rapidly they move. The imagination and feelings are then excited, and there is at the same

* We should except a well written notice of these poems in the Analectic Magazine.

time a truth of touch about them, which makes them turn off from every thing vulgar and out of form or place.

If we rightly remember, Warton, in his criticism upon Pope, has expressed a doubt of his right to the rank of a poet, because he never produced a work of somewhat the respectable size or form of an epick. Had Pope so done, the world could not long have remained in doubt, as to the justice of his claim. He would have been set down by every body, as he is now by a sacred few, as a man full of strong sense, of infinite wit and smartness, and of a fancy, sprightly, indeed, but more conceited, curious, and ingenious, than poetical. As we think there are better reasons, which we should be happy to state, were there time, than that of Warton, for denying to Pope the character of what is peculiarly and essentially poetry, and should not have had a moment's doubt as to Campbell's poetick genius, had he never written more than his 'Battle of the Baltic,' we may be allowed to treat upon what is before us as poetry, notwithstanding the shortness of its several parts.

The first poem, and that on 'Eccentricity,' are sketchy, and would have been improved by filling up. The others are, perhaps, as complete as the nature of their several subjects, and the sprightly narrative manner in which they are treated, would admit of. Without intending to take from their merit, we should rank them with the lighter kind of poetry. They have not the continually shifting and bustling scenes and breathless speed of Scott; nor does Mr. Allston, like Byron, stir the fiery passions within you, or carry you down into the dark and mysterious depths of the soul, moving you to and fro in their wild and fearful workings. He is not majestick and epic; nor does he make you serious and sad, like Wordsworth, showing you a stained world, and dejected virtue, throwing a hue of thoughtful melancholy over our brightest joys. His mind seems to have in it the glad, but gentle brightness of a star, as you look up to it, sending pure influences into your heart, making it kind and cheerful. He paints with a particularity and truth, which show that he has looked upon nature with his own eyes, and not through those of other men. He has not only an eye for nature, but a heart too, and his imagination gives them a common language, and they talk together. As we said of the poetry of the present day, so with him, every thing has

soul and sense. If he turns towards a morning or evening sky, 'the clouds are touched, and in their silent faces, he reads unutterable love.' His scenes, for the most part, are of the beautiful, and lie quietly in gentle sun-light; though the clouds are sometimes seen mustering up, and passing with their giant shadows, like dark spirits, over them. His imagination is cheary and youthful, and each thing with him has a thousand fanciful qualities and uses, and an imaginative as well as a true birth. His mind is creative, and without being fantastical or extravagant, gives as many characters to objects about him, as a child to his playthings. He views all his scenes with a curious and exquisite eye, instilling some delicate beauty into the most common thing that springs up in them, imparting to it a gay and fairy spirit, and throwing over the whole a pure, floating, glow. He is always searching into what is excellent and fair in creation, and even in his satires, plays with the follies of mankind, with an undisturbed gentleness of heart, and turns away from their vices, and shuts out their loathsomeness from his mind. He seems to look upon the world in the spirit in which it was made—the spirit of love; and, though marred, to see the beauty in which it was ordained, and feel its purity through all its defilements. We cannot read any part of this book, without feeling ashamed of the angry and bitter passions, which are so often rising up within us, nor without wishing that our own minds were as void of pride, suspicion, and hate, as is all we there find, and that as clear and happy an innocence were shed over our own hearts as shines out there.

Though we have not allowed to Mr. Allston a mastery over the more intense passions, yet he seems filled with the milder feelings, and to have nothing pass through the imagination untouched by them. All that the world contains is, with him, a sentiment, and quickens the feelings and thoughts. Indeed, it seems to be peculiarly the character of his, and almost all good modern poetry, to make all that surrounds us within doors, and in our daily affairs abroad, administer good to our hearts and minds, so that, if it does not make poets of us all, it will cause us to be wider and more accurate thinkers, as well as better men.

Besides this character, the poems before us, in many parts, run up into the wild, and visionary, and magnificent, and the eye brightens and enlarges, and the spirits are lifted, as

we enter into them. All, however, is of the same joyous temperament; for if the scene, viewed alone, would be dark and awing, you find it in the midst of satire and humour, and their lights are observed, playing and sparkling over it, as in 'The Paint King,' and 'The Two Painters.' And this brings us on our way to other qualities in these poems—the character of their satire and wit. It is usual to rank every production in verse under the head of poetry; so that poetry has come to be a matter of measure, as much as broadcloth; and, provided it be strong and smooth, the question is never asked, whether it is indeed what it passes for. As we have but one name for all works in verse, and, perhaps, were another found, the world would be forever disputing by which each particular production should be called, it must be left to the thorough taste of readers, and the deep discussions of criticks, to give every man his rank. Through this indistinctness of what constitutes poetry, you will hear many who have said good things and touched off a character smartly in metre, counted over in the same list with Shakspeare and Milton; and the satires of Swift and Pope, placed before those of Butler and Churchill on the score of poetry. Now we hold the latter to be as undoubtedly poets, as if they had written 'The Seasons' of Thompson; and cannot recall a passage in the satires of the two former, which has what, to our minds, is in a strict sense poetry; or should we mistrust our memories, and grant the character to either, it would be rather to Swift than to Pope. We profess to relish them both, and think we read them with as much true delight as those, who have attributed to them powers they never possessed, and, perhaps, never distinctly understood those which were peculiarly theirs. But the satirical part of the book before us, is crowded with natural scenery, both beautiful and grand, and the strange regions of the imagination are traversed to find objects for it; or, perhaps, we should rather say, the spirit of satire is travelling over these, which, taken away, would leave behind, a wide and varied prospect, lovely, and wild, and mysterious, such as the eyes of few satirists ever before looked upon. Yet with all this, the satire is not made subordinate to the scenery through which it passes. There is nothing bitter or hard in it. But it appears so bright and playful, that the fairest prospects look gladder in it, and we see it flickering along the more gloomy, like a stream of moon-

light, stretching a glittering and silvery line over the steely blackness of the waters, as they lie sleeping under the sullen and brown hills. It sports with the ridiculous in the good natured manner of Gray, and avoiding with, perhaps, something of a weak amiableness, the vices of the world, would correct our affectation and foibles, without wounding our spirit. There is a sensitiveness about the goodness of some men, that makes them sicken and recoil from the touch of crime, and unfits them for wrestling with the violence of the bad. But though strong men are wanted for the contest; yet the former have their uses; for they prevent our sternness turning to inhumanity, and thus making our very excellencies pander to our faults; and tell us with a timely caution to our pride, that indignation against vice is not alone virtue.

It is time for us to leave our remarks upon the general character of our author's work, and proceed to give some account of the several poems, together with extracts. The first, 'The Sylphs of the Seasons,' describes the scenery peculiar to each season of the year, and more particularly the different influences of each upon the mind. The poet represents himself as tired by mental travel, betaking himself to rest, when the following vision arose.

'Methought within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.
It seem'd of sable Night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.

There motionless I stood alone,
Like some strange monument of stone
Upon a barren wild;
Or like, (so solid and profound
The darkness seem'd that wall'd me round)
A man that's buried under ground,
Where pyramids are pil'd.'

He is soon carried by the magick of his dream, which often outdoes the magick of all waking wonder-workers, from this cave, into a castle upon a mountain plain, below which a region is spread over with scenery of every season.

'And now I pac'd a bright saloon,
That seem'd illumin'd by the moon,
So mellow was the light.
The walls with jetty darkness teem'd,
While down them crystal columns stream'd,
And each a mountain torrent seem'd,
High flashing through the night.'

In the midst is a double throne, about which are grouped four damsels of Fairy race, representing the four seasons. He is addressed by one of them, and informed that the throne is his, and that he is to rule 'o'er all the varying year.' But he is first to choose one of those before him as the partner of his throne, since man being dissatisfied with their 'varied toil,' the plan is to be rectified by art. They then in turn, beginning with Spring, sing to him their several charms of person and mind. We extract the following, though not peculiar to any season, as entirely new and wild.

'Then, wrapt in night, the scudding bark,
(That seem'd, self-pois'd amid the dark,
Through upper air to leap,)
Beheld, from thy most fearful height,
The rapid dolphin's azure light
Cleave, like a living meteor bright,
The darkness of the deep.'

And the following, as showing the careful eye of the poet, searching amidst the beauties of nature, and bringing them out, new and fresh, and setting them distinctly before us.

'Or, brooding o'er some forest rill,
Fring'd with the early daffodil,
And quivering maiden hair,
When thou hast mark'd the dusky bed,
With leaves and water-rust o'erspread,
That seem'd an amber light to shed
On all was shadow'd there.'

Spring then speaks of her cheerful influences upon the mind, in that tone of sentiment, through which we have already said that nature is always seen by our author.

'Twas I to these the magic gave,
That made thy heart, a willing slave,
To gentle nature bend;
And taught thee how with tree and flower,
And whispering gale and dropping shower,
In converse sweet to pass the hour,
As with an early friend;

That mid the noontide sunny haze
Did in thy languid bosom raise
The raptures of the boy;
When, wak'd as if to second birth,
Thy soul through every pore look'd forth,
And gaz'd upon the beauteous earth
With myriad eyes of joy.

She ceases.

'And next the Sylph of Summer fair;
The while her crisped, golden hair
Half veil'd her sunny eyes.'

She says to him;

'And then, as grew thy languid mood,
To some embow'ring silent wood
I led thy careless way;
Where high from tree to tree in air
Thou saw'st the spider swing her snare,
So bright!—as if, entangled there,
The sun had left a ray;

Or lur'd thee to some beetling steep
To mark the deep and quiet sleep
That wrapt the tarn below;
And mountain blue and forest green
Inverted on its plane serene,
Dim gleaming through the filmy sheen
That glaz'd the painted show;

Perchance, to mark the fisher's skiff
Swift from beneath some shadowy cliff
Dart, like a gust of wind;
And, as she skimm'd the sunny lake,
In many a playful wreath her wake
Far-trailing, like a silvery snake,
With sinuous length behind.'

Then comes a description more large and elevating, and giving, as we have before observed, to the real, and imaginary character and life. This fanciful view of things may be perceived over the whole poem.

'Or if the moon's effulgent form
The passing clouds of sudden storm
In quick succession veil;
Vast serpents now, their shadows glide,
And, coursing now the mountain's side,
A band of giants huge, they stride
O'er hill, and wood, and dale.'

She ends;

'And now, in accents deep and low,
Like voice of fondly-cherish'd woe,
The Sylph of Autumn sad.'

After summing up the wealth of that season she tells him;

'With these I may not urge my suit,
Of summer's patient toil the fruit,
For mortal purpose given;
Nor may it fit my sober mood
To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,
Or dies of many-colour'd wood,
That mock the bow of heaven.

But, know, 'twas mine the secret power
That wak'd thee at the midnight hour
In bleak November's reign;
'Twas I the spell around thee cast,
When thou didst hear the hollow blast
In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
That ne'er would come again;

And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
To hear the sullen ocean roar,
By dreadful calm opprest;
Which still, though not a breeze was there,
Its mountain-billows heav'd in air,
As if a living thing it were,
That strove in vain for rest.'

Who, that has stood on the sea-shore at such a time, has not felt the struggle, working by sympathy, at his own heart;

and an impatient longing to know something of the restless spirit, moving in the depths of the sea?

Autumn speaks to us, of the passing away of all things; and as she throws a sombre light over a decaying world, carries up our thoughts to one of unstained and lasting joys.

'And last the Sylph of Winter spake.'

We extract the following.

'When thou, beneath the clear blue sky,
So calm no cloud was seen to fly,
Hast gaz'd on snowy plain,
Where nature slept so pure and sweet,
She seem'd a corse in winding-sheet,
Whose happy soul had gone to meet
The blest angelic train.'

How purified does the world appear, as she then spreads it out to us, when not even the dim shadow of a naked tree stains the whiteness of the endless extent of snow, and the innocence of heaven seems here!

We will give one more picture, full of busy and creative fancy.

'Or seen at dawn of eastern light
The frosty toil of Fays by night
On pane of casement clear,
Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
And Alps, with many a mountain pine,
And armed knights from Palestine
In winding march appear.'

They cease, and the poet stands motionless and undecided.

'When, lo! there pour'd a flood of light
So fiercely on my aching sight,
I fell beneath the vision bright,
And with the pain awoke.'

The next in course is the story of 'The Two Painters.' We think that no one will charge us with giving over-praise, in saying, that it is written in as easy and familiar narrative, as the tales of Swift, Prior, or Gay. Here we find satire clothing distinct imagery, and placed amidst scenes the most

wild and picturesque. It is written in ridicule of the attempt to reach perfection in one excellency in the art of painting, to the contempt and neglect of every other; and attributes this false and narrow endeavour to pride and sloth. It is set forth in the shades of two lately departed painters, the one, a *colourist*, the other, a painter of *mind*.

'Once on a time in Charon's wherry,
Two painters met, on Styx's ferry.'

The jealousy and enmity, but too common among brother artists, soon break out in a noisy dispute between them. They are called to order by Charon, who tells them that they are to be brought to the court of Minos.

'tis he will try
Your jealous cause, and prove at once,
That only dunce can hate a dunce.

'Thus check'd, in sullen mood they sped,
No more on either side was said;
Nor aught the dismal silence broke,
Save only when the boatman's stroke,
Deep-whizzing through the wave was heard,
And now and then a spectre-bird,
Low-cow'ring, with a hungry scream,
For spectre-fishes in the stream.

'Now midway pass'd, the creaking oar
Is heard upon the fronting shore;
Where thronging round in many a band,
The curious ghosts beset the strand.
Now suddenly the boat they 'spy,
Like gull diminish'd in the sky;
And now, like cloud of dusky white,
Slow sailing o'er the deep of night,
The sheeted group within the bark
Is seen amid the billows dark,
Anon the keel with grating sound
They hear upon the pebbly ground,
And now with kind officious hand,
They help the ghostly crew to land.'

We know of few passages which open such a scene as Mr. Allston has here placed before us. The desolate cry of the spectre-birds—the boat just visible—the sheeted dead, in

'dusky white,' seated silent and motionless within it—and all shadowy and dimly seen through the gloom. The very air breathes upon us as from another world, and we pause amidst the awful and unreal.

Upon landing they are accosted by a patriot; a rake, who asks, 'What think they of a buck that's dead?' philosophers poets, and others, inquiring what characters they still hold among the living, and laying open the motives of their conduct when on earth.

The two painters are then called up for trial, and Da Vinci's shade is appointed by Minos to preside on the occasion. Each sets forth his own excellencies with no little vanity, and speaks of the other with no less abuse. They at last request that their works may be brought, to determine their respective claims to superiority.

'Such fair demand, the judge replied,
Could not with justice be denied.
Good Merc'ry, hence! I fly, my Lord,
The courier said. And, at the word,
High-bounding, wings his airy flight
So swift his form eludes the sight;
Nor aught is seen his course to mark,
Save when athwart the region dark
His brazen helm is spied afar,
Bright-trailing like a falling star.

'And now for minutes ten there stole
A silence deep o'er every soul—
When, lo! again before them stands
The courier's self with empty hands.
Why, how is this? exclaim'd the twain;
Where are the *pictures*, sir? Explain!
Good sirs, replied the God of Post,
I scarce had reach'd the other coast,
When Charon told me, one he ferried
Inform'd him they were dead and buried;
Then bade me hither haste and say,
Their ghosts were now upon the way.
In mute amaze the painters stood,
But soon upon the Stygian flood,
Behold! the spectre-pictures float,
Like rafts behind the towing boat;
Now reach'd the shore, in close array,
Like armies drill'd in Homer's day,

When marching on to meet the foe,
By bucklers hid from top to toe,
They move along the dusky fields,
A grisly troop of painted shields;
And now, arriv'd in order fair,
A gallery huge they hang in air.

'The ghostly crowd with gay surprise
Began to rub their stony eyes;
Such pleasant lounge, they all averr'd,
None saw since he had been interr'd;
And thus, like connoisseurs on earth,
Began to weigh the pictures' worth.'

The pictures are described, and then criticised by the ghostly connoisseurs, and in a most humorous and diverting manner are their faults and blunders represented. The anachronism as to Socrates and Galen, and the awkward meeting of turban, mantle, and satin breeches, which had been strangers to each other all their lives, are very amusingly given.

'And pray, inquir'd another spectre,
What Mufti's that at pious lecture?
That's Socrates, condemn'd to die;
He next, in sable, standing by,
Is Galen, come to save his friend,
If possible, from such an end;
The other figures, group'd around,
His scholars, wrapt in wo profound.—
And am I like to this portray'd?
Exclaim'd the Sage's smiling Shade.
Good Sir, I never knew before
That I a Turkish turban wore,
Or mantle hemm'd with golden stitches,
Much less a pair of satin breeches;
But as for him in sable clad,
Though wond'rous kind, 'twas rather mad
To visit one like me forlorn,
So long before himself was born.'

We quote the following of Alexander. It is rather long for an extract, and, in some parts, may be offensive to weak appetites; but it is done with a spirit and truth which will make it relished by healthier constitutions.

'And what's the next? inquir'd a third;
A jolly blade, upon my word!
'Tis Alexander, Philip's son,
Lamenting o'er his battles won;
That now his mighty toils are o'er,
The world has nought to conquer more.
At which, forth stalking from the host,
Before them stood the Hero's ghost.
Was that, said he, my earthly form,
The genius of the battle-storm?
From top to toe the figure's Dutch!
Alas, my friend, had I been such,
Had I that fat and meaty skull,
Those bloated cheeks and eyes so dull,
That driv'ling mouth, and bottle nose,
Those shambling legs and gouty toes;
Thus form'd to snore throughout the day,
And eat and drink the night away;
I ne'er had felt that fev'rish flame
That caus'd my bloody thirst for fame;
Nor madly claim'd immortal birth,
Because the vilest brute on earth;
And, oh! I'd not been doom'd to hear,
Still whizzing in my blister'd ear,
The curses deep, in damning peals,
That rose from 'neath my chariot wheels,
When I along the embattled plain
With furious triumph crush'd the slain;
I should not thus be doom'd to see,
In every shape of agony,
The victims of my cruel wrath,
Forever dying, strew my path;
The grinding teeth, the lips awry,
The inflated nose, the starting eye,
The mangled bodies writhing round,
Like serpents, on the bloody ground;
I should not thus forever seem
A charnel house, and scent the steam
Of black, fermenting, putrid gore,
Rank oozing through each burning pore;
Behold, as on a dungeon wall,
The worms upon my body crawl,
The which, if I would brush away,
Around my clammy fingers play,
And, twining fast with many a coil,
In loathsome sport my labour foil.'

We have only room for the sentence of the judge.

'Then know, ye vain and foolish pair!
Your doom is fix'd a yoke to bear,
Like beasts on earth; and, thus in tether,
Five centuries to paint together.
If, thus by mutual labours join'd,
Your jarring souls should be combin'd,
The faults of each the other mending,
The powers of both harmonious blending;
Great Jove, perhaps, in gracious vein,
May send your souls on earth again;
Yet there One only Painter be;
For thus the eternal Fates decree.
One Leg alone shall never run,
Nor two Half-Painters make but One.'

We shall make but one or two extracts from the poem on Eccentricity. In the attempt to be striking, the characters are never overdrawn, but such as will come up in the memory of any man who has been an observer of the ridiculous and affected in human nature. The *antiquarian in halters*, we believe, is taken from fact. We shall quote the first character that presents itself.

'Behold, loud-rattling like a thousand drums,
Eccentric Hal, the child of Nature, comes!
Of Nature once—but *now* he acts a part,
And Hal is now the full grown boy of art.
In youth's pure spring his high impetuous soul
Nor custom own'd nor fashion's vile control.
By truth impell'd where beck'ning Nature led,
Through life he mov'd with firm elastic tread;
But soon the world, with wonder-teeming eyes,
His manners mark, and goggle with surprise.
'He's wond'rous strange!' exclaims each gaping clod,
'A wond'rous genius, for he's wond'rous odd!'
Where'er he goes, there goes before his—fame,
And courts and taverns echo round his name;
'Till, fairly knock'd by admiration down,
The petted monster cracks his wond'rous crown.
No longer now to simple nature true,
He studies only to be oddly new;
Whate'er he does, whate'er he deigns to say,
Must all be said and done the oddest way;

Nay, e'en in dress eccentric as in thought,
His wardrobe seems by Lapland witches wrought,
Himself by goblins in a whirlwind drest,
With rags of clouds from Hecla's stormy crest.'

And again.

'Nor less renown'd whom stars invet'rate doom
To smiles eternal, or eternal gloom;
For what's a *character* save one confin'd
To some unchanging sameness of the mind;
To some strange, fix'd monotony of mien,
Or dress forever brown, forever green?

'A sample comes. Observe his sombre face,
Twin-born with Death, without his brother's grace!
No joy in mirth his soul perverted knows,
Whose only joy to tell of other's woes.
A fractur'd limb, a conflagrating fire,
A name or fortune lost his tongue inspire.
From house to house where'er misfortunes press,
Like Fate, he roams, and revels in distress;
In every ear with dismal boding moans—
A walking register of sighs and groans!'

The draught of the following character we think quite equal to Pope's happiest manner, and sketched with all his freedom and accuracy of touch.

'But who is he, that sweet, obliging youth?
He looks the picture of ingenuous truth.
Oh, that's his antipode, of courteous race,
The man of bows and ever-smiling face.
Why nature made him, or for what design'd,
Never he knew, nor ever sought to find,
'Till cunning came, blest harbinger of ease!
And kindly whisper'd, "thou wert born to please."
Rous'd by the news, behold him now expand,
Like beaten gold, and glitter o'er the land.
Well stored with nods and sly approving winks,
Now first with this and now with that he thinks;
Howe'er opposing, still assents to each,
And claps a dovetail to each booby's speech.
At random thus for all, for none, he lives,
Profusely lavish though he nothing gives;
The world he roves as living but to show

A friendless man without a single foe ;
From bad too good, to bad from good to run,
And find a character by seeking none.'

We must express the wish that Mr. Allston may not write any more *moral* poems, as they are styled. No man would lose those of Cowper or Campbell ; yet as they have been hitherto conducted, they act as restraints upon the invention, shutting it up from plot, and varied incidents, and worlds of its own creation. And, certainly, an intellect like Mr. Allston's, delighting in the imaginary, sacrifices its highest powers in the lecture-room of the Muses. They should be left to men of the character of Queen Ann's time, who were formed to shine in such works, and were never familiar with the thoughts and images which belong to minds such as our author's. We do not object to the satire and character-drawing ; but we should always be glad to see them enlivened by incidents, with something of dramatick activity, and placed in scenes as new and poetical as those in which we find 'The Two Painters.' We have stated our reasons, and are confident that they will not be thought to proceed from a want of discerning the beauties of the poem before us.

'The Paint King' is a mock romantic tale. Unlike all other works of the kind, it is crowded with imagery, sometimes sublime, and then delicate and beautiful. 'The Paint King' carries off the 'fair Ellen,' for the purpose of grinding her into paint, with which he might produce a true likeness of the beautiful queen of the Fairies, and thereby win her good graces. The whole is so worked together in the narrative, that we hardly know how to take out any part of it. We will, however, give the carrying off of Ellen.

'She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"Oh, heaven ! cried she, who art thou ?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
As frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the PAINT-KING
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now !"

'Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast ;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully dri
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

'Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

'"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd,
Like an island of ice on the wave.'

He is then represented sitting in his cave, which is thus described.

'On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried,
As it looms through an easterly fog.

'And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.'

He tells her to what she is doomed, and then sets about his work like an old artist, and having nearly finished the picture;

'Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came,
A light tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

'Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.'

After the Fairy has appeared before him and reminded him of his former failures, he proceeds in his work; but when about painting the pupils, he suddenly discovers that

he neglected grinding up the eyes of Ellen, and looking round, sees them in the jaws of a mouse, who bounds off with them.

> ' "I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a stone ;
> Then rising the Fairy in ire,
> With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
> (While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
> And she swell'd to a column of fire.'

She smites him with her wand, hurls him down a chasm, and restores Ellen to life. The painting of the picture is described with the skill of an artist, and with great beauty.

This is followed by two short poems, the first, ' to a Lady, who lamented that she had never been in love ;' the other, to one, ' who spoke slightingly of Poets.' There are the same unceasing activity of imagination, and the same delicate sentiment in these, that we find in the preceding poems. But we must not quote any further. We are reminded that the book in which we write, is not all our own, and it would be but a little short of rudeness in us to take up any more room, and crowd out our fellow-labourers.

The volume closes with about half a dozen sonnets, and three or four little poems in the simple ballad style. Some of the sonnets almost reconciled us to that kind of writing ; and we can assure Mr. Allston, that they must have no little merit in our eyes, to work such a change in us. We would mention particularly, those on the Falling Group in the Last Judgment ; and 'The Three Angels before the Tent of Abraham.'

The remaining poems are written with great simplicity and nature. We have as strong a predilection for such productions, as we have aversion from sonnets. There is such a large class of readers, who are so utterly unable to distinguish between the childish and the perfectly simple, that we will not alarm them by bringing up the subject of ballad simplicity ; but are content to leave Mr. Allston to the judgment of those who are conversant with such delicate matters.

We should have been more particular in our remarks upon the several extracts, had we not been so full in our observations upon the general character of this volume. Besides, it might have looked a little too officious, to have been continually pointing out obvious beauties.

The volume before us is clearly original in its character. We do not find in it imitations of the style, or borrowing of the circumstances, situations, or images of any author. Many of its subjects are new, and all marked by the peculiar and distinct cast of our author's mind. To this very novelty may be, in a good measure, attributed its want of popularity. We are surrounded by a multitude of criticks, here, who call every thing new and peculiar, and not backed by authority, as in bad taste and extravagant. Such criticks are to poets, what connoisseurs (a troublesome set of gentlemen, with whom no doubt our author is well acquainted,) are to artists ;—who gaze upon pictures all their lives, without its once occurring to their minds, that to be judges of paintings they should study nature, from which they are taken. So with our criticks, if a work comes out unlike what has been seen before, they have no mode of determining its merits ; for their models are no longer guides. Never having learned that combinations from nature are endless, and that they may be taken in as many and various views, as the hills that break her surface ; they seem to be governed by the absurd notion, that their few models had taken from her all that was worthy our notice, and that what is left should be thrown aside as worthless. As if all that is good or beautiful in creation, were to be grasped by a few feeble mortals, and not rather remain the study of the beings placed in the midst of it, to the end of time. Surely all is the well-ordered and consistent design of One Being, who as he has given infinite breadth and variety to the mind, so has he spread before it a scene as wide and changing ; and to set up rules, discordant with this plan, is bad philosophy, (we might almost say, false religion,) and paltry taste, narrowing our observation, and weakening the constantly renewing vigour of the intellectual powers.

Mr. Allston's versification is peculiarly easy, and seems thrown out with as little effort as it is read. With all his ease, however, he is always musical, and we have only to object to a loose line here and there. A little more care in the going over, would have saved us the remark. He certainly deserves some credit for his independence in this, as a few of our leading poets of the day, tired of the monotony of Pope, (which is only tolerable from his compactness of verse and crowded sense,) have come to consider smoothness

and musick unessential in metre. We like breaks and varied accents; but a poetick ear may surely avoid the clumsy versification of Hunt's Rimini, or such as now and then occurs in the Lalla Rookh of Moore. We took up the third canto of Byron, on a melancholy, rainy day, and it made the commonness of life more than tasteless for a week after. But we were sadly puzzled how to read it. We soon gave up, in despair, reading it as rhyme, and went along with it tolerably well, as a sort of blank verse; but now and then we came to a passage, which we could not get through, with all our endeavours, either as rhyme, blank verse, or even tolerable prose. What to call it we know not; and shall leave to those, who have the honour of its invention, the task of giving it a name. After such men as Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton have given us verse of such rich and varied tone, and deep harmony, it looks like vain affectation in poets, of the present day, to show a laborious neglect of it as beneath their powers. They have done much towards bringing back the native scenery, the thoughts, and feelings of the older bards; would that they came upon us in the same strain again.

As we are of the number of those, who saw most of these poems in manuscript, we may be allowed to express our regret at the alterations made in the publishing. So far as we can recollect, they are, though few, in every instance for the worse. The gushing fount of day in the description of the cave in the 'Seasons,' certainly is not an improvement upon 'sunny thread.' And in that beautiful image,

> 'Yon bird that trims his purple (sunny) wings
> As on the bending bow he swings.'

Purple is but a poor substitute for the original epithet. Again; in the 'Paint King,' the change to 'Ovidian art' is coldly classical and out of keeping amidst the warm natural *English* character of the volume; and so of the rest. We were sorry at not finding in 'Eccentricity' one or two passages, which we thought amongst its most beautiful, when we read the manuscript. But this seems to be between ourselves and the author; and our readers may ask what it all means. He may think that we mean to be impertinent, and say, that we have no right, as reviewers, to lay down his book and take up his loose papers. He will judge us

more justly, if he sets it down to the interest we take in him from his book, and from reflecting that he is a stranger in a foreign land. We think, too, that the alterations must have been made by some friend of, perhaps, very good intentions, but poor judgment.

Our author's language is all good, but is not strictly the poetick language; and we should think that he had not been a wide and constant reader, of the old English poets.

Now that we have gone through with our notice of the few trifling faults of this volume, we would advise our readers to make themselves acquainted with it. They certainly will find it worthy their pride, in the general poverty of literature in our country. It remains for us to thank our author for what he has done for our good name, and to hope from him still more. May he find the strangers, by whom he is surrounded, as fair, and void of prejudices, as is his own mind, and may his solitary labours be cheered by that fame which he so well deserves.

ART. XVII. *An authentic Narrative of the loss of the American brig Commerce, wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in the month of August,* 1815; *with an account of the sufferings of her surviving officers and crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the great African Desert, or Zahahrah;—and observations historical, geographical, &c. made during the travels of the author, while a slave to the Arabs, and in the empire of Morocco.* By James Riley, late master and supercargo. *Preceded by a brief sketch of the author's life; and concluded by a description of the famous city of Tombuctoo, on the river Niger, and of another large city, far south of it, on the same river, called Wassanah; narrated to the author at Mogadore, by Sidi Hamet, an Arabian merchant;—with an Arabic and English Vocabulary.* T. & W. Mercein, New York, 1817. pp. 570.

THIS portentous title page is not the only external recommendation of the volume before us. It is ornamented with a portrait of the author, furnished with rare plates, illustrative of divers scenes, descriptions, and adventures, and sup-

plied with an *original* map of the countries into which he was led by the stars of ill omen, that presided over his destiny. Attracted by these claims on our notice, as well as the novelty of the subject, we took up the book with eagerness, and read it through, we are willing to acknowledge, with a good deal of interest.

Among the numerous classes of books, which are daily turned out upon the community, no one prubably is so variable in its merits, as that comprizing books of travels. Almost every man, of every different calling in life, and every walk in society, if by accident or necessity he happens once in his life to wander from the precincts of his own native village, thinks it his duty to enlighten the publick with a narrative of his adventures—the results of his observations on the habits and character of the strange men whom he visits—deep speculations on the peculiarities of their governments, or sagacious remarks on their political interests, civil institutions, and military establishments. These, to be sure, are momentous topicks, and we would not deny travellers the privilege of discussing them in their own way;—much less would we question their right of introducing us to such scenes of bravery and adventure, hazard and peril, as it has been their fortune to encounter. If a man has had the courage to clamber to the summit of a mountain, whose top is hid in the clouds, and peep into the burning crater of a volcano, or has descended into the bowels of the earth through the intricate windings of a yawning cavern, it is highly important that the world should know it. All we desire of him is, that he will take due care to inform us how he gets safely back from such dangerous excursions. We have scarcely yet recovered from the distressing uncertainty in which we were left by Dr. Clarke, when, after having placed himself on the icy pinnacle of Mount Gargarus, he assured us that if he took another step he should be inevitably dashed in pieces in the tremendous abyss below.

We think, indeed, that none of the book making fraternity have so strong claims on our indulgence as travellers. They are usually obliged to write in haste and under many disadvantages. They are not often men whose habits of life have led them to the arduous exercise of thinking deeply, observing with accuracy, or judging with discrimination. In a word, they are not always scholars, and we should not

require them to write or think as scholars. For this reason, we should generally feel quite as thankful to them, if they would keep in the humbler walks of plain narrative and simple description, and venture to leave the more weighty and less obvious concerns of governments, national character, and historical disquisitions, to statesmen, civilians, and philosophers. The man, who, after having his mind tutored by the discipline of an early education, and stored with the treasures of ancient wisdom and modern erudition, sits leisurely down in his study, to embody his speculations within the dimensions of a quarto, boldly challenges the decision of publick sentiment on his merits, and renders himself justly amenable to the tribunal of criticism for any failure in accomplishing what he attempts. But the eye of criticism should pass gently over the pages of the traveller,—it should be contented with gazing on what is new and interesting from its intrinsick value, although it may not be dressed out in so good a taste, and under so attracting a form as could be desired. There is one indispensable requisite however, in books of travels, without which they can have neither interest nor value ;—we mean veracity. Aberrations from truth in this species of writing, which is concerned wholly in matters of fact, cannot be atoned for by any other qualities,—they weaken our respect for the writer's character, and destroy our confidence in his honesty—we lay down his book always with dissatisfaction, and often with disgust and contempt.

We do not make all these remarks with direct reference to the narrative of Captain Riley, although we cannot deny, that while reading it we have been frequently obliged to allow a latitude to our credulity, which we should be very unwilling to assign as its boundaries in ordinary cases. There is an air of good faith and sailor-like frankness prevailing throughout the book, which gives very favourable impressions of the fidelity and honest intentions of the author. His lively remembrance of his past sufferings, accompanied with no very marked aversion to the marvellous, caused him occasionally to give a very high colouring to his descriptions—yet the outlines are not often distorted, and we are persuaded they are sketched, though sometimes roughly, with a hand of truth.

At the commencement of his work, Captain Riley devotes a chapter to a sketch of his life, beginning with his birth in

Middletown, Connecticut, and coming down to the period of his embarking as commander of the brig Commerce. But this does not detain him long. The industrious occupation of a farmer's boy was not very fruitful of incidents—and although at the age of fifteen, having become a 'tall, stout, athletick boy,' he went to sea, somewhat against the inclination of his parents, and always after followed the honest but laborious calling of a sailor, in every gradation of rank, from cabin boy to commander, 'making voyages in all climates usually visited by American ships—travelling by land through many of the principal states and empires of the world;'—yet during all these wanderings, he seems neither to have fallen on any very remarkable adventures, or to have engaged in any enterprizes more bold or hazardous, than are common to men of similar pursuits. He tells us, however, that he had been severely disciplined in the school of adversity, and that it was no new thing for him to be tossed on the billows and thrown on the rocks and shoals of life. In the year 1808, he found himself, and a vessel he commanded, in the harbour of Nantz, having been seized and carried there by the French. Here his ship and cargo were confiscated under the memorable Milan decrees of the 17th of December, 1807. In this expedition he lost nearly all his property, and returning home, with somewhat of a heavy heart and gloomy reflections on the waywardness of fortune, he remained unemployed till the close of the war.

In April, 1815, he sailed from Hartford, as master and supercargo of the brig Commerce. His first destination was New Orleans, and in the second chapter of his book, he furnishes us with a good deal of gratuitous, and not the most edifying information, about the shiftings of the wind, the currents in the gulf stream, breakers and shoals, and various other incidents of equal moment. All these, as well as the biographical sketch, might very well have been spared, and we should not probably have felt the loss.

He at length arrived at Gibraltar; whence he sailed for the Cape de Verd Islands, August 23, 1815, with twelve men on board, including himself. They proceeded without danger or apprehension, till the 29th, when the weather began to be foggy, and the nights exceedingly dark. At ten o'clock on the night of the following day, while the vessel was moving very rapidly, they were suddenly alarmed by a loud

roaring noise, which was first thought to proceed from an approaching squall, but which was very soon discovered to be caused by breakers foaming furiously at a short distance to the east. Every exertion was made to bring the vessel off, but in vain,—she struck, and the sea came rolling over her stern, and swept her decks. No hopes of safety remained, except in escaping as soon as possible from the wreck. A small boat was hoisted out—half a dozen casks of water were secured, and also a quantity of wine, bread, and salted provisions.

'The vessel being now nearly full of water, the surf making a fair breach over her, and fearing she would go to pieces, I prepared a rope and put it in the small boat, having got a glimpse of the shore at no great distance, and taking Porter with me, we were lowered down on the larboard *or lee* side of the vessel, where she broke the violence of the sea and made it comparatively smooth. We shoved off, but on clearing away from the bow of the vessel, the boat was overwhelmed with a surf, and we were plunged into the foaming surges ;—we were driven along by the current, aided by what seamen call the undertow, to the distance of about three hundred yards to the westward [eastward ?] covered nearly all the time by the billows, which, following each other in quick succession, scarcely gave us time to catch a breath before we were literally swallowed by them, till at length we were thrown, together with our boat, upon a sandy beach.' pp. 16, 17.

Immediately after, the crew on board threw over casks, provisions, and such articles as they could obtain from the wreck,—these were driven on shore, and secured by Riley and Porter. A large rope was extended from the vessel, by the aid of which they all at length reached the shore, after having been repeatedly overwhelmed by the surf—some of them torn from their grasp and thrown violently on the beach. It was now day light, and the prospect, which opened upon them was dismal beyond description—a desert of barren sands and rocks on one side, and the sea running high and dashing furiously against the shore on the other.

While contemplating this cheerless, dreary scene, they observed an old man, two women, and five or six children approaching them. The appearance of these people was most wretched. The old man in particular, with long bushy hair, extending in every direction from his head, a curling beard

reaching to his breast, and his dress a coarse woollen blanket thrown carelessly around him, was a truly hideous and revolting figure. They came down to the beach and began to plunder such articles as fell in their way. No attempt was made to restrain them, as others were probably near, and being wholly at the mercy of these savages, the only obvious means of safety was, if possible, to conciliate their friendship. They were armed with hatchets, which they used in breaking open the boxes, that had floated ashore, and amused themselves by tying around their heads and other parts of their bodies the laced veils and silk handkerchiefs, which they contained. This party went off before night, but returned again at the dawn of the next morning, accompanied by two young men armed with scimitars. The old man also brought an iron spear with a handle twelve feet long. Thus armed they came down in a furious and threatening manner upon Capt. Riley and his crew, and drove them into the sea, where they succeeded in getting on board their long boat, which was laying in a shattered condition on the shore, and with much difficulty they finally reached the wreck. The women at the same time ran wildly about, uttering horrible yells, and throwing sand into the air. After having loaded on their camels all the provisions and articles of clothing, and burnt every thing else which they could find, they disappeared among the sand hills and rocks.

They returned not long after, and exhibited a very singular and unexpected change in their manners. They advanced to the water's edge, bowed themselves, beckoning the men in the brig to come on shore, and showing every mark of peace and friendship, which they could express by signs and gestures. There being no apparent danger, as the old man's formidable spear, as well as the other arms, had been left at a distance behind the sand hills, Capt. Riley concluded to go on shore, and endeavour to ascertain what they wanted. When he met them, the old man gave him to understand, that he wished to go on board, and that he must himself remain where he was as surety for his safe return. He was treated with every possible attention and kindness while the old man was on board,—every one was sedulous to soothe and please him. They took him by the hand, amused themselves with putting his hat on their heads and then returning it, and in the excess of their civilities they carefully examined various parts of his clothes, and particularly the interiour of his pockets.

After making such examinations on the wreck as he thought proper, the old man came back. Riley rose from the ground with a view to return on board, but at this moment he was forcibly seized by two young men, who had been sitting near him—(every one appears in an instant to be armed, we know not very well how, as their weapons had all been left behind the sand hills at a considerable distance from the shore)—the women and children pointed their daggers and knives at his head and breast, and the old man, writhing his countenance into the most frightful and fiendlike contortions, caught hold of his hair with one hand, and seized a scimitar in the other, raising it in the air with an apparent intention to sever his head with one blow from his body. It soon appeared, however, that these gesticulations and threatenings were designed only to frighten him and compel him to yield up every thing in his possession. They inquired for money, and about a thousand dollars were immediately sent on shore, which they distributed among themselves. During this time Capt. Riley was sitting on the ground, surrounded by the natives, who were holding their weapons pointed towards him ready to run him through if he attempted to move. While in this perilous condition the notion came some how or other into his head, that if Antonio Michel, an old sailor, whom he had found at Gibraltar, should come on shore, it would be the means of procuring his escape. Antonio obeyed his directions accordingly, and as soon as he stepped on the beach, the natives flocked around him to receive the money, which they expected he would bring. When they discovered he had none, they beat him with their fists and the handles of their hatchets—stripped off all his clothes, and treated him in the most cruel manner. He fell on his knees and begged for his life, but in vain—these merciless wretches seemed prepared to massacre him on the spot. At this juncture it occurred to Capt. Riley, that money had been buried in the sand at a short distance, near the place where they had pitched a tent. As soon as he communicated this to them, they dragged Antonio to the place and compelled him to dig. Two men only staid behind to guard Riley, one with the notable spear, and the other with a scimitar, both of which were held within six inches of his head. At a moment when the attention of these two men was attracted by a noise among the party where Antonio was digging, he sprang from the ground and darted forward to the

beach. We quote his own words in describing this most hazardous adventure. We do not think it the most credible part of the narrative, yet we are not disposed to look for misrepresentation even here.

'I instantly sprang out from beneath their weapons, and flew to the beach. I was running for my life, and soon reached the water's edge. Knowing I was pursued, and nearly overtaken, I plunged into the sea, with all my force, head foremost and swam under water as long as I could hold my breath; on rising to the surface I looked round on my pursuers. The old man was within ten feet of me up to the chin in water, and was in the act of darting his spear through my body, when a surf rolling over me, saved my life and dashed him and his comrades on the beach. I was some distance westward [eastward?] of the wreck, but swimming as fast as possible towards her, whilst surf after surf broke in towering heights over me, until I was enabled by almost superhuman exertions to reach the lee of the wreck, when I was taken into the boat over the stern by the mates and people.' p. 37.

Enraged at the escape of Riley, the furious savages rushed upon poor Antonio, and plunged a spear into his heart. They disappeared soon after, dragging his lifeless body across the sand hills, and were seen no more. The condition of the unhappy sufferers was at this time still more deplorable, than it had before been. The natives had become exasperated, and would certainly massacre them all, should they be found again on shore; the wreck was fast tumbling in pieces, the wind blew strong from the west, the surf was breaking around them twenty or thirty feet high, and their only remaining boat was so crazy and leaky as to require two men constantly bailing to keep it dry. Despair seemed to look them in the face from every quarter. But some decision was speedily to be made, and they were not long in choosing to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves, rather than again be exposed to the relentless fury of the savages.

The boat, after all the repairs they could make, was in a wretched condition. A temporary mast had been constructed of a broken spar, to which some of the ship's sails were attached. A small keg of water, a few pieces of salt pork, a live pig, three or four pounds of figs, which had been soaked in salt water, and a few bottles of wine composed their whole stock of provisions. Thus equipt they entered the boat, which seemed scarcely capable of floating on the smoothest

sea, and launched out amidst the foaming billows, that were rolling in terrible commotion around them. And yet they passed safely out into the open sea, as Capt. Riley will have it, by a miraculous interposition of divine Providence.

'The wind, as if by divine command, at this very moment ceased to blow. We hauled the boat out. The dreadful surges that were nearly bursting upon us, suddenly subsided, making a path for our boat about twenty yards wide, through which we rowed her out, as if she had been on a river in a calm, while on each side of us, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high, and with unabated fury. We had to row nearly a mile in this manner;—all were fully convinced that we were saved by the immediate interposition of divine Providence in this particular instance.'

After reaching the open sea, the night came on exceedingly dark, and the winds blew high. The boat had no rudder or keel, and was steered by a broken oar lashed to the stern. Their plan was to run out directly to sea, with the hopes of falling in with some vessel, which might take them up. Having been four days out in this condition, and finding it impossible for the boat to hold together many days longer, they resolved on turning again towards the shore, as the only possible means of saving their lives. They had already killed and devoured their pig—their stock of water was nearly gone—they were exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and perpetually harassed with the terrible apprehension of being soon swallowed up by the waves. On the 8th of September, having been nine days at sea, they discovered land at a distance, presenting itself in tremendous perpendicular and overhanging cliffs, rising to a height of five or six hundred feet. The boat was driven on a narrow sand-beach, and dashed in pieces by the violence of the waves. They left it, taking the little provision and water which remained and slept among the rocks during the night. This place was a little north of Cape Blanco.

The two succeeding days were spent in clambering among the rocks, of which a romantick, but not very intelligible account is given. During two days' unremitted exertion they found no place by which they could ascend to the plain above. When they finally arrived there, no other object presented itself, as far as the eye could reach, than a dreary waste of

sand. They proceeded but a short distance, however, before they discovered, in a kind of valley, a company of Arabs with a drove of camels. They had no other alternative but to perish of hunger and thirst, or throw themselves on the mercy of the natives. They advanced towards them with signs of peace and submission. As soon as they were discovered, a man and two women came running towards them.

'The man was armed with a scimitar, which he held naked in his hand; he run up to me as if to cut me to the earth. I bowed again in token of submission, and he began without further ceremony to strip off my clothing, while the women were doing the same to Mr. Williams and Mr. Savage. Thirty or forty more were arriving—some running on foot with muskets or naked scimitars in their hands; others, riding on swift camels, came up quickly. By the time they arrived, however, we were stripped to the skin. Those Arabs near us threw up sand into the air as the others approached, yelling loudly, which I now learned was a sign of hostility.' p. 65.

They were all stripped in like manner; and after the Arabs had finished watering their camels and fought among themselves with great rage about the division of the prisoners, they went off in separate parties into the interiour. Some of the prisoners were made to ride naked on the sharp backs of the camels, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, while others were compelled to walk barefoot through sands, and over sharp flint stones, which were in some places very numerous. The women and children rode in baskets made of camels' skins, 'and fixed in such a manner with a wooden rim around them, over which the skins were sewed, that three or four could sit in them with perfect ease, only taking care to preserve their balance.'

In this way, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, they continued to wander over the desert in different directions for twelve days, suffering intensely from the heat of the sun by day, and the cold winds by night. The skin was scorched from various parts of their bodies—other parts were lacerated by the hard and heavy motions of the camels on which they rode, and their feet were mangled to the bone by the sharp stones over which they walked. They received no nourishment during this period except a little camel's milk, sometimes half a pint, and occasionally a pint a day. They

found, also, once or twice a few snails, which served them for food. The sufferings of the captives during this whole tour must have been severe in the extreme—one should think, beyond the power of humanity to endure; yet, after all, there is an air of exaggeration thrown over the descriptions, which renders them in many places unnatural and improbable. It would seem to us, that here, as well as in some other parts, the distant recollections of the narrator did not bring the images of the reality with perfect distinctness and truth before his mind, and that they were magnified by the powerful impressions which his misfortunes and sufferings had stamped on his thoughts. Before they had been twelve days from the coast, he speaks of their 'being so emaciated, that they could scarcely stand,' and 'Clark,' he says, 'was a perfect wreck of almost naked bones;' and yet they did stand, and walk, and ride, and labour, and these, to our astonishment, without producing, in a single instance, either sickness or physical inability to bear up under the distresses, which were inflicted on them.

The men in this part of the desert are much addicted to prayers and religious exercises. In these the women and children do not participate. The following is an account of the manner in which their evening devotions are conducted.

'They all first washed themselves with sand in place of water; then wrapping themselves up with their *strip of cloth* and turning their faces to the earth, my old master stepped out before them, and commenced by bowing twice, repeating at each time '*Allah Houakibar;*' then kneeling and bowing his head to the ground twice; then raising himself up on his feet and repeating '*Hiel Allah Sheda Mohamed Rahsoob Allah,*' bowing himself twice; and again prostrating himself on the earth as many times, *then* '*Allah Houakibar*' was three times repeated. He was always accompanied in his motions and words by all present who could see him distinctly as he stood before them. He would then make a long prayer, and they recited together what I afterwards found to be a chapter of the Koran; and then all joined in chanting or singing some hymn or sacred poetry for a considerable time. This ceremony being finished, they again prostrated themselves with their faces to the earth, and the service was concluded.' pp. 98, 99.

In this part of his narrative Capt. Riley takes occasion to complain of the unladylike treatment which he received from the women. It seems that the ladies of the desert are not distinguished for those qualities of feminine tenderness,

quick sensibility, and sympathy for the distresses of others, which the united voice of travellers has allowed them to possess in every other part of the world,—at least, they made no ostentatious show of these qualities to Capt. Riley. It was their constant mode of salutation, whenever they met him, to spit at him and make wry faces 'by every possible contortion of their frightful features'—to pelt him with stones and drive him about with sticks. They would not even allow him to occupy a small corner of a tent to screen his naked and lacerated body from the chilling damp winds of the night. We cannot but remark, how much less fortunate he was, than the great traveller, Ledyard, who, after having witnessed every mode of human existence, and experienced every species of sufferings, tells us with the feeling of grateful recollections, that 'he had found women in all countries civil, obliging, tender, and humane—ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that whether hungry, dry, cold, or sick, he had always found them friendly to him, and uniformly so.' We cannot forbear, also, contrasting with this treatment, that which Park received from the negro women a little to the south of the desert. They were hospitable, compassionate and kind. In one instance, when dejected and alone, ready to faint from fatigue and hunger, and exposed to a heavy storm of wind and rain, he was accidentally discovered by a poor negro woman, who invited him kindly into her hut, and spread before him such refreshments as it afforded. She desired him to rest his weary limbs through the night on her mat, and soon resumed her task of spinning cotton, lightening the labours of the night by an occasional song. Among others she sung, in a sweet and plaintive air, the following pathetick lines, which he tells us are literally translated. 'The winds roared and the rains fell;—the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Let us pity the poor white man.'

How it happens that Capt. Riley made himself an object of so much aversion to the gentler sex on the Zahaara, as we have not time to inquire, we shall allow our readers to conjecture.

After wandering about the desert fourteen days, the tribes, which had made prisoners of the author and his companions, were accidentally met by two itinerant merchants, Sidi Ham-

et and Seid, from the confines of Morocco. Hamet was fortunately on his way to Morocco, and after much debate and altercation with the owners, he succeeded in purchasing five of the wretched sufferers, Riley, Savage, Horace, Clark, and Burns, with a view of carrying them to Swearah, or Mogadore, where Capt. Riley assured him, they would be redeemed the moment they arrived. This stipulation was confirmed to the satisfaction of Hamet, after having exacted from Riley the most solemn protestations that he spoke the truth, assuring him, if it proved otherwise, his own life and the perpetual slavery of his companions would be the forfeit. Sidi Hamet's means did not allow him to purchase any more of the crew, and they were left behind, scattered in different parts of the desert.

The sufferers had no reason to regret their exchange of masters. Hamet was comparatively a humane man. He bought an old camel, nearly dead with age, which he killed, and allowed them a bountiful repast on its blood and entrails. He made shoes for them of its hide, and gave each a piece of an old blanket, or goat's skin, to protect him from the sun. Thus clad and refreshed, they started on their northern tour across the desert. The company consisted of Sidi Hamet, Seid, a young Arab, the five prisoners, and three camels. They began their march about the first of October, and in twenty days they had crossed the desert and arrived at the Wed Noon, or river Noon, in the south part of Suse. Three days after, they entered the village of Stuka, in the same territory, where the prisoners were to stay till Sadi Hamet should go to Mogadore in search of the friend, whom Capt. Riley represented as being there, ready to pay their ransom. A scrap of paper was brought to him, on which he wrote a hasty letter, with a sharpened reed, describing his wretched and perilous situation. But at this juncture he was in a sad dilemma. He knew nobody at Mogadore, to whom he could direct his letter, and yet his life and the safety of his fellow sufferers depended on its being received by some person, who would immediately comply with its request. But his anxieties and fears were all at once calmed, by a timely recollection of a remarkable dream, which happened to him a little after his captivity ;—' it had literally come to pass thus far—why should he doubt of its whole accomplishment ?' Thus encouraged, he wrote the fol-

lowing direction; 'To the English, French, Spanish, or American consuls, or any Christian merchants in Mogadore, or Swearah.' In the letter he requested the person, who should receive it, to pay Sidi Hamet nine hundred and twenty dollars, with two double barrelled guns, the price of their ransom.

In the journey across the desert, they had fared much better than among the tribes at the south. They seldom suffered greatly for want of food, although they did not always receive it in the most bountiful portions, or of the most savoury kind. The old camel did not last long, but they found goats and sheep among the wandering tribes whom they passed, some of which their masters bought, and others they stole. Sidi Hamet contrived once to steal a little barley, and they were occasionally treated by the hospitable savages, whom they met, with a kind of pudding, which made, with milk, a delicious repast. Some of them were once or twice beaten for what their masters considered obstinacy or neglect of duty, but generally their privations and hardships do not appear to have been greater than those of the natives themselves. The party was waylayed occasionally by robbers, and serious consequences, as Capt. Riley believes, might have happened, but fortunately none did happen. They came forward once, to be sure, with a fearful clang of arms, but by some marvellous accident, or the dazzling splendour of Sidi Hamet's double barrelled gun, they were induced to call out with the customary salutation of 'peace.' But there is something yet remarkable in these same robbers.

'They ran along the beach with incredible swiftness, chasing each other, and taking up and throwing stones, that I should suppose would weigh from *six to eight pounds*, with a jerk that made them *whiz through the air like cannon balls.* They threw them against the cliffs of rocks, which resounded with the blow, and many of the stones were dashed to pieces as they struck.' p. 185.

Little was known of the Great Desert before the time of Leo Africanus. It is the *Lybia Interiour* of Ptolomy, and those parts bordering on the mountains of Atlas were inhabited by the ancient Getuli. Although Leo passed across the desert, he seems to have derived the knowledge of its geographical divisions, and the characters and extent of the different nations, whom he describes, principally from the

information of others. We have only to look for a moment at a map, constructed after the representations of Leo, and even with the corrections derived from Marmol and Labat's Collections, to discover, that very erroneous notions have prevailed till lately, of this extensive portion of the globe. We shall find the whole desert divided out into kingdoms, governed by powerful sovereigns. To the northwest parts, particularly, which exhibit at present a dismal solitude of sands and rocks, was assigned a large population.

The whole extent of the desert is more than double that of the United States. Capt. Riley's description is confined to a very small portion, but the general features of the whole are probably similar to those of the tract which it was his ill fortune to traverse. Its surface is smooth, level and exceedingly hard, consisting of gravel, sand, and stones mingled together, and baked, by the intense heat of the sun, almost to the solidity of marble. Not an object appears as far as the eye can reach to intercept the sight—not a land-mark to guide, not a tree or shrub to cheer the desponding traveller. This is the aspect of the desert, and it is uniform and unbroken, except at long intervals where small basins appear to be scooped out of this solid mass, extending from five to thirty feet below the surface, and serving as reservoirs for the rain water, that sometimes falls into them. At this time there had been no rain for two years, and they were entirely dry. A kind of soil is spread over these excavations, out of which grows a dwarf thorn bush, whose leaves answer the purpose of food for the camels, although they are strongly impregnated with salt. Some parts of this vast plain are covered with floating mountains of loose sand, which are thrown into various forms by violent winds, and sometimes bury whole caravans under their weight.

The inhabitants of the desert are universally Arabs, live in tents, and wander from place to place. They are proud of their independence, and despise those, who are so tame spirited as to submit to any form of government;—contented, cheerful, and happy, they think their own native desert the only favoured residence of men. They are rapacious, avaricious, and revengeful,—and however strange it may seem, no where is the proverbial hospitality of the Arabs more conspicuous, than among them. The moment a stranger appears before their tent, he is greeted with the welcome of

peace, and receives every possible attention. The offices of hospitality generally devolve on the women. They relieve the camels of their burdens, spread out a tent for the strangers, and supply them with food and water. They also show great respect and tenderness to the aged and infirm.

The food of the natives consists almost wholly of camels' milk, and this in small quantities. We need no other evidence of its wholesome and nutritive qualities, than that the people live to a very advanced age, and that sickness and disease are seldom known. The salubrity of this region is mentioned by Leo and the old geographers. The camel seems to be a peculiar gift of providence for the benefit of man. No other animal could supply his place in the countries where he is used. He travels with rapidity, bears enormous burdens, endures with incredible patience the excesses of fatigue, hunger, and thirst,—and it is from the camel that the inhabitants derive the only means of subsistence, which they could procure. Leo says [lib. ix.], that utility was not the only purpose answered by these animals in his time. They were taught to dance and contribute to the amusement, as well as the convenience and support of their masters. The mode of teaching this graceful exercise, was to put them, when quite young, into a kind of stove with a heated floor, where they were aided by the sound of a musical instrument in forming the various postures and contortions, which they found it convenient to assume. Ever afterwards, when the sound of musick vibrated on their ears, it awakened a lively remembrance of the heated floor, and caused them to move involuntarily in concert with the tune.

We were hardly prepared to find so favourable an account of the literary character of these tenants of the desert, as appears in the following extract.

'They all learn to read and write; in every family or division of a tribe they have one man who acts as teacher to the children. They have boards of from one foot square to two feet long, and about an inch thick by eighteen inches wide. On these boards the children learn to write with a piece of pointed reed. When a family of wandering Arabs pitch their tents, they set apart a place for their school—have all their boys who have been circumcised, of from eight to eighteen or twenty years old, attend, and are taught to read and *to* write from the Koran, which is kept in manuscript by every family on skins. They write their characters

from right to left—are very particular in the formation of them, and make their lines very straight. All the children attend from choice or amusement. The teacher, I was told, never punishes a child, but explains the meaning of things, and amuses him by telling tales that are both entertaining and instructive. He reads or rehearses a chapter from the Koran or some other book, for they have a great many poems written also on skins.' pp. 371, 372.

They are not altogether without skill in such arts as promote the few conveniences of life, which their condition allows them to enjoy. They have smiths with portable forges, who construct axes, knives, large needles, and the iron work of their saddles,—the women manufacture camel's hair into cloth for tents and garments.

On the seventh day after their confinement, a very fierce and strange looking man appeared before the walls of Stuka, and with a tone of authority demanded entrance. He was a messenger of joy to the poor captives, as he had seen Sidi Hamet near Mogadore, and had been requested by him to call and say, that 'God had prospered his journey.' This man recalled to Capt. Riley's mind, 'those high spirited, heroick, and generous robbers, who are so admirably described in ancient history.' Although we have no distinct recollection of those robbers of antiquity, and are compelled to confess our ignorance of the *ancient history* to which our author refers, yet we think there is something sufficiently singular in the deportment and panoply of the personage in question.

'He was of a dark complexion, nearly six feet in height, and extremely muscular—had a long musket in his hand, a pair of horse pistols hanging in his belt, and a scimitar and two long knives hanging by his sides, with the haick or blanket for a dress, and a large white turban on his head. He had a pair of long iron spurs, which were fastened to his slippers of yellow Morocco leather. He had two powder-horns slung from his neck, and a pouch in which he carried a wooden pipe and some tobacco, besides a plenty of leaden balls and slugs.' pp. 313, 314.

The next day another Moor appeared at the gate, by the name of *Rais Bel Cossim*, who brought the joyful intelligence, that Sidi Hamet had arrived at Mogadore, and had delivered the letter to Mr. Willshire, the English consular agent there, who immediately advanced the money required. He brought a very affectionate letter from this gentleman, informing Ri-

ley of his ransom having been paid, and that he was at liberty to return with Rais Bel Cossim to Mogadore, where he had detained Sidi Hamet at a hostage till he and his companions should arrived. Nor did the benevolence of Mr. Willshire end here. He sent various articles of clothing and supplies of provisions, and spared nothing which he thought would contribute to their comfort on the road. Rais had made every thing ready for their journey by the next morning, and they started in company with several Moors. They rode on mules, and in a few days were received under the hospitable roof of their benefactor at Mogadore. This journey was not performed without a variety of perils and adventures, which are interesting in themselves, but which our limits will not allow us to relate in detail. The principal agent in producing them was Sheick Ali, a remarkable and somewhat mysterious personage, who appeared among them at Stuka, and made several attempts to seize on the prisoners as his own property, to discharge a debt which had long been due to him from Sidi Hamet. But his designs were all frustrated by the vigilance and address of Rais Bel Cossim.

After the author gets safely to Mogadore, and recovers his health and strength a little under the kind attentions of Mr. Willshire, he entertains us with two or three rare stories of his old friend Sidi Hamet, who, it seems, was knowing in the stars, acquainted with the cardinal points, and had in all probability travelled in various parts of the desert. These are points on which we have no doubt,—but we see no reason for putting the least confidence in the tales of this man, whom Capt. Riley in another place calls a 'thievish Arab,' and who had by no means approved himself on the desert a very conscientious observer of the common principles of honour, honesty, or veracity. The marvellous adventures of Gaudentio di Lucca, in crossing the desert, are quite as interesting, and we imagine little less true. These tales may be ranked with those of Adams, respecting the mysterious city of Tombuctoo, but we must remonstrate against the unqualified manner in which they are mentioned in the title page, as calculated to convey erroneous impressions to the publick. Sidi Hamet conducted the prisoners safe across the desert; but his only motive was the price which he expected to receive for their ransom, and his feelings of hu-

manity may be measured by the express stipulation with Riley, that he should have his throat cut in case he was disappointed.

After remaining about two months at Mogadore, he started under the guidance of a Jew, on a journey to Tangier, where Mr. Simpson, the American consul for the empire of Morocco, resides. He had previously put his companions on board a vessel bound to Gibraltar. He left Mogadore on the fourth of January, and arrived at Tangier on the nineteenth. During this journey he passed many tribes of wandering Arabs, who seem to compose a great portion of the population of Morocco. They resemble in their general character the Arabs of the desert, differing only from local causes, and are a totally distinct race from the Moors. They live in tents, and are wholly occupied in cultivating the ground and keeping herds of cattle. Every true Arab loathes the restraints and despises the security of towns. It is a common proverb among them, that 'the earth is the Arabs' portion.'

'They live in families or sections of tribes, and pitch their tents in companies of from twenty to one hundred and fifty tents, each tent containing one family. These tents when pitched are called a *Douar*;—they elect a chief to each of these douars, whom they dignify with the title of Alcayd or sheick, for the time being. Their authority however is rather of an *advisory* than a *mandatory* kind.' p. 342.

Mr. Dupuis says, in his well written appendix to the fabulous narrative of Adams, that 'their hair is black and straight, their eyes large, black, and piercing, their noses gently arched, their beards full and bushy, and they have invariably good teeth. They are generally tall and robust, with fine features and intelligent countenances. The colour of those who reside in Barbary is a deep but bright brunette, essentially unlike the sallow tinge of the mulatto.'

There is another distinct class of people in Morocco, called Berrebbers, who inhabit the mountainous districts. They are hardy, enterprising, and warlike—tenacious of their independence, impatient under restraint, and submit no longer to the control of any government, than till an opportunity occurs of throwing off its shackles. They are ferocious in their tempers, and more addicted to theft, treachery, and

murder, than the Arabs. They regard no religious or moral restraints. In some parts, however, they are said to be warm in their friendships, and not without hospitality. They associate in tribes under the authority of a chief, to whom they pay great deference, and reside in houses rudely constructed of stone and timbers. They are devoted to agricultural pursuits.

The Berrebbers are supposed to be the descendants of the original inhabitants, who had possession of the states of Barbary before the Arabian conquest. They speak various dialects of a language, which has no resemblance to the Arabick. The present Arabs of Barbary are the direct descendants of those warlike followers of the prophet, who, about the beginning of the fifth century after the Hegira, extended their conquests over the whole north of Africa. The Moors are a mixed race, originating principally in the other two, and partly in the Europeans and negroes, who have at different periods found their way into the country. They live in towns and cities, and are employed entirely in manufactures and trade. These are the three distinct classes of people, who inhabit western Barbary. The character, modes of life, and manners of each is peculiar to itself. The Moors are less strongly marked in these respects, but still their occupations and localities have given them prominent characteristick features, which, as intermarriages between the different races are disapproved and seldom take place, are becoming daily more and more fixed.

At Tangier Capt. Riley remained a few days, where he was very hospitably entertained by Mr. Simpson. We confess it was not very gratifying to our national feelings, to find our consular establishment here so much inferior to that of any of the European powers, and we sincerely hope our government will not be slow in giving it a respectability, which shall put it on an equality with them. In a country like Morocco, with which our intercourse is very limited, our character as a nation will be in no small degree estimated by the dignity and importance we attach to the offices established there, as channels of communication between the two governments.

After remaining a short time at Gibraltar, Capt. Riley sailed for New York, and arrived in his native country on the twentieth of March, 1816. He soon after repaired to Washington, where he received from the national treasury the full

amount of his ransom, with an assurance on the part of the government, that provision should immediately be made for procuring the release of his unfortunate fellow sufferers, who were yet in slavery. From these prompt and liberal aids of the government, we are encouraged to hope, that more effectual measures will speedily be adopted, than have hitherto existed, for redeeming such Americans, as may hereafter be cast on these inhospitable shores. Two of the number, whom Capt. Riley left behind in the desert, Porter and Robbins, have since been redeemed by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Willshire, and have arrived in this country. In his letters to Capt. Riley, inserted at the close of the book, Mr. Willshire mentions having heard of three others in Suse, or somewhere in the northern parts of the desert, and expresses a sanguine hope, that he shall be able, with the funds he had received from our consul, to procure their redemption, and restore them again to liberty, their country and friends.

Art. XVIII. *An Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology; being an introduction to the study of these sciences, and designed for the use of pupils—for persons attending lectures on these subjects—and as a companion for travellers in the United States of America. Illustrated by six plates.* By Parker Cleaveland, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and lecturer on chemistry and mineralogy in Bowdoin College, member of the American Academy, and corresponding member of the Linnæan society of New England.

> ——————item est in viscera terræ;
> Quasque recondiderat, Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
> Effodiuntur opes—————— Ovid.

Boston; Cummings & Hilliard, 1816, 8vo, pp. 668.

The author of an elaborate, elementary treatise on mineralogy in this country is no common adventurer; a few only among us, have learned to love stones, to find inexhaustible variety, and exquisite beauty in productions, far removed from the vulgar, and commonly to be found by those only who can enjoy them. Such an author has to contend with the reflection, that he must make readers for his book. Most

men know a bird from a fish, or a plant from an insect, but thousands are puzzled to distinguish a metal from an earth, and will confound the most brilliant crystallised specimens, with some of the commonest productions of art. But what is still worse for the author, there is perhaps as much indifference towards his favourite science, as there is ignorance of it. He may therefore reasonably tremble for the fate of the volume, which much labour may have produced, when the unwelcome suspicion pains his mind, that if men have detected no beauty in the objects themselves, and never dreamt of their utility or interest, they will shrink from his language of description, and no sooner return to the labour of reading, than they would attempt the toil of blowing rocks, or digging a mine.

But from the depressing influences of such indifference, and so much ignorance, an author on mineralogy, has only to turn to those who love his favourite science, and he will find all that there is in zeal to encourage him. He will find, that devotion to mineralogy has, in some instances, amounted to romance ;—that fortune and family have been almost sacrificed to it ;—minerals metamorphosed into social beings, and the vulgar forms of metals called money, cheerfully exchanged for shapeless masses of ores, that better coinage, which takes place in the bowels of the earth. An author in this country, however, must not calculate on many readers of this class, who are no less than the extraordinary productions of a society and science a good deal advanced. It is composed of men of ardent, enthusiastick minds, who have accidentally been led to collect minerals, and who would have been devotees to any opinions or pursuits, which chance might have indicated.

Another source of temporary failure to our mineralogical authorship is, that mineralogy still wants here the high sanction of taste and fashion. Our leaders of fashion and taste, would have been utterly confounded, had they a few years ago been suddenly conveyed to the Royal Institution, in Albermarle street, London ; for they would have found there, not venerable philosophers gravely listening to theories of the earth, or watching with deep interest the progress of experiment ; but fair ladies, and fashionable gentlemen, now taking notes, now passing about rude masses of granite, basalt, &c. or audibly applauding the lecturer for his nice tact at

oryetognosy, his profound researches in geognosy, or above all for his astonishing achievements in chemistry.

Mr. Humphrey Davy, however, (for such was his address when we had the pleasure to hear him,) was the lecturer, of all others we have ever met with, the best calculated, either to create taste for science, or to lead science itself. He has been bold enough to travel over ground which had been trodden by all his scientifick predecessors, and from those very regions, so thoroughly explored, he has returned, not merely to amuse us with a new itinerary, but absolutely to displace knowledge, which had been collected with extreme labour, directed by great talent, and to new model some of the longest established principles. But with all his science, Mr. now Sir Humphrey Davy was so little encumbered, that he found opportunity to store his mind with a great variety of general information and anecdote, which gave a peculiar interest to his lectures. He illustrated geology by excellent coloured drawings of strata, mountains, &c. and did not think it beneath the dignity of the place or the occasion, when discoursing on volcanoes, to gratify his audience by an actual eruption from a miniature of Vesuvius, which lay on the table before him.

The effect of all the interest thus excited, was not perhaps an immediate advancement of science. But in the interest itself, science found a sure patronage, and its cultivators a powerful motive to unremitting exertions. What will not men of fortune pay for their luxuries? and what luxuries more commendable than science? In the Royal Institution, the splendour of science tells us at once that it is a luxury. The discoveries, however, that have been made there; its immense library, its late periodical publications, successful rivals, even of the transactions of the royal society, give it the highest tone of character, and claim of philosophers a tribute, that fashion, taste, or luxury, have perhaps never before urged.

But how, it may be asked, is all this connected with the success of scientifick publications? It has this very striking connexion, where knowledge has such sanctions, it must necessarily become popular. Books which are among the best means for its communication will be purchased. Authors will be rewarded for their labour, and if their works are valuable, and of general interest, they will become sure sources

of reputation, and even distinguish the country in which they are produced. It would appear then, that an author must look for success, not so much to the actual state of the learning of a country, as to its influences; and if it be his fate to write in an age, or in a country, in which these influences have neither made science an object of fashion nor taste, the success of the work must depend very much on its own powers to produce these effects. It must stand in the relation of an agent in its own reputation, as well as contain the materials. If it be an elementary treatise, it has still greater difficulties to contend with. The great object of such works is purely instruction. They are not written for men, whose personal labours have given wider boundaries to their own acquisitions, than the author has reached in his; but for those who perhaps have only heard of the pleasures, and permanent value of knowledge, or who, having entered with zeal on its labours, are willing to continue their researches.

If the preceding remarks be true, a hasty glance at the present state of science in this country, might furnish data, from which to calculate the chances of success of the work before us.

Our researches might possibly lead to the conclusion, that taking into view the wide field offered for mineralogical labour and discovery, a great deal has not yet been effected. They would make us acquainted with a few individuals who have zealously devoted themselves to the cause, and with some who have increased among us the means of mineralogical instruction, and even of national distinction, by the rich collections with which they have returned from abroad, to their native country. We might however still find, with two or three eminent exceptions, that our publick means of instruction in mineralogy are extremely limited. That a taste for it, which is best formed, at that period of life, in which all influences are most powerful, and which is the surest pledge that its study will be diligently pursued, can hardly be said to have appeared among us. We might not perhaps find so great a deficiency in books on mineralogy, as of interesting and well informed instructers.

A work on mineralogy, therefore, which has instruction principally in view, if it have even many obstacles to contend with, cannot but excite interest, and when the publick and private utility, as well as abstract value of the science is

more generally understood, the author cannot fail of his reward. In the remarks we propose to make on this work we shall confine ourselves principally to an examination of its character as connected with the study of mineralogy. This plan will involve a general analysis of its contents. We feel safe in pursuing this course, for the industry and zeal of the author are not the only pledges of the accuracy of its minute details. On the contrary, its descriptions have been carefully collected from the best writers on the science. Prof. Cleaveland informs us in his preface, that he has adopted the general plan of Brogniart, and that the more important parts of his work are of course incorporated in the work before us. As it was totally unnecessary, and quite out of the question, to have attempted a perfectly original work on mineralogy, a better treatise, perhaps, could not have been selected for his work, than the one chosen by the author. The excellence of Brogniart does not consist entirely in the accuracy of his descriptions or histories of minerals. He has united in them the peculiarities of the great schools of mineralogy, and in this way furnished an interesting history of the science up to the time at which he wrote. Since his time, no very important revolution has taken place in mineralogical science. Many valuable books, it is true, have appeared, and in these have been recorded the discoveries which have been made. These discoveries, however, have consisted of new facts in mineralogy, such as of new species, new localities, &c. rather than of important circumstances in minerals generally considered, which had been before but partially recognised, or which would tend to destroy the established system of classification and nomenclature.

In commencing the labour of analysis, our attention is naturally called to that part of the work, which contains an 'Introduction to the study of mineralogy.' This constitutes to the student a very important and interesting part of the treatise. It contains a short, but lucid statement of the general principles of mineralogical science, and points out some of the best means for becoming acquainted with mineralogy. The student is interested in this part of the work, not merely because its study will make him familiar with the principles, but because it also contains the *language* of the science. He will find in it also an interesting discussion of the most popular doctrines on the subject of mineral classification, and a

view of the methods which have been adopted or proposed for this object. The first chapter of this introduction contains definitions and preliminary observations. In the second, the *properties of minerals* are detailed, and its first section treats of *crystallography*. Under this head are arranged, —*crystallization and crystals; primitive forms; nature of mechanical division; forms of the integrant particles; structure of secondary forms; goniometer; description of crystals; nomenclature of crystals.*

'Crystallization, in the most limited extent of the term, is that process, by which the particles of bodies unite in such a manner, as to produce "determinate and regular solids." A crystal may therefore be defined an inorganic body, which, by the operation of affinity, has assumed the form of a regular solid, terminated by a certain number of plain and polished faces.' p. 5.

The object of this section of the treatise, is to acquaint the student with every thing that is interesting in the bodies, which have just been defined. He is especially interested about their forms; with the circumstances on which their peculiar shapes depend; with the means which most surely enable him to study their external features; or arrive at their ultimate structure; with their description, and nomenclature.

It would hardly be possible, consistently with our limits, to enter into a minute analysis, or even partial detail of the various interesting topicks, which naturally fall under this division of Prof. Cleaveland's work. We think we shall give it a correct character, if we call it an able exposition of the crystallography of Haüy. Appearing under the title of 'Properties of minerals,' crystallography takes precedence of what Jameson denominates, after Werner, external characters, and at the head of which stands the important character *colour*, and the objects of crystallography would appear in some measure separated from those characters. This, however, forms no serious objection to the general arrangement of the introduction, and taking into view the general opinions of the author, it was perfectly natural for him to present the student in the first pages of his work, with what he considers of most importance. The student of mineralogy will hardly regret the labour he will be called to bestow on a part of the science, which has attracted some of the finest minds, which have ever been devoted to natural history. He must, on the contrary,

be willing for a while to study diagrams, instead of stones, and admit the postulate of the mathematician, before he attempts the demonstrations of nature. He will find that crystallography has its sects, and he should not think the time lost, which is devoted to an examination of their peculiar tenets. He will find, that it is principally indebted to Werner and Haüy for the important place it occupies in mineralogical science, and that their peculiar doctrines on this, and other connected subjects, have divided mineralogists.

Werner regards crystals under the following relations, namely, their genuineness; their shape; their attachment; their magnitude. Genuineness refers to their division into *true* and *supposititious*. The shape of crystals, however, is the circumstance on which this system is founded, and we shall devote a moment to its consideration. The number and form of the planes, faces, the edges and angles which form the contour or outline of crystals, determine their shape. Werner found that amidst the great variety of crystals, there were some simple ones, composed of but few planes, and which do not vary much in shape; and others which not only present numerous planes, but also great differences in form; that the simple are nearly allied to the complex forms, and gradually pass into them by a change in the shape of their planes. 'On this circumstance,' says Jameson, from whom we have extracted what immediately precedes the quotation, 'Werner has founded a crystallographic system, remarkable for its simplicity, and the ease with which it enables us to acquire distinct conceptions of the most complicated crystallizations.' These simple forms, the number of which, admitted by Werner, is seven, are what he denominates *fundamental figures*, and which he considers as the basis of others.

On the method of Werner, Prof. Cleaveland makes the following remarks;—

'For accurate definitions of the *terms*, now generally employed in the description of crystals, mineralogists are much indebted to the celebrated Werner. This mode of description is founded on certain assumed principles, and essentially consists in supposing the crystal to possess what is called a predominant form; and that this predominant form has undergone certain alterations, till it has acquired the actual form intended to be described.' p. 25.

To this paragraph the following note is appended.

'It is important to premise, that this mode of describing the forms of crystals is, in general, entirely artificial; that the assumption of certain predominant forms has no relation whatever to the primitive form, or the manner in which crystals are actually formed; and that the alterations, supposed to be made in these predominant forms, are not real; for a crystal, viewed as a whole, always increases during the period of its formation, whereas this method supposes certain subtractions to be made from the magnitude which the crystal once possessed.' p. 24.

This note contains in a few words Prof. Cleaveland's construction of the Wernerian crystallography. It does not on a superficial view altogether correspond with that of the distinguished pupil of Werner, and zealous promulgator of his system, Jameson. In this treatise on the Character of Minerals, this author considers the *alterations on the fundamental figure*. 'These occur,' he remarks, 'on the edges, angles and planes, and are produced by *truncation*, *bevelment*, *accumination*, and *division of the planes*.'.....'When we observe on a fundamental figure, in place of an edge or angle, a small plane, such plane is denominated a *truncation*.'

'*Note.*—Werner, in assuming certain fundamental figures, and supposing them variously modified, does not propose to point out the course followed by nature in their formation. He employs a peculiar descriptive language to convey a conception of their forms, not to explain the order of their construction. When he describes a crystal as truncated on its angles or edges, he knows very well that nature does not begin by making a crystal complete, in order afterwards to truncate it more or less on one or other of its parts, he only expresses by this term the appearance the crystal presents to the eye, thus employing a well known term to express an operation of nature, which still remains to us a mystery.' *Characters of Minerals*, p. 112.

It is not with a view of bringing these paragraphs into opposition, that they are quoted together. It is rather done, on account of a seeming ambiguity in the mode of expression, in the close of Prof. Cleaveland's note, and which, without some attention to the text, and preceding part of the note, might be taken for a misconstruction of the Wernerian doc-

trine. It is also done to solicit from the student of crystallography a careful examination of the system of Werner, before he adopts or rejects it. It is true that this, in common with the general mineralogical method of Werner, offers crystals, and all other mineral bodies, for our examination, in the forms, and with all the other characters that intrinsically belong to them. It is true, that by ocular inspection alone, without the aid of the goniometer, Werner ascertained the magnitude of crystals. 'In this way he determined the whole of the species in the system, and it is known that it has enabled him to do so with accuracy.'

The crystallography of Haüy differs essentially from that of Werner. It presents us with a beautiful application of the analytical method in ascertaining the ultimate structure and forms of crystals, while with an equally happy use of the synthetical method, it contemplates crystals in all the variety of their secondary forms. It borrows aid from collateral sciences, and demonstrates with mathematical precision the phenomena with which assisted vision becomes acquainted. This system is founded on what may properly be termed mineralogical anatomy, for its principles are strictly derived from a minute dissection of crystals. The surfaces or planes of these bodies are found on examination to be traversed by lines in various directions. These lines are constituted by the apposition of the laminæ of which the crystal is composed, and are denominated the *natural joints* of such a body. The dissection spoken of, consists in a mechanical division by means of a thin, sharp instrument of steel, aided by delicate percussion, of the crystal, at its natural joints. The phenomena, which interest us during this process, are as follow.

1. The fracture-surfaces, or planes exposed by splitting crystals in the direction of the joints, are smooth, and polished, and indicate that no violence has been offered to the structure of the independent small crystals, of which the whole mass is composed.

2. These planes are found to be parallel with all the planes of the crystal, or not so; and if parallel, the shape of the crystal is *not* altered, by our mechanical division.

3. If the new planes are not parallel with any of the planes of the crystal, and we continue the division, we shall find the crystal gradually undergoing a change in its form, and, when by our division these meet, that a regular figure

is obtained very different from the original crystal, and that this admits of a division parallel to its planes without undergoing any change of form. 'This new, regular form is by Haüy named the primitive nucleus; and the crystal, whose form is the same, the primitive form.' The number of these forms is six. Besides these divisions or cleaveages parallel to their planes, primitive nuclei, and primitive forms, sometimes present others, not parallel with all their planes. A division effected in these, of course, will afford us a new and more simple figure, than that obtained by the first division. These are what Haüy denominates *integral molecules*, and according to him, are the forms of the ultimate integrant atom of the crystal in question. He also found, that these molecules, if discoverable by mechanical division, may be reduced to three species.

The synthetick method regards the structure of secondary forms of crystals.

'These forms,' remarks Prof. Cleaveland, 'may be supposed to arise from the successive application of laminæ of integrant particles to the faces of the primitive crystal. These laminæ form a decreasing series, beginning with the layer first applied to the nucleus; and each succeeding layer is somewhat less in extent, than that which immediately precedes it. This decrement of the laminæ is produced by successively abstracting one range or more of integrant particles from the sides or angles of each layer. These abstractions may be made on all the sides at once, or on the angles, or only on some one or more of them. The planes in which these laminæ of superposition are applied to each other, are always parallel to the faces of the nucleus. and constitute, as we have seen (35), the natural joints of the crystal. It seems then, that the integrant particles first combine to produce the primitive form, and are then so arranged around this nucleus, as to produce the secondary forms.'

We shall conclude our remarks on crystallography, by the following quotation from Prof. Jameson's Treatise on Characters of minerals, 2d Edit. p. 167.

'In the preceding exposition of the theory of crystallography, (of Haüy,) it has been supposed that the laminæ, of which the crystals of the same species are composed, proceed from a common nucleus, undergoing decrements subjected to certain laws, upon which the forms of these crystals depend. But this is only a con-

ception adopted in order to make us more easily perceive the mutual relations of the form in question. Properly speaking, a crystal is only a regular group of similar molecules. It does not commence by a nucleus of a size proportioned to the volume which it ought to acquire, or, what comes to the same thing, by a nucleus equal to that which we extract by the aid of mechanical division; and the laminæ which cover this nucleus, are not applied successively upon each other in the same order in which the theory regards them.

'The proof of this is, that among crystals of different sizes, which are frequently attached to the same basis, the most minute are as perfectly formed as the largest; from which it follows, that they have the same structure, that is to say, they already contain a small nucleus, proportioned to their diameter, and enveloped by a number of decreasing laminæ, necessary in order that the polyhedron should be provided with all its faces. We do not perceive these various transitions from the primitive to the secondary forms, which, however, ought to be discoverable, if during the process of crystallization, the pyramids resting on the nucleus were formed progressively in layers from the base to the apex. This, however, is only true in general; for it sometimes happens, in artificial crystallization, (and it is probable that it also occurs in natural bodies,) that a form, which had attained to a certain size, suddenly experiences variations by the effect of some particular circumstance. We must therefore conceive, for example, that from the first moment a crystal, similar to the rhomboidal dodecahedron, is already a very small dodecahedron, which contains a cubical nucleus, proportionally small, and that this kind of embryo continues to increase, without changing its form, by the addition of new laminæ on all sides; so that the nucleus increases on its part, always preserving the same relation with the entire crystal.'

This section contains a description of crystals, and a translation of the nomenclature of crystals by Haüy.

In the second section of this chapter, Prof. Cleaveland treats of the physical or external characters of minerals.

'The properties of minerals are somewhat numerous, and fall under the cognizance of two distinct branches of science; hence the twofold division already mentioned (16), into physical and chemical properties or characters. But, as the *physical* characters of minerals may be ascertained by mere inspection, combined in some instances with a simple experiment, they have generally received the name of *external* characters; to describe which is the object of this section.'

This section contains a great variety of very interesting matter, and well deserves the attention of the student. External characters furnish the basis of the Wernerian Mineralogy, and in the hands of Werner, were found sufficient for all the purposes of arrangement, and enabled him very accurately to distinguish individual specimens. We shall more particularly notice this section when on the subject of systematick arrangement of minerals. It will be perceived that Prof. Cleaveland has united the *physical* and *external* characters under the same head, or rather makes them synonymous. Prof. Jameson considers physical and external characters under distinct heads, placing the first after chemical characters. His definitions would appear to warrant this arrangement.

'*External characters*,—are those which we discover by means of our senses, in the aggregate of minerals, and which have no reference to their relation to other bodies, or to chemical investigations.'

'Physical characters,—are those physical phenomena which are exhibited by the mutual action of minerals and other bodies; such are the magnetic and electric properties exhibited by some minerals.'

It is elsewhere observed in the same work,

'They [physical characters] are highly curious in a general point of view, but are seldom useful in the discrimination of minerals, as they occur but in a few species; and in these rare cases the same physical properties are met with in very different species. The principal physical characters which occur among minerals are electricity, magnetism, and phosphorescence.'

If these distinctions are founded in nature, it is perhaps well to have a regard to them, even in an arbitrary arrangement. These characters are among the last mentioned by Prof. Cleaveland, and from standing together, will be easily distinguished from those characters, which are independent of the mutual action of minerals and other bodies, and which are borne on the very faces of minerals themselves. The student will find in this section, a short but useful account of the external and physical characters. We regret that it was not compatible with the original plan of the work, to have admitted a fuller detail of these subjects. The author has

been able to present us little more than a catalogue of the fundamental colours, and their varieties, and of the other characters, his limits have allowed him to furnish little more than definitions. The student, however, who wishes more particular details, will find them in the Characters of Minerals, by Jameson. On the very useful character, *colour*, he will find a valuable work, printed a short time since in Edinburgh, entitled, 'Werner's nomenclature of colours, with additions, arranged so as to render it useful to the arts and sciences; with examples selected from well known objects in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom,' by P. Syme, &c.

The last section of this chapter treats on the chemical characters of minerals. The third chapter is devoted to the subject of mineralogical arrangement, and the fourth to the nomenclature of minerals. In the remarks we propose to make on these subjects, we shall briefly allude to the schools which have been distinguished for their peculiar methods of arrangement, and make some general observations on the method recommended by the author.

The two principal schools, which at present interest and divide the mineralogical world, are those of France and Germany. At the head of the first stands the venerable Abbè Haüy, while the celebrated Werner is distinguished as the founder of the latter. The points at issue between these schools are those circumstances in minerals, which should serve as the basis of classification. According to Werner, their external characters are of most importance in determining species, the genera being determined by the predominant, or characteristick ingredient; or in the words of Jameson, 'The Wernerian oryctognostic system is framed in conformity with the strictest rules of classification; it is founded solely on the *natural alliances and differences observable among minerals.*' Introduc. first edit. p. xxiii. While the method of Haüy arranges minerals according to the form of their integral molecules, or integrant particles, as explained by Prof. Cleaveland; and supposes that arrangements founded on the *crystalline forms* and *true composition* are never at variance.

The French and German schools are thus characterised by Prof. Cleaveland.

'The German school seems to be most distinguished by a *technical and minutely discriptive language; and the French, by the*

use of accurate and scientific principles, in the classification or arrangement of minerals.'

A writer on a disputed subject, let his views be ever so liberal, and the inducements for declaring his own opinions ever so small, can hardly leave the field of inquiry, without disclosing to his readers the influences which his researches may have had on his own mind. It is well that it is so, for we have hence favourite doctrines ably defended, and the nakedness, in which an opposite one is exposed, is a strong claim on the protection of its friends. From the following paragraphs for his work, we gather Prof. Cleaveland's opinions on the best method for the arrangement or classification of minerals.

'We hesitate not to answer these questions by saying, that the *true composition* of minerals ought to be the basis of arrangement; and by this only ought the species to be established. This only can give permanence of character to the species.' p. 73.—It is however to be understood, that, in all cases, where the composition is unknown, the species are to be considered provisional, till the progress of chemistry shall enable us to re-examine them.' p. 79.

Where the true composition is unknown, we are elsewhere instructed by the author, to consider those characters as next in importance, which depend more or less, on the true composition, viz. the *crystalline form* and *structure;* the form of the integrant molecule; the primitive form of crystals, and the structure and actual forms of secondary crystals.

'Where all assistance from analysis or the crystalline form is denied, the species must be determined by a well chosen aggregate of those external characters, such as structure, fracture, hardness, &c. which depend most intimately on the nature of the mineral.' In other words adopt the Wernerian method.

The paragraphs now quoted, are among the most interesting contained in the work under review. They relate immediately to the philosophy of mineralogy, and in a few words give us the opinion of the author on the subject of scientifick classification. In adopting any one of many systems, a variety of circumstances present themselves for consideration. In natural science, that method of arrangement is best

which is surest. But its degree of susceptibility of a particular application to every distinct, individual object, of either of the departments of natural history, is a consideration of no trifling importance. If one science is to be judged by another, we are to consider the progress which that science has made, to which the other is to be referred, especially when it is to derive its whole character from it. If the progress of one is to stop where the other ceases to afford its aids, we have some inducement to relieve the dependent science, and to ascertain if its peculiar objects do not present, or contain within themselves all the means of scientifick arrangement. How slow would have been the progress of ornithology and entomology, had naturalists sought the bases for the arrangement of birds and insects in the structure and functions of their internal viscera? and yet how perfectly are they classed by a few, and very simple external characters? How far now, we may ask, are minerals possessed of external characteristick marks, by which they may not only be distinguished and known, but even arranged? are analogies between them in their natural state, and organised beings, so totally wanting, that in order to their scientifick classification, their natural features must be destroyed, and their characters learned only by their decomposition?

We are aware that the chemical method is more especially recommended by the author, as furnishing the surest basis of classification; that it has arrangement in view, rather than the facility of distinguishing and denominating individual specimens. It is not our purpose to offer to the chemical method, the objections which have been urged by the friends of the German mineralogy. We would only ask, whether the individuality of mineralogical science is not endangered by an arrangement and nomenclature, founded exclusively on chemical analysis? It is true, we should not offer it as great violence, as we should botany, were we to attempt to arrange plants agreeably to an analysis of their constituent or predominant elements. But is there not some danger of losing mineralogy as a distinct science, in the theories, and splendid experiments of chemistry? And would it not in a short time be recognised as merely possessing objects of analysis, and chemical illustration, as only furnishing, in short, valuable materials for the manipulations of the laboratory? The chemical method, even when absolutely perfect, can at

most but acquaint us with the kind and variety of materials of which a given specimen is made. In other words, it can do little more than acquaint us with the effects produced on minerals by certain reagents. It has little if any regard to all that is interesting, and beautiful, in the external phenomena of minerals, although these exclusively depend on their *nature* and component parts.

While it is apprehended that the above might possibly be among the consequences of adopting *exclusively* the chemical method, for the purposes of nomenclature and arrangement, we agree entirely with Prof. Cleaveland, that very important aid may be derived from chemistry to mineralogy. In teaching us what enters into the composition of minerals, although it be utterly inadequate to show the connexion between such composition, and the constant occurrence of certain very striking and distinguishing external characters, it nevertheless often adds very interesting facts to those already known. New modes of analysis, it is true, will at times discover great errours, and disturb the repose of long established opinions. And men of science are willing to part with what they have long cherished, for something that is better. The objects of natural science however always remain the same. The features of minerals are always indicative of their true composition, for they are its necessary results. We cannot therefore but feel some doubts of the expediency of adopting any method for their arrangement, which is not principally derived from characters peculiar to them, viz. their external and physical characters. As to nomenclature, we have only to refer to botany, to show that it may be perfectly arbitrary, and yet fully answer all its purposes. The characters that enable us to distinguish the mineral species chlorite, are fully adequate to that purpose, and this name as surely indicates the thing, as any other would, though chemically, and more scientifically derived from its metallick relations. It would seem hardly possible for chemistry ever to furnish a nomenclature, or method of arrangement, for the great mass of earthly fossils, into the composition of which so great a variety of substances are frequently found to enter, especially when we take into consideration the acknowledged imperfection of chemical analysis, and the still more unfortunate concession of our author, that we are unable 'to determine what ingredients are *essential* in a compound, or

rather which one, two, or more of its ingredients may be most influential in producing its physical properties.'

Considered in its chemical relations, the method of Haüy naturally follows that which has just been briefly noticed. Speaking of this method Prof. Cleaveland remarks,

'But although he [Haüy] admits that it belongs to chemical analysis to establish the basis of arrangement, yet in determining the species, he appears to be governed chiefly by the form of the integrant particles, except in those cases, where different species have integrant particles of the same form.' p. 76.

'Integrant particles are the smallest particles, into which a body can be reduced without destroying its nature; that is, without decomposing it.' p. 6.

'Elementary or constituent particles are the final results of chemical analysis. They are the elements, of which integrant particles are composed. Thus, while the latter remain invariable in the same body, the elementary particles must vary with the progress of chemistry.' p. 7.

The following appear natural inferences from these quotations.

1. Simple minerals, (those only being excepted which are not crystallized,) of themselves, without decomposition, furnish materials, or basis for scientifick classifications.

2. Chemical analysis, however perfect, is not necessary to such classification, since its results can never be at variance with the true composition, upon which the invariable forms of integrant particles depend.

3. Chemical analysis, in its present state, is not a sure test of the elementary particles of minerals, and hence can only be auxiliary to integrant particles in determining species.

The harmony, however, which is found to exist, between the results of chemical analysis and the natural basis of the method of Haüy is only incidentally alluded to in this place. The whole originality and beauty of this method rests on its assumption of the integrant molecules of minerals as the basis of classification, or for determining species; while its whole value, depends on its susceptibility of application to all simple mineral bodies; in other words, on the simple fact, that the integral molecule is in all instances the 'type of the species.' The very striking exceptions, howev-

er, to this method, presented by various minerals, essentially diminishes its value. Jameson affirms in an unqualified manner, that the integral molecule is in no instance the type of the species, and it is notorious that diamond and spinelle, different species, have the same integral molecule; and that 'other minerals, as zeolite, that unquestionably belong to the same species, have different integral molecules,' without however adding to the objections which have been made by various authors to this method, we would merely quote the following paragraph from Jameson.

'Independent of the objections stated above, there is still another, and probably more forcible one to be opposed to the system of Haüy; it is, that the greater number of minerals are not crystallized, consequently according to the definition of Haüy, have no discoverable integral molecules, therefore are not species. Haüy indeed suspects that they are not species!!!' Note to p. xiii. First edition of Treatise on Mineralogy.

It remains for us, before we leave this section, to make a few general observations on the method of Werner. We have adverted to this method in the foregoing pages. Its peculiarity consists in the basis it adopts, for the important purposes of mineral classification. This basis is the external characters of minerals, or as before quoted from Prof. Jameson, the '*natural alliances and differences observable among minerals.*' 'But on what do these depend? Werner answers, on the quality, quantity, and mode of combination of the constituent parts.' It should be distinctly understood, that this answer has no regard whatever to such *qualities*, or *quantities*, of constituent parts, as chemistry, in its present state, takes cognisance of, and which might affect arrangement, 'for it is only when chemical results agree with the natural alliances of the mineral, that he [Werner] gives them a place in his system.' This method goes upon the broad and rational presumption, that the exteriour of the various objects of natural science, especially of mineralogy, have a necessary connexion, and dependence upon the quantities, qualities, and mode of combination of their component parts. If this be true, the method of Werner appears absolutely founded in nature; in other words, that his is the only *natural* method, which has been proposed for the arrangement, as well as for the study or knowledge of minerals. An inquiry into the

correctness of a system, founded on such a basis as that of Werner, involves an important question in physicks. But we have not time to inquire, whether internal structure and external characters are not always consistent with each other; or whether the exceptions are not to be referred to the present narrow limits of our knowledge, rather than to an essential derangement in the operations of the laws of nature. It is no real objection to the method of Werner, that it requires a strict observance, of apparently trifling characters; of even the faintest variations of colour; for the connexion between these more delicate shades, and the truly fundamental characters is so natural, so beautifully discoverable, for instance, in colour-suites, and in all minerals, that the student soon refers to them without difficulty, and even comes to be delighted while engaged in detecting the most trifling differences.

In finding the materials of the science, in its own peculiar objects, and admitting no necessary connexion between it and other sciences, Werner has paid an honourable respect to nature, and constituted mineralogy a distinct science. He has done more than any other man, towards removing the artificial partitions which have separated the various departments of natural history, and discovered to us a beautiful analogy between organick and inorganick existences, by demonstrating that the basis of classification may be common to both. Werner's method, however, except by his exclusive followers, has either been only partially adopted, or altogether rejected by mineralogists. We perfectly well recollect the closing remark of an excellent lecturer on mineralogy, of the French school, on the subject of colour. 'I should as soon,' he remarked, 'decide on the quality, or fineness of cloth, by its colour, as determine a mineral species by this Wernerian character.'

If the student wishes fuller expositions of the Wernerian method, than were consistent with the limits of Prof. Cleaveland's work, he will find them in the work of Brochant, in the first edition of Jameson's Mineralogy, in Jameson's Characters, and in other elementary treatises.

We have hitherto been principally occupied with the speculations of mineralogical philosophers. We cannot leave this part of the work without again recommending it strongly to the attention of the student. He will leave the well written, but necessarily short details, or accounts of the theo-

ries and great principles of mineralogy it discusses, with interest awakened, and zeal excited, to enter on those practical details, which he will find in the succeeding pages. These are devoted to mineralogy properly so called. It is to this part of the work, the author must principally look for distinction among mineralogical writers. We have examined this part with care, and compared individual descriptions with those of other mineralogists. We have occasionally detected some slight deviations, from the authography adopted in the latest works we have seen; and differences, not very important however, from the descriptions of other writers. The latest we have used for comparison is the 2d edition of Prof. Jameson's Treatise. As this appeared in Scotland, the same year in which Prof. Cleaveland's work did in America, it was impossible for him to have taken advantage of the corrections it contains. This last edition may be almost considered a new work, and we have no doubt will be consulted in a new impression of the treatise under review.

We acknowledge ourselves very much indebted to Prof. Cleaveland, for the new species with which his work has made us acquainted, and more especially for the new localities of minerals. It is on these, we conceive, that he must depend principally for the degree of interest his work will excite in Europe. His own industry, and the zeal and labour of his scientifick friends, have enabled him to furnish his book with abundant means for producing this effect. These he will be daily able to increase, and we have no doubt, as far as mineralogy is concerned, in a few years, he will have done much towards associating this country with the older, and scientifick nations of Europe.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to an Introduction to Geology, Remarks on the Geology of the United States, explanatory of a geological map of these states.

We shall not attempt an analysis of the important matter contained in the pages which are devoted to mineralogy and geology, and which constitute by far the larger part of the volume. We decline such an analysis, not merely because our limits put it entirely out of the question, but because our examinations of its contents have detected but few, and not very important deviations from standard works, and where exceptions have occurred, our own cabinets have not furnished a sufficient variety of specimens to satisfy us which

description was the correct one. This we conceive the only proper ground in such a case to be taken on the question of accuracy. An author's descriptions ought to be considered correct, unless flagrantly contrary to high authority, until they are fairly tested by a minute study of the objects he describes, and a very careful comparison of them with his descriptions.

The student will find a great deal to interest him in the geology, &c. which closes this volume. While the subjects are strictly scientifick, the author has given them all the adventitious interest of a pure and easy style. This branch of mineralogical science has of late attracted the attention of very able writers, and we refer the student to the works of Playfair, Jameson, and Cuvier, as admirably well adapted to satisfy the curiosity, which Professor Cleaveland's introduction to geology may have excited.

We have taken occasion in this review to collate the opinions of the author with those of other distinguished mineralogists. We conceive that we have performed a far more important service in this way than we could have done, by any general remarks on the subjects which have come under discussion. The question of correctness or utility is thus changed from a matter of mere opinion, held by unknown individuals, and is tried by well known and high authority. We have principally used the works of Jameson for this purpose, not merely because they are expressly devoted to mineralogical studies, but because they are wonderfully free from every thing like bias towards any peculiar method, and seem to afford as perfect an account of the French and German systems, as can any where be found. We well know that he is devotedly attached to Werner, and yet these works hardly furnish a paragraph of defence, of the tenets of his illustrious master. We refer to the *last* edition of the Characters of Minerals, and of the Treatise on Mineralogy.

Before we take leave of a work which has interested us so much and so long, we would again express to the author the high sense we entertain of the value of his scientifick labours. The time and the pages we have devoted to this article are good evidences of the estimation in which we hold his work. The author has paid a part of the debt of science we owe to Europe, and than this, we know of no motive more powerful to excite him to still greater exertions.

INTELLIGENCE AND REMARKS.

Libraries.—We make the following extract from Mr. Walsh's Register, both on account of the information it gives respecting the libraries in the United States, and also for the purpose of adding something more full, than he has stated, on the libraries in this vicinity.

Several of the cities of the United States of America, although they cannot boast of collections of books equal in extent or value to those enumerated above, possess, however, very respectable publick libraries. The University of Cambridge, near Boston, has a rich fund of the ancient classicks and biblical works. The Athenæum of Boston is well supplied with general modern literature, particularly history. The library of the Historical Society of New York contains much curious matter appropriate to the character of the society. But the most extensive of all our repositories of this kind is the Philadelphia Library, of which the number of volumes is not less than twenty thousand. It is a miscellany of all branches of knowledge, and abounds in curious tracts on the early history and revolutionary struggle of North America. Great care has been taken to procure for it the principal works in general literature that have been published of late years in England, and these comprise many very costly editions. The part of it which is called the Loganian library, a donation from the celebrated William Logan, of Pennsylvania, is chiefly composed of the most rare and valuable of the ancient classicks, besides much of the European literature of the seventeenth century. There is wherewithal to form an accomplished scholar, and to satisfy the most recondite enquiry.'

The following list of libraries will show that the advantages for the student and the man of science, presented by our libraries, are by no means inconsiderable, and we may hope that the period is not distant, when our collections and establishments of this sort will vie with those of Europe.

1. The library of the University contains about 18,000 volumes. In some branches it is very perfect. It possesses some works, which cannot now be purchased at any price. Some of the most costly and rare editions, and scarce works, were presented by Mr. Hollis. He spent much time and spared no expense in collecting works of great interest and value, and at a period when the number of competitors were not so numerous as they now are. There are some treasures in this way, that can hardly be surpassed. A few of these books were described in the Monthly Anthology and General Repository.

The rapid increase of this library is an object highly deserving

publick attention; and can only be effected by the munificence of individuals. *Its principal benefactor has hitherto been an Englishman, (Hollis.)* In consequence of a request lately made, some publishers have commenced sending their different publications to this library; and if this practice should be extended and continued, it will thus be regularly increased with a large number of valuable works, besides others, which, though of less intrinsick worth, are very proper to be preserved in such a depository. A library exclusively medical has been commenced by Ward Nicholas Boylston, Esq. and contains at present about a thousand volumes presented by him.

Besides the library of the University, there are libraries belonging to different societies of the students, which contain in all probably between 2000 and 3000 volumes.

2. The library of the Boston Athenæum contains 11,600 volumes. This collection is rich in many splendid works of natural history. There are many elegant editions of the ancient classicks, and the department of translations, French and English, is very ample. The collection in history is respectable; in biography, very complete. In American history it is unrivalled. Under this head may be noticed upwards of 8000 pamphlets, collected with indefatigable perseverance during a number of years, by Mr. Shaw. The private library of the Hon. J. Q. Adams is temporarily deposited there. It contains 5000 volumes, and is very rich in the departments of jurisprudence, and the classicks. The library of the American Academy is also deposited there, so that there are now in the same building 18,000 volumes.

3. The library of the American Academy contains 1400 volumes, principally works of science, transactions of foreign societies, &c.

4. The library of the Historical Society, contains about 2000 volumes, and a vast collection of pamphlets, principally relating to American history. It has also a valuable collection of manuscripts. Some of these, which were found in the library of the Old South church, are extremely curious. There are also thirty volumes of MSS. belonging to the late Governour Trumbull, containing his whole correspondence, during the revolutionary war, &c.

5. The Medical library at the Medical College contains between 2000 and 3000 volumes, comprising all the most important and costly works in this branch.

6. The Theological library,—containing about 2000 volumes, in the Church at Chauncy place.

7. The Social Law library, which has about 1000 volumes, and is deposited for the use of the bar in the Court house.

8. The Boston library in Franklin place. This collection con-

tains between 5000 and 6000 volumes, principally in modern history, belles lettres, voyages and travels, novels, &c. This collection is the property of a company who are incorporated. The holders of shares have a right to take out the books, and the library is open twice a week for that purpose. Between five and six hundred volumes of the best French works have lately been added. This library is a very excellent collection of books, and it is not common to find so large a proportion of any library made up of the best standard works.

9. Private circulating libraries, the largest of which contains 7000 volumes.

From this rather imperfect statement it will be seen, that lovers of literature and science can have access to publick libraries, in Boston and at the University, which contain many rare and valuable books in different departments of learning, and that the collection thus open to the publick, amounts in the whole to not less than *sixty thousand* volumes.

University Reading Room.—A reading room has lately been established in the University at Cambridge. The periodical publications, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. received, will be collected at the end of each year, bound and deposited in the Library. It will be possible to procure by purchase but a small proportion of those publications which it will be desirable to obtain. It is hoped and believed therefore, that some editors of newspapers and periodical works, as well as other gentlemen engaged in publishing, may be willing to contribute gratuitously to the support of such an institution, by sending newspapers, pamphlets, &c. Any gentleman disposed to make contributions of this sort, will please to direct to Andrews Norton, Librarian of Harvard University, Cambridge, either through the mail, or if the article sent be too bulky for that conveyance, to the care of Cummings & Hilliard, booksellers, Boston. It will be desirable to obtain complete sets of each publication, at least for the current year.

Magellanick Premium.—Mr. John Hyacinth de Magellan, of London, sometime ago offered, as a donation to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia for promoting useful knowledge, the sum of two hundred guineas, to be by them vested in a secure and permanent fund, the interest of which was to be annually disposed of in Premiums. These were to be adjudged by the Society to the author of the best discovery, or most useful invention, relating to Navigation, Astronomy, or Natural Philosophy ;—(mere Natural History only excepted.) The following is the substance of the conditions prescribed by the donor, and agreed to by the Society.

Every candidate is to send his performance accompanied with a sealed letter, containing his name and place of residence, and also some device answering to another attached to the performance. Any performance may be written either in the English, French, or Latin language; but none shall be entitled to a premium, which has ever been published, or has received elsewhere a reward as a prize article. All communications are to be publickly read or exhibited to the society at least one month previous to the time of adjudication, which takes place annually at one of the stated meetings of the society in December. The premiums are awarded by a majority of the votes of the members present; and after a favourable decision on any performance, and not till then, the letter attached to it is opened, and the name of the author announced as the person entitled to the said premium.

A full account of the successful article will be published by the society in the next succeeding volume of their transactions, or in a separate publication. The unsuccessful performances will remain under consideration for five years, unless withdrawn by their authors, during which time they will be considered as having comparative claims with such others as may be sent in. The society will annually publish an abstract of the titles and subject matter of the communications under consideration. In case there should be a failure in any year of any communication worthy of the proposed premium, there will then be two premiums to be awarded the next year. The premium shall consist of an oval plate of solid standard gold of the value of *ten guineas;* on one side of which shall be neatly engraved a short Latin motto suited to the occasion, together with the words, "The Premium of John Hyacinth de Magellan, of London, established in the year 1786;" and on the other side, "Awarded by the A. P. S. for the discovery of—A. D."

Premiums will also be awarded, from the surplus funds of the donation, to such articles as are meritorious, but still not worthy of the highest premium. These will consist of a gold medal in value not less than *twenty dollars*, nor more than *forty five dollars;* or it will be at the option of the successful candidate to have such a medal, or its value in money, accompanied with a diploma on parchment, to which will be affixed the seal of the society.

Articles, or communications on the subject, may be sent to John Vaughan, Esq. Philadelphia.

Bowdoin Prize Dissertations.—The Corporation of Harvard University have this year assigned four premiums from the Bowdoin funds for prize dissertations.

To George Otis, A. B. a first premium for a dissertation on 'The use and necessity of Revelation.'

To George Bancroft, Senior Sophister, a second premium, for a dissertation on the same subject.

To John Everett, Junior Sophister, a first premium for a dissertation on 'The peculiar genius of Shakspeare.'

To John H. Wilkins, Junior Sophister, a second premium for a dissertation on the same subject.

Medical Botany.—Messrs. Cummings & Hilliard are about publishing American Medical Botany, a collection of the native medicinal plants of the United States, with coloured engravings, by Dr. Bigelow, Rumford Professor, &c. in Harvard University, containing the botanical character and history of each plant, its places of growth and period of flowering, its preparations and uses in medicine, diet and the arts. We congratulate the publick that this work is in such hands; and are confident that Dr. Bigelow could not better fulfil the design of the benevolent founder of his professorship to make the natural sciences subservient to the comfort of individuals, than by this attempt to render the science of botany more useful in the manufactory, the hospital and the kitchen. The value of any discoveries made by the author cannot be estimated till they are before the publick; but much advantage may be anticipated from his determination to discriminate between the properties of plants, whose utility is established by sufficient evidence and those whose reputation rests on vague report. The first number of this work will probably be published within a month. The engravings to be contained in it, made and coloured in this town, are already completed, and will not disappoint the expectations excited by the prospectus.

Dr. Barton of Philadelphia also proposes to publish Vegetable Materia Medica of the United States, or Medical Botany, containing a Botanical, General, and Medical History of Medicinal Plants, indigenous to the United States. His professed object is to present the publick with faithful representations of the many important medicinal plants of our own country, and to mention, particularly, their economical uses.

Flora Novanglica.—We understand that a Flora of the New England States containing a systematick and enlarged description of the vegetable productions of this section of our country, has been for some time in preparation, and is now in a state of forwardness. The work will be the joint production of Dr. Bigelow and Francis Boott, Esq. of this town. The doubtful species, of which so many exist from the hitherto imperfect examination of this branch of our natural history, will be referred to some of the highest authorities in Europe, and none inserted in the work but

such as are proved to possess distinct characters. Specimens of the plants will be compared with the original herbarium of Linnæus, in the possession of Sir J. E. Smith, with that of the elder Michaux at Paris, and with those collections made by naturalists, who have travelled through the United States; most of which are to be found in the celebrated museums in England.

Deaf and Dumb.—The following intelligence was obtained from a gentleman who has long sustained a high character in the literary world, and who translated it from an authentick work, published in Holland, 1777. We learn from it, that much successful attention had been given to the instruction of the deaf and dumb before the efforts of L'Abbés Epee and Sicard.

The Reverend S. Arnoldi, minister at Grosslenden, Hessen-Darmstad, was not contented to confine his usefulness entirely to his congregation, but devoted a part of his time to the benevolent purpose of instructing the deaf and dumb, in which he was very successful. He collected a small number of persons around him, who were in this unhappy condition, and succeeded not only in conveying to them knowledge, but enabling them to express their own ideas. They could converse with him in their manner—copy what he read—and even compose. Their compositions were imperfect, usually wanting some of the particles, and the pronouns *I, thou, he,* &c. but they generally express their ideas with correctness. The following letter was written by a deaf and dumb lady after she had been a short time under the instruction of this clergyman. It was designed to thank a noble lady for a remedy, which she had recommended to her, but which she had tried without success.

'DEAR COUNTESS,

'I thank you for the favour,—that you send me a remedy. You do not know me, and yet you are kind to me. How noble is your heart. How good art thou. I kiss your hand. Thou art dear to me. I will pray God for your health. Love me—I remember you, and wish to see you. Live happy.'

The persons, who have been particularly successful in giving instructions to the deaf and dumb, have been Arnoldi in Hessen, Guiot at Groninguen, in the United Provinces, Abbé Epee and Abbé Sicard at Paris.

Trumbull's History of Connecticut.—The Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL has in readiness for the press a second volume of the History of Connecticut, from the year 1713 to 1764. The first volume, which met with a very favourable reception, being already out of print, will, if sufficiently encouraged, be now reprinted, with some cor-

rections, and the addition of the great Patent of New England, lately obtained from the office in London, and never before America. Few histories, if any, have been more carefully or faithfully compiled from original state papers and authentick documents; and, as this volume will bring down the history of that State until near the time of the Revolution, when it becomes very much involved in the general history of the United States, it will have a unity and completeness, as well as accuracy and exactness, which will render it a very valuable addition to our libraries, and acquisition to the community. This volume (as does the first) will contain about 600 pages; be printed on a good type and paper; be neatly bound and lettered; and the price will be to subscribers three dollars, to non-subscribers, three dollars and a third. It is hoped the work will receive that encouragement, to which it seems pre-eminently entitled.

Worcester's Gazetteer.—The first volume of Mr. Worcester's Gazetteer, which is to consist of two volumes, has recently been published. He adopts Crutwell's Gazetteer as the basis of his, introducing however many additions, and proposing to make many corrections, particularly in American topography. Though the number of articles is increased, yet the work is brought within the compass of two octavo volumes, by the omission of many details, with which gazetteers are generally incumbered, but which belongs rather to geographies, histories, and travels; and is thus rendered, what we think a work of this kind ought to be, a topographical dictionary. We have not had the opportunity of examining it sufficiently to give an opinion of its general accuracy. The great number of articles, the size of the work, and the frequent mention of bearings and distances make it a very convenient and useful index to maps and charts. It is formed upon a very good plan, and neatly printed, and if the author has been generally as industrious and judicious in the choice and examination of authorities, as the character we have received of him induces us to suppose, his work will be greatly useful to the publick. We recommend to him, if it be not too late, to consult the table of latitudes and longitudes in Bowditch's Practical Navigator, an authority of too great weight to be neglected wherever it can be used. We hope to give a more particular notice of this work hereafter.

The second volume of Reports in the Circuit Court of the United States for the first circuit will appear in a few weeks, from the press of Wells & Lilly. This volume, we understand, comprizes the cases decided in the four terms of the years 1814 and 1815. Among them are some of the most interesting prize causes,

which arose out of the late war, as well as several cases in common law and chancery, and the instance side of the admiralty, involving legal principles of great importance. The opinion of Hon. Judge Story, holding that the admiralty has jurisdiction in cases arising in policies of insurance, will be contained in this volume.

The second volume of Wheaton's Reports in the Supreme Court of the United States will be published very shortly. We are happy to learn, that in it Mr. W. has pursued his able exposition of the rules of practice in prize causes.

Lunaticks.—Dr. George Parkman has published a pamphlet on insanity, and the management of the insane, dedicated to the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He defines insanity to be 'a want of control of our feelings and propensities.' In the first part of the work are considered the different kinds and degrees of insanity, and the circumstances conducive to it; the second contains a sketch of a plan for a hospital, remarks on the utility of asylums for the insane, the accommodations suited to different patients, diet, attendance, moral treatment, &c. The work shows that the author has given much attention to the subject, and contains many important hints very opportunely published, but thrown together in a manner somewhat irregular and broken, and a little encumbered with quotations and references.

The Bower of Spring.—This is a little volume of very *genteel* poetry, in which all the rhymes are exact, and the measure is observed with great accuracy. The ladies ought certainly to read and admire it, since the author in his Paradise of Coquetts, and now again in this volume, 'lays claim to the proud title of the poet of woman.'

Melincourt.—This little work has not a high character as a novel, but derives interest from the introduction of Scott, Southey, Gifford, Coleridge, and Wordsworth among its characters; under the names of Derrydown, Feathernest, Vamp, Paperstamp and Mystic. The dialogues are mostly discussions of political economy, parliamentary reform, political abuses, slave trade, and the venality and grovelling sentiments of high life.

Tooke's Pantheon.—Coal and Maxwell, Baltimore, have published an edition of Tooke's Pantheon, 'revised for a classical course of education, and adapted for the use of students of every age, and of either sex.'

This book has been through thirty three editions in London, and

is among the first works on this subject, if not itself the first, in our language. It is adapted more especially to learners, and is written with a playful simplicity of style and perspicuity of narrative. Its arrangement is systematical and lucid, well calculated to facilitate acquisition, and to be easily retained by the memory. It is not encumbered with the perplexing particularities, and uncertain genealogies, which are too often crowded into treatises on heathen mythology. A selection is made of such only of the more important characters, as serve to illustrate the popular classical authors. The only objection, we believe, which has ever been urged against this work, as a book of general utility for learners of both sexes, is, that the author has sometimes fallen upon indelicate allusions aud modes of expression, in speaking of some of the frailties of the heathen deities. It is the peculiar merit of the present edition to have obviated this objection, by 'altering or expunging the language or phrases considered improper, while much care has been taken that no fact or incident, worthy of any note, related by the author, is omitted.'

This edition reflects high credit on the editor and publishers. It is printed with accuracy, on excellent paper, with a fair type, and ornamented with thirty outlined plates, well executed by the celebrated artist, FAIRMAN. We think it deserves a large share of publick patronage, and feel assured that no book of the kind can be recommended with so much confidence for the use of our schools and seminaries of learning. An extensive knowledge of heathen mythology is absolutely essential to any tolerable understanding of the classicks, and perhaps it will be no unjust reflection on our present system of education, to say, that much too little attention has been generally paid to this important branch of a liberal and polite education. We are aware, that this neglect has arisen in a great measure from a want of books proper for the purpose, but this defect is happily supplied in the present improved edition of Tooke, and we hope our instructers and superintendents of literary establishments will not be slow in bringing it into general use.

Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.—It is frequently remarked by the readers of these reviews, that the American editions are printed very incorrectly.

Armata.—A Fragment, reputed to be from the pen of Lord Erskine, has been republished by James Eastburn & Co. New-York, from the 2d London edition. A second part of the same work is just published in London.

Mr. John G. Hales is preparing for publication, a Map of Boston and the vicinity. It is to be drawn on a scale of one mile to an inch, and is to extend so far north as to include, in that quarter, Salem, part of Beverly, Danvers, part of Reading, Wilmington, Bedford, and Concord. On the west, it will include Lincoln, Weston, part of East-Sudbury and Natick, Dover, and part of Medfield. On the south, it will include Dedham, Milton, Quincy, Braintree, Weymouth, part of Canton and Randolph, Hingham, Cohasset, and part of Scituate. It will embrace the whole Harbour and Bay, from Manchester on the north, to Scituate Neck on the south, with the coast, islands and shoals, from an original and minute survey. All the towns within these limits will of course be exhibited; and all the streams, boundaries, roads, streets, publick buildings, manufacturing establishments, dwelling houses (except in towns) and other objects worthy of notice will be laid down. The hills will be accurately exhibited, with the measure of their elevation above the level of the sea. The different kinds of soil, woodlands, meadows and marshes, will also be distinguished. Mr. Hales has been engaged in making the necessary surveys nearly three years, and has advanced so far in the work as to expect to get it ready for publication in the course of the ensuing winter. He has contracted with one of the best artists in Philadelphia to engrave the work, and we have reason to expect that every part of it will be executed with uncommon accuracy and fidelity.

Abstract of Meteorological observations for June and July, taken at Cambridge.

		Barometer.			Thermometer.		
		7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
June	G.	30.41	30.39	30.39	68	83	68
	M.	29.933	29.925	29.903	56.9	69.4	59.4
	L.	29.52	29.43	29.36	41	53	46
July	G.	30.35	30.35	30.32	79	94	74
	M.	29.947	29.969	29.944	65.6	70.2	64.9
	L.	29.66	29.60	29.71	56	66	54

Whole quantity of rain in June, five and a half inches—in July one and a third.

Abstract of Meteorological observations, taken at Brunswick.

June, 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day		59.95°
do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold		57.29
Greatest heat - - - - -		84.50
Greatest cold - - - - -		27.50
Mean height of the Barometer	29.786 in.	
Greatest monthly range of do.	1.100	
Quantity of rain	5.090	
Days entirely or chiefly fair	16	
do. do. do cloudy	14	

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. S. W. 17.—N. W. 11.—W. 4.—N. E. 4.—S. 3.—E. 2.—N. 2.—S. E. 2. Prevailing forms of the clouds *cirrus* and *cumulus*. Lightning was observed on the 5th and 23d, but no thunder has been heard during the whole month.

July, 1817.

Mean monthly temp. from three observations each day		68.08°
do. do. do. from maxima of heat and cold		64.75
Greatest heat - - - - -		92.50
Greatest cold - - - - -		40.50
Mean height of the Barometer	29.890 in.	
Greatest monthly range of do.	.840	
Quantity of rain	2.155	
Days entirely or chiefly fair	26	
do. do. do. cloudy	5	

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. S. W. 21.—N. W. 8.—S. 8.—S. E. 2.—N. 2.—E. 2.—N. E. 2.—W. 1. Thunder on the 5th 12th and 29th with distant lightning on the 6th. So little thunder and lightning, during the months of June and July, has probably never been before known in this place.—Prevailing forms of the clouds have been *cirrus, cumulus,* and *cirro-cumulus.*

[We expected to give a review of Hoffman's Course of Legal Studies in our present number, but it is deferred to the next.

We shall give an account of the subject of boundaries between the territories belonging to Great Britain and the United States.]

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 05537 053 8
MAR 26 1957